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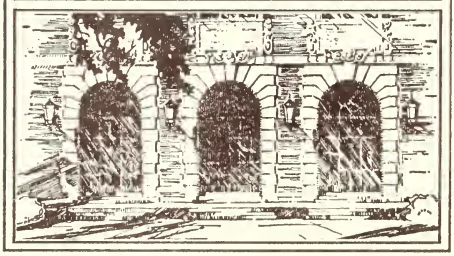

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WAR

Sketches and Incidents

AS RELATED BY COMPANIONS OF THE

IOWA COMMANDERY

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION

OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOLUME I.

DES MOINES:
PRESS OF P. C. KENYON.
1893.

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INTRODUCTION.

The War Papers published in this volume under the auspices of the Commandery of Iowa, Loyal Legion of the United States, were read by their respective authors to their Companions, in the regular meetings of the Commandery and at the dates designated. They are the narratives of incidents and events which occurred in the military life of the writers, and in which they were active participants; and though these accounts may differ from the official reports of the battles and marches the history of which they recount, they are entitled to full credence and respect as the story of the narrators as seen and judged from their standpoint. While this volume was passing through the press, an effort was made to have all papers revised by their authors; in a number of instances that was found to be impracticable, and for that reason any literary defects should not be charged up to them.

The authors of other War Papers read before the Commandery could not, for want of time, prepare them from their notes for publication, and those papers are with regret omitted from this volume.

November 21, 1893.

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MY FIRST CAMPAIGN.

BY COLONEL G. A. HANNAFORD.

The Congress of the United States and the official reports of commanding generals have told us all the essential facts connected with the various campaigns of the War; and whatever is missing from the official inquiries of Congressional committees, or the reports of the commanding generals, is now being supplied through the columns of a great magazine, from the memories, principally, of officers whose claims to notoriety rest largely upon the fact that they almost invariably lost the battles they fought.

In this connection, it is curious to note that the real heroes of the campaigns that are being reënacted are dead.

It seems to be the fashion of some military writers to give their explanation of events in which they figured, after the other fellow has gone beyond the reach of "aspersions foul," where in the cold and silent grave he lies, happily unconscious of the controversy by which it is sought to despoil him of the laurels of victory bestowed by a grateful people, that an inefficient and unsuccessful subordinate may wear them and briefly strut, as a hero, in stolen plumes.

Most of the star actors in the Great Drama now being revived in the *Century Magazine* are dead, and the "supes" have possession of the stage. Every rise of the curtain

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Paper read before the Iowa Commandery Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Tuesday evening, January 25, 1887, by Companion Colonel George A. Hannaford.

discovers the counterfeit of some picture that some of us helped to make, and which we have hitherto supposed we knew something about, but the spurious artist, having a natural antipathy for the truth, and gifted with a sublime egotism, essays to correct the mistakes in the original, and at once betrays his apprentice hand and gives us a base imitation.

The methods adopted, or at least sanctioned, by the Rebel authorities at Richmond, for the prosecution of the Great Rebellion, which permitted the massacre of Union soldiers taken prisoners of war, and the brutal murder of defenseless women and children suspected of harboring Union sentiments, and perhaps Union refugees, constitute one of the blackest pages in the world's history of warfare. Certainly nothing in the annals of modern conflict furnishes a parallel to the deeds of the Quantrells, Mosbys and Morgans of the Rebel Confederacy. The reckless daring and ingenious cruelty of acts performed by these irresponsible soldiers of fortune challenged the admiration, though they did not command the respect, of a wondering world that had never before perhaps witnessed such barbarous tactics.

The management of the Rebel prisons was the product of the same innate brutality and barbarism, and in company with the guerilla warfare of the "late unpleasantness," suggests that even then the managers of the disunion Confederacy were conscious of the unholy character of the cause they had engaged in.

I believe that the time will come when the crimes of the War will be detested in accordance with their deserts; but when that time comes, the actors in the Great Drama of '61–'65 will be so few and far apart that *reveille* will summon only our sons, who inherit through us an acuter patriotism than we who participated in the tragic events of that period can be expected to feel, as time makes our hearts mellower and withal forgiving.

These reflections suggested themselves to me while thinking over "my campaigns," one of which I had determined to make the topic of this paper; and while they may not pertain particularly to what follows, they will not, I trust, be considered out of place.

It was my fortune to be assigned to that division of the army which included all the troops in Kentucky, after the campaign that ended at Stone River. Our principal duty was to guard the good people of that hospitable Commonwealth from the marauding invasions of Morgan's Guerillas, which we courteously called "raids." There were few citizens of Eastern and Central Kentucky who could not bear testimony to the fact that if John Morgan got near to his stable door, any mule (or for that matter any horse) therein, could depend upon being ridden till his back was sore. To this fact, no doubt, we are indebted for the song, "Where's Your Mule?" which has its place among our hymns.

Fortunately, John Morgan is dead, *i. e.*, fortunately for me. He died before the age of military puzzles, and he, at least, cannot dispute the accuracy of this account of "My First Campaign."

It was a campaign against Morgan — or would have been if that great warrior had got near enough to us to draw our fire. There were few campaigns against Morgan, because almost invariably Morgan was campaigning against us. It wasn't much of a campaign, as campaigns came to be later on, but it was very real and very great to us who participated, and even now the thought of what might have been sends a cold chill up and down one's spinal column.

I do not desire to detract any from the glory won by any of my comrades at that time, either before or after, but I feel sure that I hazard but little in asserting my belief, that if the numbers of the combination had been a little different, or if Morgan had not chosen to disappoint us as to his intentions,

or if several other things had not happened, or if still others had happened differently, one chapter of the History of the Rebellion would have read otherwise than it does. I do not say that Morgan would have been captured on the occasion referred to, but, if not, it would not have been my fault. My justification for this belief will be manifest further on.

My first realization that I had enlisted for War — real War — came to me one delicious evening in the summer of 1863. I was alone, and yet not entirely alone. It was like the Irishman's idea of solitude, who declared that he was never so happy as when he was alone, especially when his sweetheart was with him!

My company, the Elgin Battery, had spent the winter at Jeffersonville, Indiana, in camp of preparation and instruction. The rigors and exposure of camp life proved too much for the boy of seventeen, and during the unconscious and convalescent weeks that followed my entry into the hospital, my battery began its forward march to the front and glory, and I never saw it again. During those days of convalescence, I became one of the objects of the tender solicitude of patriotic young ladies, some of them as pretty as they were patriotic, and upon the evening in question, I was enjoying the society of one of them.

At that time I was reluctantly filling the post of clerk in the office of the commissary of musters at headquarters in Louisville. I say reluctantly, for who ever knew a soldier on extra duty away from his troops, who did not pine and grow thin and pale through longing to be at the front where danger was?

My position was one that would now be termed a "soft thing;" my work was not arduous; my hours were few. The remainder of the time was my own, within the limits of the post, which included Jeffersonville; and so I spent my evenings there among friends. Notwithstanding the "soft" nature of my position, I was thirsting to go farther south and shed

gallons of gore for my unhappy country. I presume I gave utterance to my patriotic impulses and wishes, for we soldiers intuitively felt that the sure road to a young girl's adoration was through the carnage of battle, or what is much the same thing, brave talk about the glorious horror of war. What a memorable evening that was! I don't know what might have happened if the influences surrounding me had not been suddenly and rudely broken.

There had been rumors during the day that Morgan was approaching Louisville, with the intention of reducing that proud city to a state of siege, even if he did not capture it altogether. It was quietly intimated that he might arrive that night, and some preparations were being made in all the cities and towns near by, to give him a reception not lacking in warmth. The public places were filled with people discussing the situation and speculating on the probable outcome of the demonstration. Volunteer organizations of civilians, both horse and foot, paraded the streets, armed and equipped with whatever each volunteer happened to be possessed of in the warlike line. A more motley appearing lot of would-be heroes I never saw until some months later, when the first complement of colored volunteers entered the Union lines at Camp Nelson, and offered their services in aid of the suppression of the Rebellion.

It was in the midst of all this wonderful activity and excitement that I found time to tell a patriot, who couldn't be a warrior because she wasn't "built that way," my ideas of the proper way to conduct the War. We soldiers always had theories that we were always willing to loan, aye, and even give to our superior officers, on how to crush the Rebellion.

At such a moment as this, in a peaceful retreat, remote from the excitement of the hour, in the presence of sweetness and tenderness, did I receive the summons that might mean death, or at best a disability which would place me on my country's

pension roll, and from that time until unconsciousness came to my relief, all the wicked deeds of my life occupied my thoughts. Who that is here tonight does not remember his first call to arms?

An orderly came to me and said I was wanted at the Arsenal — a branch of the ordnance bureau was located at Jeffersonville — and bidding my charmer a brave adieu, I flew to the post of duty, and to what then seemed the post of danger.

Upon reaching the arsenal headquarters, I found a number of convalescent soldiers from the hospital before referred to, and the ordnance officer and Dr. Collom, surgeon in charge of the hospital, in consultation. Among the men was a corporal belonging to the same battery that I did. I was a corporal too, but he outranked me by several degrees. He was among the first six, a gunner, while I was only twelfth corporal, a chief of caisson.

Upon being informed that we were wanted to man some pieces of artillery, I at once resolved to usurp the office of commander, in spite of the superior rank of my fellow corporal. It soon became apparent that Dr. Collom was, in some unaccountable manner, in command of the military forces of the arsenal, which, at a rough guess, I should say consisted of fully twenty-five men, including the civil employés of the ordnance bureau.

The soldiers were all fresh from hospital, and every one ready and willing to crush the Rebellion the moment he should get the word. Dr. Collom had taken a warm interest in me from the time I became one of his patients, and to this day I am grateful to him for the unusual tenderness and personal attention manifested by him in my case, to which I know I owe the fact that I am here tonight, and able to testify to the worth of a good man who served his country faithfully and well. The good doctor took me on one side and told me in

a confidential manner that the authorities had private advices that Morgan was advancing on Louisville with a force many times larger than the entire post and garrison in Louisville, Jeffersonville and New Albany combined, and that an attack was expected at any moment. With this intelligence, he announced that I was charged with the defense of the arsenal and the stores therein contained. I looked upon this appointment then, as I do now, as a mark of the good surgeon's esteem, and his confidence in my ability to cope with the emergency at hand. The ordnance officer, a regular army lieutenant, was introduced to me, and he stated that he had instructions to furnish me with what arms, etc., I might require.

At that time my battery was equipped with twenty-four pounder howitzers, and, so far as I knew for sure, that was the only kind of cannon in use. So I told the ordnance officer that I would be obliged if he would trundle out six guns of that caliber, with limber chests and caissons filled with shells, grape and canister, fuses, lanyards, etc., etc., etc., all complete. He suggested that, inasmuch as he was short of men, if I would make a detail from my command to assist he would fill my requisition as far as possible. I, of course, ordered the detail, and two of us being practical artillerymen, it did not take long to mount two guns and place them in position on the platform outside. While we were engaged in these preparations, we heard the booming of heavy guns over in Kentucky, apparently southeast of Louisville, and we realized that the hour had truly come when any moment might be our last. A lurid sky in the direction of New Albany told us that the enemy had flanked our position with his left wing, crossed the river below us, and was advancing towards us from opposite directions, burning cities on his route. This was a style of tactics peculiar to generals of limited experience, and that night I didn't know but what it was all right. Everybody became somewhat

bewildered for a time, but as the danger seemed to approach slowly, bewilderment gave place to keen curiosity; the excitement became intense; conversations were carried on in suppressed tones, or whispers. I sought out a comrade friend, a member of an Indiana regiment (who afterwards became a captain in the 124th U. S. C. T., under my command), to whom I had become greatly attached in hospital, and who was then the recipient of all my confidences. He knew my home address, as also the name and address of "the girl I left behind me." I knew almost as much about him. I told him I might never come out of this ordeal alive. He responded, in effect, "Me too." I gave him messages to be transmitted to my friends, in case he should survive me; he reciprocated by telling me what I should do in case he should be found among the slain "after the battle." We embraced each other tenderly, as for the last time, and separating, went each to his post. Having thus disposed of forces and duties, I set my face toward the foe, and lying down beside one of the guns, I began to ponder on the probabilities of getting out of this snap with a whole skin and an untarnished reputation. I had it all fixed in my mind what I would do with Morgan when I got him. I fought the battle over and over again in imagination, and I saw a colonel's eagle among the quiet stars in the firmament above me, and pictures of my neighbors in my native town welcoming me home at the end of the conflict became almost real.

The booming of cannon came at increasing intervals; the angry glare of the sky in the direction of New Albany grew gradually fainter, and at length died away altogether, as did the firing of guns beyond the river, and then came oblivion.

A voice saying, "Come on, boys, let's go to breakfast," aroused me, and when I became fully awake, I found it was broad daylight. The smoke of the tobacco factories in Louisville had taken the place of the smoke of battle; the roar of

guns had given place to the hum of business and trade. The battery that I had commanded when I fell asleep had been dismantled and restored to its proper place in the arsenal by the civilian employés of the ordnance bureau, and for the first time I began to suspect a huge practical joke had been played on somebody.

It did not take long for us to find Dr. Collom, of whom we demanded an explanation. He laughed heartily at our discomfiture, and then told us the whole scheme had been planned by Laz. Noble, the then adjutant general of the State of Indiana, for the purpose of arousing the people along the Ohio River to a sense of danger that menaced them.

The wisdom of his judgment was verified almost immdiately by Morgan's crossing the river below Louisville and making the raid through Southern Indiana and Ohio, which ended with his capture a few days later.

This is a faint description of the ludicrous side of an absurd incident that was for a long time, and may be is yet, known as "Laz. Noble's Scare," and which was "My First Campaign."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF 1861.

BY GENERAL J. M. TUTTLE.

When the wires brought the exciting news in April, 1861, that Fort Sumpter had been fired on, we all remember the profound sensation that was produced in the loyal States. I was then living in Keosauqua, Iowa, and was the treasurer of the county. The news created great excitement in the town. Knots of men could be seen everywhere, excitedly speculating on what would probably be done. All work and business was stopped. A public meeting was called for the county at the court house, before any call for troops was made by the president.

When the meeting was held, a few days afterwards, President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand troops for ninety days was received, but nobody seemed to know just what to do. After several speeches had been listened to, a movement was made to raise a company. There was a great diversity of opinion as to whether we should raise a "foot company," a "horse company," or a "cannon company." Among others, I was called on for an opinion, in expressing which I spoke of the different arms of the service as infantry, cavalry and artillery, and advised the raising of an infantry company. No other man in the meeting seemed to know the difference in those terms, and I must confess that in giving these definitions I went almost to the limit of my military knowledge.

We soon raised about two hundred volunteers, I among the number, and then adjourned to the court house yard to elect officers in the old militia way, that was, to all form in line,

then any one could call out the man he wanted, who stepped out ten paces to the front. When all the candidates were called out, some one gave the order, and every man marched to the man he preferred. In this way I was unanimously elected captain, I suppose on account of the wonderful knowledge of military affairs I had shown in my speech at the meeting.

The company was immediately reported to Governor Kirkwood at Davenport as ready for war. We were assigned to the Second Regiment, the First being full.

While at Davenport I got a copy of Hardie's Tactics, so when I got home the company was ordered into camp on the fair grounds on the first day of May, and went at once to severe drilling.

In a few days we had word from the governor that we would have to go for three years or during the war. This information caused the zeal of some of us to diminish very materially. We suddenly recollected that our business was such that we could not leave it. Any of us could go for three months, but three years was another thing; but our pride prevailed, and kept us from backing out when we found it was three years or go home.

We were soon ordered to rendezvous at Keokuk, and on arrival there found twenty captains there with as many companies for the First and Second Regiments. In a week or so ten more companies for the Third Regiment arrived. None of the regiments were organized, notwithstanding that the companies were all assigned to the different regiments.

Many of these captains, lieutenants and sergeants afterwards became generals, field and staff officers. The captains were, for the First Regiment, Cummins and Mason, from Muscatine; Mathies and Streeper, from Burlington; Gottschalk and Frank Heron, from Dubuque; Wentz, from Davenport; Wise, from Mount Pleasant; Mahanna, from Iowa City, and Cook, from Cedar Rapids.

Of the Second, were Captains Huston, Keokuk; Littler and Brewster, Davenport; Crocker, Des Moines; Metzler, Fairfield; Tuttle, Keosauqua; Baker, Bloomfield; Cowles, Washington; Cox, Clinton; and Cloutman, Ottumwa.

Of the Third, the captains were Scott, Stone, Tremhall, Dick Herron, Sladden, Millett, Newcomb, Ogg, Warren and Smith. At the organization of the First, none of the captains were made field officers. When the Second was organized, I was made lietenant-colonel and Crocker major. In the Third, Scott was made lietenant-colonel and Stone major. All of the colonels, Bates, Curtis and Williams, were selected outside of the captains who had come there with their companies. There was no complaint of this that I heard of, and all seemed satisfied.

About the middle of June we were ordered to take boat down the river, to land at Hannibal and occupy the H. & St. Jo. R. R. We steamed down in daylight, and as we passed the towns and at private houses between the towns, and in being the first regiment to take the field, everybody, men, women and children, seemed to be out cheering us, but we did not land until we got to Hannibal, when we immediately took possession of the railroad as far as St. Jo., and then busied ourselves guarding the railroad and breaking up the recruiting of Mart, Green and Jeff Thompson for the Rebel army.

Our colonel, being a member of Congress, soon left to attend the extra session, July 4th, and left me in command of the regiment, with headquarters at St. Jo., Mo.

Soon after the news of the battle of Bull Run, we were ordered to St. Louis, to reinforce General Lyon, then facing Price in Southwest Missouri.

At Hannibal it took us a half day to load our camp equipage and baggage on the steamboat. Every private soldier had more baggage than a major-general would have two years afterwards. My orders were to report in person to General Frémont, at St. Louis.

I found his headquarters at a private house on Chotean avenue, standing back from the street, with an iron gate at the street. I found more trouble to get an audience with him than I supposed it would be to get an audience with the Czar of Russia. I never tried to get an audience with the Czar, but I suppose him to be the most difficult to approach of any potentate on earth.

I found at the outer gate a sentinel, and sergeant on duty near by. I had to send in my name and rank by the sergeant. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed to me fully an hour, he returned with a captain in full dress, sword, sash, epaulets, chapeau and white gloves, who escorted me to the outside door of the mansion with so much formality that I felt like a prisoner. At the door I had to wait another ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed as long as before, the sergeant staying close to me all the time. I was then taken into an anteroom by the captain and left by myself for an hour or more, when a colonel in full dress came in and escorted me into the adjutant-general's room, where I first met Chauncey McKeever, the adjutant-general, who was so cordially disliked by every volunteer that he ever came in contact with. He severely lectured me for presuming to seek an interview with the general, without being in full dress. I informed him that I could come no nearer to full dress than sword and sash. I was then asked why I did not bring them. I replied that I did not suppose it necessary. I was then sent back to the boat to get them and return at 1 p. m. It was then after 11. On my return promptly at 1 p. m., and going through the same ceremony as before, by 3 o'clock I was ushered with great formality into the presence of the general, who after keeping me standing behind his back for several minutes, turned around in an abrupt manner and was introduced by the colonel. He was the first major-general I had ever spoken to, but I had an idea that a major-general should have sense about how to do

business as well as other people. He cross-questioned me for over an hour about affairs in North Missouri, and then I left without directions what to do, but he told me to call again next day. I must confess I was very unfavorably impressed. Every one about were foreigners that spoke English indifferently.

The next day I went through the same formalities to get into his presence. By this time I had got used to it, and did not feel so much like a prisoner being arraigned before some great officer. This time I was told that he was soon going on an expedition down the river, and that we were to go along. I asked him if we were not going to reinforce Lyon. He seemed offended at my presumption in asking such a question. I said no more about it. A day or so afterwards all the available troops at St. Louis were ordered on transports to participate in what we then called the *great splurge*. Ten regiments on twenty boats were anchored out in the river in front of the city, until everything was ready. Then the boats hoisted anchor and proceeded up the river till we got above the city, when we all turned heads down stream, the general's headquarters boat in the lead, with two cannons on the bow and with bands of music on that and all the boats. We then steamed down past the city in single file, all the bands and cannons in full play, with the men all in sight as much as possible. We proceeded on down the river, and at every town we passed the music and firing was repeated. We supposed we were trying to scare the Rebels by noise and display. Whether we succeeded or not I do not know to this day, but I think not.

We did not land at Cairo, but at Bird's Point, opposite there. We did not attempt to go ashore there, but one of the general's staff landed with some officers and orderlies, and after riding around an hour or two, returned and reported that they had driven the enemy out of the country.

The general remained there until the next day, and then with half the regiments returned to St. Louis. Our regiment

with four others was left there for a short time and then was ordered to Iron Mountain, Missouri, on a wild goose chase. On the 6th of September I was promoted to full colonel, and in a few days afterwards, at Jackson, Missouri, we were for the first time brigaded and placed under the command of Brigadier-General U. S. Grant and ordered back to Bird's Point, and General Grant assigned to command headquarters at Cairo. We then settled down to regular camp duty, and with other regiments soon sent there we formed what was the nucleus that afterwards made the Army of the Tennessee.

We soon had three brigades, commanded by McClernand, Oglesby and Wallace. The regiments were all from Illinois, except the Second and Seventh Iowa.

And inasmuch as all the colonels, except two, and many other field officers afterwards got to be generals, I will mention those that became generals, and occupied more or less prominence in the movements afterwards.

The Seventh Illinois had Cook and Babcock; Eighth Illinois, Oglesby; Ninth Illinois, Paine; Eleventh Illinois, Wallace and Ransom; Twelfth Illinois, McArthur; Seventeenth Illinois, Ross and Wood; Eighteenth Illinois, Lawler; Nineteenth Illinois, Turchin; Twenty-seventh Illinois, Buford; Thirty-first Illinois, Logan; Seventh Iowa, Lauman and Rice; Second Iowa, Tuttle, Crocker, Chipman, McKenney and Weaver. General Curtis had been promoted before this time. Others from the Illinois regiments that I cannot now recall were promoted to general officers.

At this time we had plenty of transportation. One team for regimental headquarters, three for each company, and nine for the quartermaster; all six-mule teams. When we were ordered to turn over one-third and soon after one-half the balance, I kicked vigorously at the disposition to ruin our efficiency by depriving us of our transportation. To be sure we had one

wagon to the company, but we thought we never could move with that; but we soon found that by sending home our great excess of baggage we could get along better without any, and wondered we ever wanted any to be bothered with.

Later in the year we were ordered to Benton Barracks, St. Louis, and afterward to McDowell's College, to guard prisoners. Here we may be said to have finished our playtime as soldiers. Our days of preparation seemed long to us, but from that time on the regiment had no cause to complain for lack of active and severe service.

REMINISCENCES OF PRISON LIFE AND ESCAPE.

BY CAPTAIN MILTON RUSSELL.

On Sunday, May 3, 1863, after continual skirmishing and three hard fought battles, with no rest day or night, and after all our ammunition had been expended, our little command was surrendered to General Forrest, near Rome, Georgia. The same day we were marched under guard into the city. Had we entered the town as conquerors, as we had expected to do, I doubt if the ladies would have thronged the streets with gay dresses and smiling faces to greet us, as they greeted our captors when they triumphantly guarded us through the principal avenues of the city.

We remained in Rome until Tuesday, May 5th, when we were taken by rail to Atlanta, Georgia, where we remained two or three days; thence we journeyed to Richmond, and were placed in Libby Prison on the 16th day of May, 1863. The prison was situated on the southeast corner of Cary and Eighteenth streets. The building is of brick, three stories high, beside basement; one hundred and sixty-five feet front on Cary street, and one hundred and five feet deep. The ground floor is separated by partition walls into several apartments, as are also the second and third stories. The floors are each divided by these partition walls into three rooms which were one hundred and five feet deep by forty-five feet wide. Every room had five small windows at each end, without sash or glass, but grated with wrought iron bars an inch and one-half in diameter.

The first floor was used by the guards and officers for quarters; the hospital was also upon this floor. The second and third floors were used as cells for the prisoners. Within the narrow limits of six of these rooms were confined, for many months, over one thousand two hundred United States officers as prisoners of war.

This included room for cooking, eating, bathing, and sleeping. Many and varied were the pursuits of the inmates of Libby. Some passed their time in reading, others in games, among which were chess, checkers, and the various games of cards. All seemed to enjoy smoking. Some were busily engaged in manufacturing ornaments from the bones of the *blue beef* given us for food. At first letter writing furnished occupation each day for a portion of the time. Soon this was forbidden for the reason that all letters going out or coming in were read by the prison authorities, and they claimed that time was too precious to waste in that way. An order was soon issued forbidding more than one letter a week and that not to exceed six lines. This, for a time, was considered the worst outrage of the many that were continually being perpetrated on the prisoners. A way was soon found to write not only six lines, but as many as the writer saw fit, limited only by the size of his sheet.

At the beginning of the war there lived in Ohio a young man named Randolph; also, a young lady, to whom he was engaged. You will say there is nothing strange about this. They two had agreed to get married at some future time, the date not yet agreed upon. When the guns at Sumpter awoke the Nation to a realization of the dangers, and the best young blood of the North was stirred to fever heat with patriotism, young Randolph resolved to offer his service to his country, which was accepted, and a company soon raised, and Randolph was elected captain. Our armies needed reinforcements. Captain Randolph was assigned to a

regiment, and, almost before they were armed, while yet raw recruits, his regiment was ordered to the front. The captain lost no time in calling on his intended, and in a few words told her the situation, saying at the same time that his love for her had not diminished in the least, but the prospect was good for a long and bloody war; that he might be killed, or that he might be wounded, or crippled for life, and if permitted to ever return it might be as a lame, crippled, and broken down old soldier. Under the circumstances he had called to bid her farewell, and say that he would release her from all obligation and leave her free to act as best suited her, and that when this cruel war was ended, their marriage could then take place if agreeable to her. With tearful eyes, she replied: "John, you leave this all to me; you say you leave me free to act as I please. Then, John, before the sun sets we will be married. I prefer to be the wife of a man patriotic enough to go at his country's call, and though he may never return, or if return he may be marred and crippled for life, I prefer him to one that in his country's hour of need finds it convenient to stay at home." License was procured, a minister hastily summoned. They were married, and before the sun set John was on his way to the *front.* Just before the parting kiss was exchanged, this girl wife said: "John, write often and write long letters; I will be so lonely when you are gone." Mothers now past middle age, you that had husbands and lovers in the army, can sympathize with this lonely young wife. "John, one word more before we part — may be forever. I have been reading the life of Josephine after Napoleon was banished to that lonely island. He and Josephine corresponded regularly by the use of invisible ink. If you should be taken prisoner, John, I want you to write me in that way." "What! I taken prisoner! Have no fears in that direction. Whatever fate may befall me, I will never surrender to the enemy."

Bravo! How often did we hear this at the beginning of the war, I would die before I would submit, or die in the last ditch, or fight until the last man dropped. At the close of the war we knew more than at its commencement. You did not hear the old veterans of many hard fought fields use these expressions — or hear them say, I would die rather than eat so and so. It is all bosh. No man will die if he can avoid it. John kissed his girl wife, and the train pulled out for the front. By and by, in the midst of battle, hotly contested by both armies, Captain Randolph was knocked senseless by the explosion of a shell. When he regained consciousness, the battle was over, and he, with hundreds of his companions, were prisoners. In due time he was lodged in Libby. When the order came forbidding more than six lines to be written by the prisoners, John remembered the parting words with his wife. He told his intimate friends his secret. I arranged with him and gave him my wife's postoffice address. This he sent to Mrs. Randolph, and she was to write to Mrs. Russell and explain to her the secret and tell her that when she received a letter from her husband to put that letter in the oven of a hot cook stove, leave it there a short time, then take it out, and she would there find a letter that would gladden her lonely hours.

At the same time and by the same mail that carried the captain's letter to his wife with the above instructions, another letter went out containing not only six lines, written as per order, but as many as could be written in fine hand between the lines, across the lines, and all over the sheet. The six lines were written with common ink, and were for the inspection of the prison authorities; the remainder were written with invisible ink, and almost before the letters were formed would disappear and remain so until subjected to the heat, when they would reappear and remain so. I have letters written in the winter of sixty-three and four that are as legible as they were the day they were brought out. The two letters

sent reached their destination; the one sent by me was opened and read with bitter disappointment by its recipient. It contained no news, no comfort; it was not satisfactory, not what she would expect. In disappointment and grief she sat alone before a blazing fire in one of the oldfashioned fire places so common in that day. As she rocked to and fro and in solitude and in sorrow, unnoticed, the letter dropped from her hand to her lap, thence as she rocked, to the hearth in front of the fireplace. She remained in this position, half dreaming, her thoughts far off. A lady friend enters, and to arouse her, inquires, "What good news did you receive in your letter?" In disgust she reaches for the letter; as she picks it up to hand her companion, remarking, "No news, neither good or bad," she beheld not the letter of six lines only, but a letter brim full of news. Almost speechless for the moment and half frightened, she dropped it and for a time could not believe her eyes. This letter explained all. When in a few days she received a letter from Mrs. Captain Randolph, telling her how to write to her husband with invisible ink, she replied thanking her for the kind letter and telling her how that Providence had unfolded the secret in advance of her letter. These two ladies each wrote to others having friends in Libby, and gradually this clandestine correspondence extended until many of the prisoners embraced this method of correspondence, until finally a Jew lieutenant obtained the secret. He wrote to his girl a long love letter full of the sentiments contained in such letters; for this part of his letter he used invisible ink. The six lines written with regulation ink were couched in this language: "When you receive this epistle, dear, put him in the oven of your hot cook stove for ten minutes; take him out, thens you will reads him agins and he makes you laugh. Him written with onion juice."

The prison authorities acted on his advice and returned his letter to the prison.

As the Fourth of July approached, the prisoners were actively engaged in preparations for a celebration of the day. But we could not think of a Fourth of July without the stars and stripes. How to get a flag seemed to be a question hard to solve. A meeting was called to consider the matter. A grave and lengthy discussion followed. At length it was discovered that some of the prisoners wore red flannel shirts, while others had on what had once been white cotton. An ensign of the navy was required to furnish from a similar garment a square for the blue field. Those that were not called on to contribute material were engaged as manufacturers.

By the Fourth we had a respectable looking flag, and we were prouder of it than if it had been made of the finest silk. Our celebration exercises commenced; our flag was brought out from concealment and suspended from one of the beams in the upper west room. The proper officers of the day were nominated. Colonel Streight took the floor beneath our flag, and was proceeding to "spread the American eagle," when we were interrupted by one of the prison officials. His eyes had caught sight of the stars and stripes, which affected him the same as the waving of a red flag would a Spanish bull. He ordered us to instantly take that hateful rag down, informing us that Fourth of July celebrations were not tolerated in the Southern Confederacy. The order was not obeyed. After much parleying and an exhibition of violent and extremely bad temper, the official was permitted to take the flag down.

July 6th, two days after our celebration of the glorious Fourth as just related, a celebration of an entirely different character was had. Instead of the Yankees leading off, as on the previous occasion, the Johnnies now managed, controlled and arranged the program to suit themselves. For an account of this affair I will quote from the diary of one of the participants, written immediately after it transpired, and which is a true statement of the facts.

"On the 6th day of July, 1863, one of the most solemn and deeply interesting ceremonies transpired in Libby Prison that I have ever witnessed. All the Federal officers of the rank of captain (seventy-eight in number), held as prisoners of war at that time by the Rebel authorities, were drawn up in line in one of the rooms on the lower floor, and an order read to them from General Winder to Major Turner, in which the latter officer was directed to select two captains from among the number held in confinement, for immediate execution, in retaliation for two Rebel officers hung by General Burnside in Eastern Tennessee, they having been caught recruiting for the Rebel army inside his lines. This information produced an instant change on the countenances of the officers whose fate it so much concerned. When first called into line they stepped out with exuberant spirits, and pleasing anticipations of exchange, home, and freedom; but now hilarity was cast aside, and calm, stern resolve to meet heroically and manfully whatever fate might befall them in the cause to which they had dedicated their stout hearts and strong arms, and, if need be, their lives, took its place.

"On a small table, in the center of the circle formed by the officers, was placed a box which contained each name, written on a separate slip of paper. At one end of the table, haughty and egotistical, and with a satisfied air, as if the occasion was one productive of pleasure, stood Major Thomas P. Turner, commandant of the prison; at the other, the good old white haired chaplain, Rev. Joseph Brown, of the Sixth Maryland Infantry, and Chaplain C. C. McCabe, of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Infantry. The former was designated by the prisoners to draw two slips of paper from the box, and those whose names were written thereon were to be the doomed men.

"Solemnly and breathlessly one is drawn, and each, feeling that his life or death depended on it, anxiously awaited the

announcement. It was Henry W. Sawyer, captain of the First New Jersey Cavalry; all eyes are turned toward him, and a slight commotion ensues, but not a word or exclamation is heard. Again the old chaplain thrusts his hand in the box; all is silent as death while from the paper drawn he reads Captain John Flinn, Fifty-first Indiana Volunteer Infantry. The ceremony ended, the doomed men were conducted to General Winder's headquarters. He ordered them placed in solitary confinement in the dungeon in the basement of Libby Prison, to be kept there on bread and water until the day of their execution. Soon the circumstances of this affair became known to our government, and General W. F. Lee, of the Rebel army, General Robert E. Lee's son, and Captain Winder, son of General John H. Winder, were placed in close confinement as hostages for the safety of Sawyer and Flinn. This action on the part of our government had the desired effect. Execution was deferred from time to time, until finally an exchange was agreed upon, and Sawyer and Flinn were exchanged for the same officers whom our authorities held for their safety."

The subject of exchange was never worn threadbare. It was a constant theme of discussion by day and dreamed of by night. When the prisoners had abandoned all hope of exchange, their thoughts turned to plans for escape. Many of these plans were carried out successfully, while many more proved failures. I have not time here to relate the many gallant exploits and adventures of those who gained their freedom by escape. I will, however, relate one, which, at the time, created great merriment. Some time in September, after our entrance into Libby, a Yankee officer managed to get to the hospital for treatment. There the custom was to carry out late each evening all that died during the day after the morning sick call. So, one fine afternoon, our sick captain died, and, by a previous arrangement with the colored help around the hospital, he was tenderly rolled up in his blanket and carried outside the

guard line and placed in the dead house, where he lay stiff, stark and cold until after dark, when he arose, folded his blanket, and departed for God's country, and in due time, after many hardships, arrived safely within the Union lines, and is today a "live Yankee."

The favorite and most plausible plan for escaping appeared to be by tunneling. But the question was how to get down to to the basement while the officers and guards occupied the first floor.

Finally the prisoners organized a fraternity called "The Council of Five." Originally there were but five members, but others were admitted until the council numbered thirty-six. Signwords and grips were adopted so that members might know each other in the dark as well as in the light. This was necessary because the prison contained traitors, and to be successful we must know who were true and who were not. The Rebel authorities had spies continually in the prison with and among us; beside there were some among our own men—men who wore the blue—who would sell us out any time for a mess of pottage. So, in order to succeed in carrying out any plan, it was necessary to work with great caution and secrecy.

The plan agreed upon by the Council of Five was to commence operations in the second story of the building. First a hole large enough to admit a man's body was made in the partition wall by carefully removing the brick. This let the workers into a large chimney which extended from the basement or ground floor up through this partition wall to the top of the building. By means of a ladder made of blankets they were enabled to descend to the basement, when their exit was easy through a large fire place, originally used for drying tobacco, for Libby Prison was built and used as a tobacco warehouse before the War. The cellar or basement at the time we were confined there was only used for storing fodder and hay for the horses required for service about the prison,

and only partially occupied for that purpose. This basement or cellar was floored with loose boards some eighteen inches above the ground. Once down into this basement, access was had to all parts of the foundation. Our first plan was to dig down under the south wall of the prison, and from thence run a tunnel and connect it with a large sewer that ran along the side of the building under the center of Canal street. When the sewer was reached it was claimed that *freedom* could be had by following the sewer to its outlet, or by climbing out at one of the many "manholes." Details for the work were now made. But two men could work at the same time. As soon as it was dark they went to the cellar and labored the entire night. As dawn approached they would obliterate all signs of their work and return to their quarters, hoist the ladder and replace the brick carefully, and hang an old coat carelessly over the entrance. Sometimes one of the prisoners would "play sick" and make his couch so that when occupied the rent in the wall would not be noticed. So well was this concealed that not one prisoner except the members of the Council of Five knew anything about it. Constant work every night for *ten* nights completed the tunnel to the sewer. On the eleventh night it was tapped, while all concerned were in readiness to depart from Libby. But what a stench! So horrible was it that it awoke every sleeper about the building, and the detail at work was nearly suffocated with sewer gas. The opening in the sewer was finally closed before daylight and the enterprise voted a failure.

Bitter complaints were filed next morning with the prison authorities, asking them for humanity's sake not to allow the scavenger wagons to draw their loads of filth past the prison, as it was likely to endanger the health of the inmates. The prison guards joined with us in our request.

This failure only spurred the inventive minds of the members of the council to redouble their energies. Another plan

was soon matured and active operations begun without delay. The plan of work was not changed. Another tunnel was to be run at a differant place and in another direction. It commenced under the east foundation wall of the prison and was to run under the wall as before, thence under a narrow street or a wide alley through which the prison guards walked; thence under a high, upright board fence which enclosed a vacant lot on the east of the prison. As the work progressed the dirt from the excavation was distributed under the loose board floor of the basement.

The boards were carefully replaced and all signs of the work obliterated. The digging was done entirely by night, and it required the utmost caution at all times to prevent detection.

The foundation stones were found to be about eight feet under the surface of the ground and built on piling, saplings driven side by side. On these the foundation rested. To go under the piling was impossible; how to get through was the question. After several days delay, the problem was solved in this way: Around the prison was an old darkey whose businees it was to do errands for the commandant of the prison and to carry in wood for the prisoners. Colonel A. D. Streight, of the 51st Indiana, arranged with this darkey to buy or steal an auger, take the handle off the auger, put both handle and auger in an armful of stovewood and carry them into the prison, which after several days delay he did. For his services Colonel Streight paid him five hundred dollars in Confederate money, worth ten cents on the dollar, in gold.

Work was now resumed, and with the auger the piling was soon cut and a hole made through it large enough to permit a man to crawl through when lying flat in the tunnel, for the tunnel was only large enough to allow a man to crawl in it when lying flat, and even that was difficult.

The work all had to be done in this hampered and unnatural position. An old haversack or leather bag was used to haul

the dirt out. This bag was attached in the center of a cord twice the length of the tunnel. The man at work in the tunnel would take hold of one end of the cord and pull it in until the haversack reached him, when he would fill it with dirt; then the man at the entrance, having the other end of the cord, would draw the bag out, unfasten it from the cord, empty the dirt under the loose board floor, return, fasten the bag to the cord again, when it was drawn in and refilled as before. In this way the work steadily progressed toward completion. The tools used for digging were half of a large strap hinge to dig with and half of a canteen for a shovel. Only two men could work at the same time. Each night a new detail of two men was put at work. If you would know what it is to be in hell, just try, even for a short time, working in a tunnel like the one which I have described, where you are forty or fifty feet in the ground, lying flat, the hole just barely large enough to admit the body, and with treacherous sand pockets behind and above you and foul air to breathe. Oh, horror of horrors! If a cave-in should occur you would be burried alive and no help for it.

Early in February the work was pronounced complete, all except an opening. The entire length of the tunnel was sixty-three feet. On the night of February 9, 1864, as soon as the lights were out in the prison, the opening was made and the first squad of four passed out. The mouth of the tunnel was then closed for thirty minutes, when four more passed out, and again the tunnel was closed for thirty minutes. In this way it would require four hours and a half to let all the members of the Council of Five out. Commencing at ten o'clock, if there was no failure in the plans, half past two next morning would find all of the members of the council out. Then it was intended to close up the tunnel until next night, when the same program could be repeated. But, alas! What miserable failures we are. How often are our brightest and dearest hopes dashed to pieces in the moment of our greatest exultation.

Colonel Streight belonged to the third squad of four, and was the third man of his squad to start through the tunnel. When about half way through, in attempting to get around or past a large bowlder, being a large man, he stuck fast and could not go farther. In digging the tunnel this bowlder had been encountered and had to be passed by digging in as short a circle as possible, and in this circle or needle's eye, as it was called, the colonel got stuck fast. It was seriously thought for a time that he could not extricate himself, but he did finally manage to back out, and after divesting himself of every rag of clothing he did succeed in pulling through, and in a few weeks thereafter safely arrived within the Union lines. This mishap of the colonel sticking fast was a misfortune to those left behind, and came near frustrating the entire scheme. The confusion caused in getting Colonel Streight out of his living grave was discovered outside of the council and began to spread, till in a short time it was known to every prisoner in Libby that a way of escape was open, and so general and persistent became the stampede for liberty that less than half of the number engaged in digging the tunnel made their escape, while many that had no knowledge of the work until after its completion got through.

The scene that now followed beggars description. Men who a few moments before were moping around in meekest submission and utter despair were transformed into the wildest insubordinates and became the frenzied demons of bright hope for deliverance from a living hell. The great mass of nearly 1,200 prisoners surged and swayed forward and backward like a mighty forest before a sweeping tornado. Now they were piled in a living wave of humanity till they reached the ceiling near the place in the chimney whence one by one the more fortunate were escaping. Then when the mad tumult had spent its force, like a wave dashed to pieces by its own violence against a rock-bound shore, the struggling, writhing,

cursing, bruised, bleeding sea of humanity receded, only to dash again toward the exit to the glorious sunshine and still more glorious liberty beneath the dear old stars and stripes.

And thus, with fighting, cursing, muttering, crying for joy, tearing each other away from the entrance to the chimney, the awful scene of demoniacal confusion went on. Reason and all the higher attributes of humanity were dethroned. Bullies with superhuman strength backed themselves against the wall, and knocked senseless all who approached, until they felt that they could escape, but attempting it, were caught as they were vainly trying to descend, and were dragged up and out upon the floor and trampled upon by the surging crowd, until they were no more able to stand, and gladly crawled away into a place of safety.

Notwithstanding all this, one hundred and nine prisoners did get down the chimney and escape through the tunnel, the last leaving just at daylight. Only sixty-five reached the Union lines in safty. In the morning when the prisoners were being counted, as was the regular custom, an attempt was made to deceive the guards in charge by slipping back after passing through the door and thus be counted the second time. But as we did not know the exact number that had got out, there were but fifty repeaters, and the ruse was discovered of course. Failing to make my escape when Colonel Streiget made his exit from Libby very much discouraged me, and for some time I gave up all hopes of ever getting away from my prison home, unless the goverment should change its policy in regard to the exchange of prisoners, an event which I had no idea would take place as long as Mr. Stanton was retained as Secretary of War. Twelve months had now elapsed since I entered Libby Prison. The work of conquering the Rebellion was rapidly progressing in the West. Vicksburg had fallen, and the Mississippi River was open for navigation of our transports from its source to the Gulf of Mexico; our armies were also making rapid inroads into Georgia, the empire State of the

Confederacy, and General Grant, after having accomplished this great work, was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, an event which satisfied the prisoners — especially those belonging to the Western army, who knew the kind of metal Ulysses was composed of — that the Rebel authorities would not long risk keeping us confined in Richmond. Consequently hope began to revive in the bosoms of those who expected to gain their freedom by their own exertion. Plans for escape in case of removal were now being constantly projected and discussed, but no unity or organization for a general outbreak could be arrived at, consequently each one was left to act independently on his own judgement, and if he thought escape possible, to make the attempt.

At one o'clock of the morning of May 7th, we were ordered to get ready to march, and one hour given us to accomplish the work, at the end of which they commenced counting us out at the narrow door, and, as though we were so many hogs, the Rebel commissary pitched a pone of corn bread at each of us as we passed. As we came out we were placed between two long files of guards, running along Cary street, where we remained until the sun came up from behind the Richmond hills — the first time we had felt his warm rays for twelve weary months. We were then marched to the Danville depot, and *packed* into old stock cars for transportation, sixty odd prisoners and five guards in each car. The weather was extremely hot, water very scarce, and "grub" ditto; and in this condition we traveled to Danville, Virginia, twenty-four hours journey, during which time we received water but twice, and but one-half pint each time, and that taken from a pond so filthy that a hog would scarcely wallow in it.

After being removed from the train at Danville, the Rebel officers were very much chagrined to find that the *Yanks* had cut large holes in the bottom of the cars, aud several of the "d—d rascals" (as they pleased to call them) gone.

From Richmond to Danville the guard in charge of us was commanded by a scoundrel, in the shape of a man, whom they called captain. From his deportment and treatment of the prisoners on the route, all concurred in the opinion that if the devil had any agents that this man, Tabb, was certainly one of his chiefs; if not, his majesty had better close business on this terrestrial sphere.

We were kept at Danville but a few days, when we were again jammed into cars (sixty or seventy in each) and started further south, and arrived at Macon, Georgia, on the 16th day of May, 1864, and placed in a stockade for safe keeping. We at once organized squads and companies, and commenced tunneling passages underground through which to escape, and had several large ones nearly completed when one of our own officers betrayed our work and plans to the Confederate authorities, who soon placed a check on our operations.

In July we were removed to Charleston, South Carolina. An admirable plan for escape on the route was organized by those of us who went on the first train, but those who were appointed to lead and direct the affair had not the courage to lead off. We were kept at Charleston nearly three months of the hottest season of the year, and all the time under the fire of our own guns. This unprecedented measure of the rebels was done for the purpose of compelling the government to an exchange of prisoners on terms proposed by themselves, but experience taught them that the United States was not to be dictated to by Rebels.

During the fall, yellow fever made its appearance among the prisoners, in consequence of which we were removed to Columbia, S. C., where we were placed in an old field, with a single guard line around us. Now, I thought, was time to make another effort to reach "God's country" (the Union lines being termed so by the prisoners), and at once began operating on the guards, and soon found that if I was cautious, and

selected a good subject, that I could bribe him with a watch, or a few Confederate dollars, to let me pass out. The greatest difficulty that presented itself was, how could I subsist in such a strange land, where I dare not stop at the house of a white man, as immediate arrest and confinement would be my doom. It would not do for the eye of a white man, woman or child to see me, as legions of bloodhounds, double-barreled shotguns, old men and boys, conscript officers, and provost marshals would at once be in pursuit; besides, it was at least four hundred miles to the Union lines, by the shortest route that could be taken, and my clothing was much worn and very thin; I was without good shoes, and at this season of the year I could but expect cold weather, even in South Carolina, and much severer when I reached the mountains. Rivers and large streams were also to be crossed, and I knew that all the principal bridges and fords were guarded by the enemy, for the purpose of catching deserters from their own army and runaway negroes.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I determined to make another effort to gain my freedom, even if it should cost me my life. "Liberty or Death" was now my motto. In the first place, I must raise the wherewithal to bribe the sentinel, and on making a thorough examination of my *valuables*, found them to consist of one pocket comb, a brass button, silver pen-holder and gold pen point; these constituted my store of wordly goods, and with them I proceeded to drive a bargain with one of the chivalry and escape their clutches for a short time, at least. We had an opportunity of conversing with the guards when they came in to attend roll call, and on one of these occasions I selected a boy from one of the companies, and proceeded to form an acquaintance with him. At first he was not very communicative, but I directed the conversation in regard to his manner of procuring subsistence, asking him if he lived exclusively on the rations furnished by the Rebel

commissary. He replied that he was compelled to do it, as he was without money wherewith to procure anything else. I remarked to him that I had a good gold pen and silver holder, both worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars in Confederate money, and which I would give him if he would let me pass his beat some dark night. He finally agreed to the proposition, provided I would promise on honor not to betray him in case I was recaptured and brought back, to which I of course agreed, and began preparations for my departure. From a friend who had sold his watch to one of the guards, I borrowed ten dollars in Confederate money. With this I purchased from the sutler one quart of salt, and some matches; I also baked my five days rations of corn meal, which, when done, made about three pounds of bread. For a haversack to carry it in, I took an old flannel shirt and tied the lower extremity with a string, like a bag, and the sleeves together to swing over my shoulder.

Three days after, the soldier with whom the arrangement was made guarded me, with several others, outside the lines, to procure wood for fuel. The same morning, however, a large number of the prisoners were put on parole of honor not to escape, by the commandant of the prison, and allowed to go for the same purpose. As soon as a favorable opportunity offered for me to pass the guard whom I had bribed, without being observed by the other sentinels, I stepped up to him and gave him the pen and penholder, and passed out and made a straight line for the nearest pine thicket, almost fearing to look back lest I should be observed by others of the Rebel guard, and by them returned to the prison.

I traveled through the thicket about four miles, when I came to a swamp. I went into this several hundred yards and found a large pine log lying up out of the water, upon which I crawled, intending to remain there until after dark, but I had not long been concealed here until I heard some one walking through

the water. From the direction whence the noise proceeded, and its gradual nearer approach, I supposed that it was the Rebels on my track, and as quietly as possible slipped off the log on the opposite side from the direction the sound came. I had been in this position but a short time when I discovered approaching me, instead of an armed Rebel with a pack of bloodhounds, one of my old prison companions, Lieutenant Frank A. Lakin, of the Eighteenth Indiana Infantry, an officer with whom I had been confined in the various prisons of the Confederacy for one year and a half. I knew that he would do to depend upon in the perilous and toilsome work before us; young, active, brave and full of fire, and when he had once made up his mind to do a thing he never gave it up until it had been accomplished, unless some unavoidable streak of bad fortune interposed. There was no officer among all the prisoners with whom I had been confined that I would have preferred as a companion in the hazardous journey before me.

We consulted together as to the best route to be taken to reach our lines. Soon as it was dark we started out, intending to strike the road leading from Columbia to Lexington; we had not traveled far, however, when the sky became very much clouded, obscuring the north star by which we were directing our course, but we continued to travel, without guide or compass, until about two o'clock in the morning, when the clouds cleared away, and we discovered that we were going in the wrong direction. We accordingly changed our course, and again set out for the road before mentioned, and which we finally found. We traveled very cautiously for some considerable distance, and at length came to a guideboard, which we hailed with joy, as it was a silent director that would not betray us; it was so dark, however, that it availed us nothing without some little ingenuity, so I squared myself in front of the post with my hands on my knees and with my shoulders stooped over, while Frank mounted my back, crawled up, struck a match

and examined the directions on the board, when he discovered that we were just five miles from Columbia and seven miles from Lexington, and had traveled hard all night; but we determined, if possible, to pass the latter place before daylight — the gray streaks of light just making their appearance in the east when we came to the suburbs of the village. We now held a council of war, and decided that our plan was to go direct through town, so we walked very briskly up Main street, encountering on our way several noisy dogs, which alarmed us considerably, lest they should be the means of arousing the citizens, as lights were already visible in many of the houses; but we passed through safely, and soon came to a dense pine thicket, into which we went some two or three hundred yards and stopped near a large pond, where we raked some leaves together for a bed and laid down, tired and footsore, to rest, and did not awake until near sunset.

After making a hasty toilet, by washing in the pond and drying our faces on the leaves and dead grass, we sat down to partake of my loaf of corn bread, which still remained untouched, and, as neither of us had tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours, it was very palatable. At dark we again started on the road, and when we came near a house always flanked it, so as not to be observed by the dogs. We traveled all night, and the next morning went into the woods again, to conceal ourselves, and rest and sleep; but we were so hungry that sleep with me was impossible. While pondering where our next provisions were to come from, I suddenly heard the noise of a bell and bleating of sheep. I remarked to my friend Frank that we had better capture and slaughter one, as we could live very well on its flesh, even if we had no bread. He thought it would be impossible to catch one of them, and turned over in the leaves to sleep.

But Frank's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, I was determined to have some mutton for breakfast, and gathering

my salt bag started toward the sheep. Salt being a luxury to which Rebel sheep had not been of late accustomed, the whole flock was soon collected around me, some licking salt from my hands. Just at this moment Frank raised up, and seeing that the prospect for mutton was very good, yelled out: "Catch a *fat* one, Milt." I made a *grab* and caught a very nice lamb. Soon as he discovered that I had secured the prize, he started toward me at the rate of "2:40" with the old caseknife, with which we soon dispatched the juvenile sheep, and, when dressed, found it to be very fat and tender. We had no water to either wash our hands or mutton, but we kindled a fire, and a portion of the carcass was soon on it roasting, and the savory slices of mutton alone made us a delightful breakfast; after which we lay down to sleep, and did not awake until near sunset.

We immediately commenced preparations for another night's march, but before starting, we cut out the best pieces remaining of the lamb's carcass, and put them in my haversack for our subsistence the next day. We had not traveled far before we felt the evil effects of eating so much meat without bread, and Frank swore "by the Eternal" he would never taste mutton again. Journeyed all day without any incident of note. About daylight in the morning we came to a secluded place, where we went into bivouac, and lay down to sleep without eating, the breakfast of the previous morning still weighing heavy on our stomachs. When we awoke in the evening, and before starting on the tramp, Frank remarked that he believed "he could eat a little more of that sheep," provided it was cooked in any other manner than by being broiled on the coals.

Before it was quite dark we were again on the tramp, and early in the evening, while flanking a large farm house that stood near the road, we accidentally found ourselves—very much to our satisfaction—in a sweet potato patch, and at once set about digging the precious roots, about a half bushel of which we tied up in Frank's old jacket, and proceeded to the

next plantation. Near one of the huts we discovered a negro woman washing by the burning light of a few pine faggots collected in a pile by her side. We remained in concealment watching her about twenty minutes, when she started off toward the house. We then cautiously approached the fire, and Frank shouldered the kettle she had been using and carried it off about a mile to a pond, surrounded by a dense thicket, and it was not long ere we had it swung over a bright fire of blazing pine knots, filled with a goodly quantity of sweet potatoes and the remains of our mutton. In about two hours later we were partaking of one of the most delicious feasts of food to which I ever sat down. Frank's forty-eight hours fasting had entirely obliterated from his mind the memory of his vow not to eat sheep. After partaking to our satisfaction, we filled our haversack with the remainder and started on the march, forgetting, however, to return the old woman's kettle.

As near as possible, we kept a direct course for Knoxville, Tennessee. Before we left the prison at Columbia, I procured an old pocket map of the Southern States, of which I made a copy on a sheet of foolscap paper. It was, of course, very incorrect, but answered our purpose, as it gave us some idea of the distance from point to point, and the localities of the principal towns. We still followed the old plan of traveling after night, and lying by in the woods and thickets during the day time.

Three days and nights thus passed without incident or adventure of any kind, at the end of which we found our commissary department in a very unfavorable condition for promoting the health and strength of two such ravenous individuals as Frank and myself. It was the third morning after we had boiled the mutton and potatoes before mentioned, that we were aroused from our slumber by the side of a fire we had built, by the neighing of a horse. We both instantly sprang to our feet, and about one hundred yards distant discovered a negro coming toward us on horseback, drawn hither, as we afterward

learned, by the smoke of our fire. He came up to within a few yards of us and then stopped, evidently considerably frightened; and, although we had determined not to reveal ourselves to any one, either black or white, we at once saw that we must make friends with this man, and accordingly entered into conversation with him and informed him of our true character. He solemnly promised not to betray us to his master, but on the contrary pledged himself to assist us in every way in his power. We told him that we were very hungry, and out of provisions. He then left us, but returned in about an hour, bringing with him a basket of roasted potatoes and a small piece of corn bread, saying that was all he had, but we were welcome to have it. He was very intelligent, and during our conversation with him remarked that as we were sacrificing so much for the freedom of him and his race, he thought it no more than his duty to do all in his power for our safety and comfort. He also gave us much information in regard to the roads and country, and with tearful eyes bade us goodbye. The provisions he gave us lasted two days, after which we were one day without anything to eat, and were consequently getting so hungry that I proposed making a foray on some plantation and stealing something, but Frank stoutly protested against thieving since the stolen sheep he had partaken so heartily of had made him sick.

We traveled two nights without anything to eat except a few persimmons, and were now on the road the third night, almost exhausted from hunger and fatigue, but, about ten o'clock, we came to a large plantation. We then halted and held a council of war, when it was decided to cautiously approach one of the negro huts, from which the whizzing sound of a large spinning wheel in motion proceeded. We stealthily crawled up, and, through a chink in the wall, could discover a negro woman spinning cotton. We then went around to the opposite side of the house, and knocked at the door, upon which interruption

the wheel suddenly stopped, and the old woman cried out, "Who's dat?" We replied, in a low tone, that we were friends, and requested her to let us in, when she yelled out, "Who's dat at de door?" when we stepped in, and Frank proceeded to tell her that we were Confederate soldiers on furlough, nearly starved, and wanted something to eat. While he was speaking the old negress interrupted him, saying: "Gemen, you can't fool dis chile; I knows who you is; I knows you is Yankees, 'caus I see de buttons on dat jacket," pointing to Frank's old blue blouse, which served the double purpose of a coat and shirt, and which still retained two or three brass buttons, the same as worn on the uniform of the United States soldiers. We acknowledged to her that we were escaped Union prisoners. She then set to work, and in a short time prepared a bountiful supply of cornbread and roasted sweet potatoes. She also set before us a fine fat opossum, nicely baked, and between Frank and myself, we made that 'possum disappear in a very short time. All the darkies on the plantation came in to see us, bringing with them, for us, their little mite of provisions. After we had finished our suppers and rested our weary limbs, one of the darkies volunteered his services to pilot us ten miles on the road, which we gladly accepted. After the ten miles had been gone over, he turned us over to another negro, who went with us about five miles. By this time it was nearly daylight, and we were placed by the last guide under the care of a third negro, who conducted us about one-half mile to a dense pine thicket, where we lay concealed during the day.

Soon after dark our negro protector returned, and with him nearly a dozen men and women of his own color, each bringing something for us to eat; they had corn meal coffee, corncake, fresh pork, sweet potatoes and cabbage. To us it was truly a feast, and we did it ample justice. Before starting on the road we took each of these ignorant but loyal and zealou

colored people by the hand, and bade them a kind and friendly goodbye ; in fact, the slaves were the only class of people we could call friends in the whole state of South Carolina.

The third day after parting with the crowd of negroes last referred to, we were discovered by a white man, the first white face we had seen since leaving the prison. The old man came on us accidentally, and was about as much alarmed at the collision as we were; but my friend, Lieutenant Lakin, volunteered to act as spokesman, and confidently rushed out toward the intruder on our privacy with extended hand. The old man, after regaining his self possession, questioned Frank pretty closely, but he replied promptly and apparently satisfactorily, and told him that we belonged to General Lee's army, and had been in service since the beginning of the war; that when our first term of enlistment expired we were promised thirty days furlough if we we would reënlist, and that we did so, but the leave of absence was never granted, and we had consequently resolved to go without permission and see our families, who were at home suffering ; that we intended to remain there just thirty days, and would not be taken back in less time by any home guards in South Carolina. We then appealed to the old man's sympathies, when he said that he did not blame us, and promised that he would do nothing to betray us ; and I believe the old fellow kept his promise, for we remained there all day without further molestation.

The next night, about twelve o'clock, we met two negroes in the road, who informed us that two miles further ahead there was a company of Confederate soldiers watching for deserters. We accordingly left the road, and taking the north star for our guide, we proceeded through swamps and over hills until we came to Broad River. This we must cross at all hazards, and the only alternatives were to wade or swim ; so, into the cold, rapid stream we plunged, the water striking us around the neck, and so chilly that I thought I would freeze before reaching

the opposite bank, but we got through safely, and started off on a brisk walk, which soon got up a circulation, and we felt quite comfortable, "barrin'" a little dampness.

We now felt quite safe, and began to talk earnestly of the happy hours we would soon enjoy with the "loved ones at home." But "man proposes and God disposes." The following night, while resting in a thicket, two or three hundred yards from the road on which we had been traveling, we were suddenly startled by the loud yelping of hounds not a great distance from us. We knew at once that they were on our track, but as we had left the road by a right angle, we had hope that the dogs would here loose the scent and keep the main road; but we reckoned without our host, for in a moment the whole pack of at least a dozen fierce looking bloodhounds were upon us. Escape was now impossible, for any attempt to move would have caused the dogs to take immediate hold of our person. While in this dilemma about twenty-five of the chivalry made their appearance, armed with shotguns, knives, pistols and clubs. They at once made a peremptory demand for us to surrender, and not feeling able to combat successfully both dogs and men, we at once complied with the modest request.

The manner of bearing of these Southern cavaliers toward us after we were in their power was disgusting in the extreme. They seemed to think they had accomplished one of the most gallant deeds of war, and declared they would never submit to "Yankee rule." Ropes were brought out to tie our hands and feet, but, after searching us thoroughly and satisfying themselves that we had no arms, they concluded that there were enough of the party to guard us to Anderson jail without adopting this measure. They marched us to Anderson Court House, seventeen miles distant, when they turned us over to the provost marshal of the district, who confined us in the jail at that place for five days; and while there we had many calls

from the citizens, both men and women, whose curiosity to see a "real live Yankee" prompted them to make the visits; the negroes, also, were anxious to see us, and one evening some half dozen of them were permitted by the jailor to come in where we were. They had a violin in the party, upon which they gave us several very cheering airs. Lieutenant Lakin, being somewhat of a musician, took the instrument in his hands, and, to the great delight of the darkies, gave them a touch of "Yankee Doodle." When ready to depart, they importuned the jailor for permission to leave the fiddle with us. We could not understand the reason for this strange request, and our curiosity was, consequently, somewhat aroused; so, after being left to ourselves, we made a thorough examination of the instrument, when, to our great surprise and delight, we found inside of it thirty-nine dollars (Confederate currency) secured there by the negroes for our benefit.

On the morning of the sixth day of our incarceration in the jail at this place we were taken out, and under heavy guard sent back to our old quarters at Camp Sorghum, Columbia. Notwithstanding the blustering threats of the Rebel officials to severely punish any prisoner who made a second attempt to escape, we resolved on another effort to reach the Union lines whenever opportunity offered. Before we got ready for the second trial, the following order was communicated to the prisoners then confined in Camp Sorghum:

HEADQUARTERS SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA.
CHARLESTON, November 17, 1864.

COLONEL MEANS, *Commanding Federal Prisoners at Columbia:*

The Lieutenant General directs that you report to these headquarters the name of every officer and man who escapes from your custody; also, that you notify the Federal officers that they must give their parole not to attempt to escape, or they will be confined in a pen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. C. GILCHRIST,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

We at first feared that a majority of our fellow prisoners would be in favor of taking the parole designated in the above order, in which case we would also be obliged to do likewise, or be placed in a position where escape would be impossible, and death ere long inevitable. No attention, however, was paid to the order, and the status of the prisoners remained as before, the want of a pen, no doubt, being the only reason that is was not carried into effect.

In a few days I had arrangements all completed for a second escape from Rebel custody. With a portion of my share of the money the negroes smuggled to us while in jail at Anderson Court House, I bought from the sutler a few matches and a pint of salt, after which I had remaining in good Rebel shinplasters ten dollars with which to bribe a guard to let me pass his beat, I agreeing to keep the contract strictly secret and to crawl on my hands and knees from the dead line out beyond the line of guards, and before starting to pitch a stone toward him as a signal that I was ready, when, if all was right, he would pitch it back.

With this understanding, a short time after dark of the appointed evening, I started to the designated place for me to pass out. I walked up to as near the dead line as was safe and stopped. It was very dark and raining, and an object ten feet away could scarcely be seen, but as per agreement, a stone was pitched toward the spot agreed upon. I then dropped flat upon the muddy ground, and remained in breathless silence for the signal. A stone, the welcome messenger that announced that all was well, came splashing through the mire. I hesitated not a moment, but started on "all fours" through the mud for the sentinel, who simultaneously commenced whistling the popular air of "Dixie." Whether it was to drown the pangs of a guilty conscience, or to keep up my spirits, I am not able to say, but confess that something was needed to bolster up my courage. He might let me approach within a few

paces of him and then fire, but on I went, and when up to where the fellow was standing handed him the amount agreed upon. He merely remarked as he received it, that, "You must not deceive me as some other of you-uns have done," who, instead of giving him money as they passed out, handed him a roll of old paper.

I continued to crawl on my hands and feet for some distance before assuming an erect position, and when I did so I started off and ran for about two hundred yards at a speed that would throw Flora Temple's best time far in the shade. I then sat down in the bushes and began pondering over "the situation;" no money, scarcely any clothing, no provisions, and no friends. While thus meditating, and feeling very blue, I was startled by the sound of some one walking through the bushes. I instantly dropped on the ground to conceal myself from observation; as the object making the noise drew nearer, I could distinguish that the person, be he who he might, was a Federal officer, bent on the same object as myself. I then arose to my feet, and addressing him in a low tone, inquired who he was.

This was such a sudden surprise that he jumped as if he had been shot at, but when he discovered that I was alone, he stopped and confronted me, and behold! who should it be but my old friend and former companion, Frank Lakin! It was a very unexpected meeting to both of us, and we decided to travel together, and over the same route we went before, Knoxville, Tennessee, being the point at which we aimed to strike the Union lines. It was a long distance, but, from the information we had, it seemed to us the safest route to freedom. Our plans and direction thus resolved on, we started on the long, weary journey, and traveled the whole night in a cold, chilly rain. We journeyed on for several nights over the same roads that we had marched before. Our experience had been such that we were now fully posted in regard to the best manner for escaped Yankee prisoners traveling in the South to procure provisions

and now had no difficulty in keeping our commissary department well supplied, or, rather the negroes did for us, if not always as dainty as might be desired, it was, at least, palatable and wholesome, and, by trusting implicitly to the slaves, we had no difficulty in getting abundance.

When within a few miles of Anderson Court House, the place where we had been confined in jail after our recapture on the previous expedition, we had made in this direction, we met an old negro in the road and informed him who we were, and where we were going. He then told us of General Sherman's movements in Georgia, adding that he was "bound to take Augusta," and advised us to change our course and try to get to Sherman's army. He also told us that he was going to start for Augusta next morning with a wagon and six-mule team, and that he could conceal us in the wagon bed under the fodder, and haul us safely to the city. We consented to his proposition, and lay concealed in a thicket near the barn until nearly daylight, when we were aroused by the old negro, who was preparing to leave for that city. We got in his wagon, and were covered up with the fodder, the whip was applied to the mules and we were off. The road was full of militia, on their route to Augusta also, to which place they were going, as they said, to help defend it against "Sherman's host of bluecoats."

We had gone but a few miles before we caught up with a regiment of infantry; several stragglers belonging to it got on the wagon—they on top of the fodder and we underneath—was not very comfortable to us, but we had to "grin and bear it," and in this position we rode until night, making about twenty miles during the day. Shortly after dark the regiment which had been traveling with us all day went into camp, and the wagon was then cleared of Rebel soldiers. The darkey drove on a mile farther, and we also went into bivouac near the road. The next morning we again crawled into the wagon, and were again covered with the fodder, and started out before daylight

in advance of the Rebel troops, who had been a source of so much annoyance to us the day before. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when within a few miles of Augusta, we were met by a squad of Rebel soldiers. Our negro friend inquired of them, "If the Yankees got Augusta yet?" They replied in the negative, and wanted to know why he asked the question. The negro replied that he was "Mighty 'feared dem ar Yankees was in de town."

This conversation ended, the soldiers passed on, and, after they had got well out of sight, we jumped out of the wagon and went into the woods, the darkey driving on to Augusta. We swam the Savannah River seven miles above the city, and soon after struck the railroad running from Atlanta to Augusta. Here we came in contact with another negro, from whom we learned that Sherman was at Milledgeville. He also gave us a copy of the Augusta *Daily Chronicle*, and from what we learned from it we drew the conclusion that Sherman's intended destination was Savannah, and, consequently, the best plan for us to adopt would be to flank Augusta and get some position in advance of Sherman's forces, and then lay by at the hut of some friendly negro until our army came up. With this intention we traveled that night and next day, making a complete circle of the city, and again striking the Savannah River fifteen miles below it. Here we procured an old canoe and tried navigation, but it leaked so badly that we were compelled to abandon it and travel by land, and the next night we arrived at Millen, the junction of the Macon & Savannah with the Augusta Railroad. Here we learned from a negro some additional particulars in regard to the march of "Mr. Sherman's company," who, he informed us, had passed there nearly a week previous. We were, consequently, in Sherman's rear instead of his front, as we had anticipated, and had to travel seventy-five miles over the same country that his immense army had passed over.

The first twenty-four hours on this route convinced us that we would have great difficulty in obtaining provisions, as corn meal, bacon, sweet potatoes, and everything else that could be eaten, had been "*pressed*" by Sherman's hungry Yankees. The negroes had also nearly all followed the army, so that we could no longer obtain subsistence from them, nor their invaluable services as guides. We were suffering extremely from hunger when we fortunately found two ears of corn in a fence corner, where a cavalry soldier had fed his horse. We built a fire and parched it on the cob, and, with the addition of a little salt, made a very excellent meal.

The fourth night we traveled in this direction we came to a wide slough, over which had been a railroad bridge, but whose black and charred timbers now floated on top of the stagnant stream. A number of these we collected together and proceeded to construct a raft on which to cross to the opposite bank. When completed, a piece of telegraph wire was fastened to it, and my traveling companion, Frank, got aboard, pushed it out on the stream, and soon landed safely on the other side of the water. With the piece of wire attached to it, one end of which I held in my hand, I pulled the frail craft back to my side, got on board, and started over to rejoin Frank, but when near the middle of the stream the treacherous craft split in two parts, and, much to the gusto of Lakin, let me to the neck in the cold, icy water; but I was more alarmed for Frank than myself, as his violent laughter at my sudden immersion gave me sufficient ground to fear a collapse in the vicinity of his commissary department.

I finally waded out safe and whole, though terribly wet and cold. Our situation was now very critical, and required the exercise of the greatest caution on our part; otherwise we were almost certain to be recaptured, as Wheeler's cavalry was now between us and our army. The night following my adventure by water, when, as just related, I was suddenly

shipwrecked, we were met in the road by a slave, who had just escaped from Wheeler's command. Our fortunate meeting with this faithful fellow, no doubt, saved us our liberty, for we were then within a mile of the Rebel pickets, and had we not met with him, would have been soon close on them, when it would be too late to escape.

Regardless of his own personal safety, this black man, true to the instincts of his race, cheerfully consented to pilot us around Wheeler's pickets, which was successfully accomplished by wading and crawling for two hours through the miasmatic swamps of the Georgia lowland, and after passing safely around the Rebel lines, we selected an elevated spot of ground in the interior of a large swamp, where we lay down to rest and sleep until night.

Frank was soon in the land of dreams, but for me I could not sleep. I had an ill foreboding that all was not right, so instead of sleeping I kept watch, and near noon I discovered a man, preceeded by two large bloodhounds, coming toward us. Their company, of course, was not at all desirable, but it seemed that there was no way of avoiding it, as they still advanced nearer, and there was no way for us to get out of the swamp except by the route they were coming. I awoke Lakin and asked his opinion of the situation. We concluded that it was best to remain perfectly quiet, and in case we were attacked to defend ourselves to the last, as we had resolved that no one man should take us alive. The following program was agreed upon: We both had heavy walking sticks, and Frank was to engage the intruder in conversation; at the same time I would step up behind and give him such a blow with my stick that he would never disturb another Yankee. By the time this plan was decided upon, the stranger was within forty yards of where we lay concealed, and keeping straight forward in the direction he was going would pass a few yards to the left of us.

We were beginning to think ourselves quite safe, and that the man would pass on without noticing us, when one of the hounds, snuffing the air, set up a terrible *boohoo*, and he turned to look after the dogs, and discovered us. We instantly jumped up and endeavored to engage him in conversation, but the nearer we approached him the faster he walked, till at length he struck a brisk trot, and soon disappeared in the dense pine thicket. We dared not remain long here, as we knew this fellow would soon alarm the whole neighborhood, when all the old men and boys, furloughed soldiers, and dogs in the country would be in pursuit. Consequently, we changed our base, establishing ourselves, as we thought, in a more secure place in another swamp; but we had not occupied this new line of defense long when we heard in the distance the well known *toot* of the hunter's horn, which apprised us of the fact that they were preparing for the chase, and ere long we distinctly heard the whining bark of the hounds and yells of the men, as they came in hot pursuit, till they arrived at the edge of the water where we entered, which broke the scent, and they could track us no farther. From our concealed position we could see every movement they made; in the posse we counted fifteen men, but the hounds were beyond computation.

The party at length divided and started in opposite directions around the swamp, to discover, if possible, where we had left it, not supposing that we were hid in its dark recesses. Soon as they disappeared we left our place of concealment, and made for the railroad, which we fortunately struck at a point where the track had not been torn up, and here we found a handcar which we took possession of, and started at full speed in the direction of Savannah. We went six miles this way when we had to abandon the car on account of the track being destroyed. Leaving the car, we sought a safe retreat, as usual, in a swamp, where we remained until dark, and again started on the march. This, we confidently hoped, would be our last

night's travel, as we were satisfied that we were now so close to Sherman's army that we could reach it, no ill fortune intervening, by daylight next morning. Our strength was nearly exhausted for want of food, but the thought of home and freedom nerved us to the work, and we kept on until about three o'clock in the morning, when we had grown so weak that it seemed impossible to move another rod. We had eaten nothing for four days but the two ears of corn, before mentioned, and now we reeled and staggered like drunken men. We could stand erect no longer, and fell exhausted by the side of the road, so fatigued that sleep overcame us.

About daylight we were aroused by the sound of *reveille* on the drums of Sherman's camps; this was music so sweet, and sent such a thrill of joy through our hearts, that we forgot hungry stomachs, weary limbs and sore feet, and we sprang up and started with light hearts, to the camp of the Union army. Two hours march brought us to the picket line of General Sherman's army. Language fails to express our feelings, when, for the first time in nearly two years, we beheld the glorious old flag.

We were conducted to General Sherman's headquarters, and were kindly received by him and the officers of his staff. The general provided us with clothing and provisions, and also furnished us transporation to the city of Washington. *We were free now, and no thanks to the United States Government for our liberty.*

CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL STEELE.

BY BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. M. DRAKE.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF F. M. DRAKE, ON THE CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL STEELE THROUGH ARKANSAS TO JOIN GENERAL BANKS ON THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

In the spring of 1864, Major-General Steele, commanding the Seventh Army Corps, was ordered to march with his command from Little Rock, Arkansas, across the country to Shreveport, Louisiana. Major-General Banks had been already ordered to ascend the Red River with his command, and reach Shreveport in advance of Steele.

On the 1st of April the army under Steele, after a fatiguing march through a rough and sparsely settled country, over almost impassable roads, and in unpropitious weather, found itself midway between Little Rock and Shreveport, confronted with the advance forces of the army of Kirby Smith, which report said had repulsed Banks, and now sought to bag the forces of Steele.

The writer was, at the time of this campaign, lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry, which formed a part of the Second Brigade of General Solomon's division. The First Brigade of the division, under command of Brigadier-General S. A. Rice, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, which was guarding our rear, had been attacked, and was engaged with the Rebel brigade of General Shelby.

We had crossed the Little Missouri River, and when General Steele found himself thus confronted he at once decided to retreat in the direction of Camden, on the Ouchita River, capture Camden, a fortified Confederate post, and make a stand there. It therefore became very important to secure and hold Elkins Ford, on the Little Missouri, as a passage for his army, so he ordered General Solomon to send at once as large a force as he could spare to take and hold this ford.

The Second Brigade was composed of the Forty-third Indiana Infantry, Colonel William E. McLean; Seventy-seventh Ohio Infantry, Colonel William Mason, and the Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry, Colonel C. W. Kittredge, under command of Colonel McLean, its senior colonel.

General Solomon ordered Colonel McLean to proceed with the Forty-third Indiana, Thirty-sixth Iowa, two companies First Iowa Cavalry, and one section of Stanger's Battery, Missouri Light Artillery under Lieutenant Peetz, and take and hold Elkins Ford.

On the evening of the 2d of April, Colonel McLean's command camped at the ford on both sides of the river, the Thirty-sixth Iowa having crossed and took the front. A Rebel force had already reached so near the ford as to engage our cavalry, sent forward to establish our advance picket. On the afternoon of the 3d of April the writer was ordered by Colonel McLean to take command of a detachment composed of three companies Forty-third Indiana, and three companies Thirty-sixth Iowa, and make a reconnoissance to the front, and if possible ascertain the extent and position of the enemy.

On reaching the cavalry picket, about a mile and a quarter from the ford, the writer found it posted behind an old orchard, from which the enemy was trying to dislodge it by sharpshooters. And by entering the orchard and carefully passing toward the front under a shelter of the trees, the writer discovered the enemy and his position, and sent a note to

Colonel McLean, informing him that he had found the enemy in force and with artillery, and in his opinion preparing for an attack at daylight next morning, with a determination to take and hold the ford, stating also that if allowed the writer would hold his present position with the force he had and the two companies of cavalry, and requesting that Lieutenant Peetz be ordered to report to him with his artillery, to be placed in his rear after dark. It was then late in the evening.

After dark the writer deployed his infantry companies, so as to cover the enemy's front, with instructions to bivouac for the night and be in readiness to meet the enemy's attack in the morning. He advised Colonel McLean what he had done, and requested the support of all his command when the attack should commence.

At daylight next morning, as expected, the Rebel forces advanced in line of battle, driving the cavalry from their post, and the writer gave orders to the infantry to deploy as skirmishers and advance, and to the cavalry to dismount and fall in with the skirmishers. This brought on at once a severe engagement, which, being in the timber, gave us the advantage, in that our men being deployed could shelter themselves behind trees, while the enemy, being in line of battle, were only partially sheltered.

For some time we were able to hold the enemy in check, being driven back only about four rods in the first hour's engagement, when a lull ensued of several minutes, and Colonel Kittredge came up with the remaining companies of his regiment. The enemy had opened fire with its artillery, which was promptly returned by ours, and while Colonel Kittredge was preparing to place his regiment in position an order was received to retreat, which he with his command obeyed. But the writer, not fully understanding, and believing a retreat not for the best, declined, and ordered his line to stand fast and contest every inch of ground.

We had then ordered an advance to regain the ground lost, and to recover knapsacks of Company G, Thirty-sixth Iowa, at the request of Captain T. M. Fee, left on the ground in their haste to execute the order first given in the morning, which brought on a renewal of the engagement, and in a short time Lieutenant Fackler, aid-de-camp of General Marmaduke, was captured. The writer, while passing along the line of skirmishers, when in rear of Company D, Thirty-sixth Iowa, Captain Hale observed two mounted officers on whom Company D was about to fire, when one of them threw out a white handkerchief, and the writer gave orders not to fire until an opportunity to surrender was given.

The one holding the handkerchief came forward and surrendered, and the other wheeled his horse and fled. As the party surrendering rode up, he said, "Hello, Drake, is that you?" The reply was, "Yes; and who are you?" He said, "My name is Fackler, and I used to sell you goods while a salesman in the wholesale house of Pittman Bros., of St. Louis. I am General Marmaduke's aide-de-camp, and it was Marmaduke who has just so narrowly escaped."

We then learned that we were engaged with Marmaduke's entire division of three thousand men. The battle raged until near noon, and although driven back nearly to the ford we had finally succeeded in repulsing the enemy and holding the ford, with a loss of thirty-one killed and wounded out of less than four hundred men engaged, and having inflicted severe loss upon the enemy.

Before the close of the engagement General Rice came up on the opposite side of the river with his brigade, and riding forward to the writer, said, "I find you the ranking officer on the field. Where shall I place my brigade?" The writer replied, "If we are forced from our present position, we shall fall behind the river banks. Better place your brigade on the opposite bank, and you can then fire over us." Just then a

ball scalped the head of the general, carrying away the crown of his fatigue cap, and causing blood to stream down his face. The writer said, "I hope, general, you are not seriously hurt; but the top of your cap is gone." The general replied, "I feel as though the top of my head was gone, and will go to the rear, but will have my brigade in position," which he did, although their services were not needed.

We had held the ford, and during that evening and the next day General Steele encamped his entire army there. A few successive and successful engagements soon followed, and then a race for Camden, which we succeeded in capturing on the 16th, the two armies in the race marching on parallel roads, frequently in sight of each other, and the enemy hurrying on and harrassing our rear, which the writer, in command of a detachment, defended until Camden was fully occupied.

A few days later the writer was ordered to take command of a detachment of the Second Brigade, about six hundred men, and with one hundred government teams proceed to a mill about five miles from Camden, take possession of the mill and several thousand bushels of corn, and grind into meal as a provision for our army.

This we proceeded to do, moving early in the morning, and by nine o'clock a. m., having detailed good practical millers from our command, had the mill in full operation, soon after which we made a personel reconnoissance, and found within a distance of two miles, in a radius of almost a semi-circle, the army of Kirby Smith, concentrating for an attack on Camden. We at once advised General Solomon of this fact, but proceeded to grind corn as ordered, and disposed our forces in the best position possible for defense, expecting an attack constantly by an overwhelming force.

Thus matters continued until about dark, when an order was brought into camp from General Solomon, by one of his aides-de-camp, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, who came in on the

run and left in the same manner, not waiting for us to read and reply to the order, but proclaiming its contents in an excited manner and in hearing of many of the command to be that the enemy in large force were close upon us, moving to attack, and that we must fly to Camden on double quick, and as soon as the line was in motion, set fire to the mill and all of the grain and wagons and destroy the property, to prevent its falling into the possession of the enemy.

Thinking that we knew the situation, being in close watch of the enemy, we determined to load all the wagons with the meal we had ground, and the corn. We proceeded to do so as quickly as possible, and returned to Camden with our train well loaded, reaching there after midnight, and finding that an order for our arrest for disobedience of orders had been threatened ; but it was never issued.

This same day a foraging expedition, including a colored regiment, had been sent out to forage, and were severely handled by the enemy, the colored regiment being almost entirely annihilated and massacred.

It now became apparent that we were beseiged on the south side of the Ouchita River. But the river being full and deep, and General Steele having ordered all means of crossing it destroyed for a long distance each way, and placed a strong patrol along it on the opposite side, our rear was considered open from Pine Bluff on the Arkansas River, which was made our base for supplies. On the 20th a supply train of two hundred and forty government wagons was received from Pine Bluff, escorted by a detatchment under command of Colonel C. H. Mackey, of the Thirty-third Iowa Infantry. On the 22d of April, it being ascertained that Shelby had crossed the river with a force estimated at two thousand, and was between Camden and Pine Bluff, and would have to be encountered before supplies could reach us, also that the roads were in bad condition in consequence of recent rains, which

continued to fall, and that Moro Bottom, an almost impassible swamp of six miles, would have to be crossed forty miles from Camden, General Steele, after holding a council with the general officers of his command, decided to send back the supply train of two hundred and forty wagons to Pine Bluff for further supplies, to be escorted by the Second Brigade of Solomon's division, reinforced by a detatchment of two hundred and forty cavalry, under Major McCaully, of the First Indiana Cavalry, and five hundred and twenty of the First Iowa Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Caldwell, who were going to Iowa on veteran furlough, the whole force to be placed under the command of the writer. On notice of this decision, we were ordered by General Solomon to report to General Steele in person on the 23d for special instructions.

On reporting to General Steele, we were furnished a guide, and ordered to proceed cautiously, and were informed of the condition of Moro Bottom, and instructed not, under any circumstances, to attempt to cross it in the evening. We were informed that our command was all in readiness to move, except the First Iowa Cavalry, which would overtake us during the day.

About twelve miles on the way, in the afternoon of the 23d, we discovered evidences of a recent cavalry camp, and on consulting the guide ascertained that about two miles in advance our road led through a lane between two narrow fields, bounded on each side by thick woods of blackjack trees.

Our conclusion then was that we would find Shelby's forces in ambush in this timber on both sides of the road. So, summoning Major McCaully with all his cavalry in reach, we ordered him to proceed to the place and, with drawn sabers and a yell, charge into the timber on the right of the field, while we would follow quickly to his support with the Thirty-sixth Iowa. Our conclusions were correct, and the movement a success, completely routing Shelby's forces. In the skirmish,

however, two of our cavalry officers were captured, who reported to Shelby that it was Solomon's division which had engaged him, and was the advance of Steele's army, evacuating Camden. This information to Shelby, while intending to protect us from further attack, proved a serious matter to us, as the sequel will show.

We pushed on, camping that evening eighteen miles from Camden. On the morning of the 24th we moved early, and by making extraordinary exertions reached and camped at Moro Swamp, twenty-two miles further on our way, and although "we had kept our cavalry well out on our flanks, and scouted for at least eight miles in every direction, we had been unable to discover any signs of the enemy during the day.

Fearing that Shelby was laying for us, after placing a strong infantry picket that evening, we ordered strong cavalry posts of not less than twenty-five men and an officer to be placed at the junction of every road to our front beyond Moro Swamp, and two miles in our rear, with instructions to move at daylight next morning, and patrol the respective roads for a distance of six miles.

We instructed Lieutenant Schrum of General Solomon's staff, who was a bearer of important dispatches, to proceed at once with an ambulance, cross the Saline river that night, and reach Pine Bluff as soon as possible, and inform General Clayton that we were coming, and of our situation and our whereabouts. We then arranged to have the train and command in motion at daylight next morning, ordering the Forty-third Indiana, Major Norris, to take the advance and move across the swamp as soon as it was light enough to see, and take position at the junction of the Warren road, six miles in advance, and remain there until the head of the column should reach him; that if the patrol on the Warren road should report an enemy, to deploy his regiment as skirmishers to resist attack and protect the flank of the train.

Lieutenant Schrum attempted to cross the swamp that night, but his ambulance and mules mired down about a mile from camp, and he sent for a guard, where he remained until next morning.

Numbers of contrabands and refugees had fallen in with us on the march, whom we put to work at corduroying the worst places in the swamp, keeping them busy through the night, and they did good work, considering that twelve axes were the only tools with which they had to work.

At daylight on the morning of the 25th everything was in motion as ordered the night previous. The train was moving slowly and with great difficulty through the swamp, many wagons being mired down and the mules floundering in the seemingly bottomless slush holes, some scarcely visible except their ears. The Forty-third Indiana had reached and taken position at the junction of the Warren road. The Thirtieth Iowa, under command of Major Hamilton, was moving with the train along its right flank, and the Seventy-seventh Ohio was resting on its arms to follow up the train as its rear guard, when a courier brought the information that the patrol on the Warren road had encountered a detachment of Shelby's command about three miles out, but apprehended no serious trouble.

Soon after another courier came, who reported it to be Shelby's entire force. We then ordered Lieutenant Schrum to take immediate charge of the train and have it parked quickly at the most suitable place across the swamp, abandoning the wagons which were mired down ; ordered the Thirty-sixth Iowa to move rapidly to the front and join the Forty-third Indiana, and the Seventy-seventh Ohio to follow up that part of the train to be parked, as a guard, and we hastened to the scene of action, finding on our arrival the Forty-third Indiana engaged as a line of skirmishers rapidly falling back, with the exception of three companies which Major Norris was holding as a reserve. With these three companies we immediately charged,

and broke the center of the enemy's line, which appeared in heavy force.

The Thirty-sixth Iowa soon arrived, and was placed in line of battle facing the enemy, and in its rear was placed one section of the artillery, and the battle began in earnest. We immediately sent a courier with a note to Captain McCormick, commanding the Seventy-seventh Ohio, instructing him to hasten to the front on double quick; that possibly he might encounter on the way a Rebel force which would attempt to cut him off, but to fix bayonets, charge through them, and join us at all hazards.

About this time Major Spellman, of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry, with a detachment of one hundred and fifty cavalry, who had been sent on a reconnoissance from Pine Bluff, joined us. We ordered him and Major McCaully to dismount all their cavalry except fifty men each, and put them in the ranks with the infantry, and we instructed the two majors each with their fifty mounted men to take commanding positions, "designating the positions," and watch the enemy's movements. Thus disposed, we had been fighting for more than two hours, and had succeeded in parking the greater part of the train in our rear, but the forces against us seemed overwhelming.

We directed and led charge after charge against them with a remnant of the Forty-third Indiana, breaking their centers and throwing them into confusion, and our men fought like tigers, but were fast being decimated.

The First Iowa Cavalry had not yet overtaken us, but we were anxiously expecting them, and that the Seventy-seventh Ohio would soon join us, when of a sudden we observed two Rebel brigades moving rapidly upon us from the rear, and we started an orderly to Major McCaully, with instructions to charge upon them. This courier returned without reaching the major. It being absolutely necessary that he should be reached, we with our aid-de-camp, Captain Whitteridge, of the

Forty-third Indiana, started at full speed and succeeded in doing so, but on the way was fired upon by a volley from the Rebel lines, within a distance of one hundred yards, by which we was severely wounded in the left thigh and hip, reported at first mortally.

We, however, gave orders to the major to charge with drawn sabres and a yell, and make a letter S through that Rebel line and break it to pieces, while we would return and with three companies of the Thirty-sixth Iowa, under Captain Gedney, follow up the charge and drive them from the field.

The gallant major replied, "We will obey orders, but there will be none of us left to report." We replied, "You will go through them so rapidly that, in our opinion, you will suffer but slight loss." The major, observing the blood dropping from our boot, said, "Are you not severely wounded?" We replied, "Yes; but we will support your charge with infantry," and he proceeded to execute the order, with, as we afterward learned, the loss of one man killed, and one of his own fingers.

But our promise to follow up his charge with the infantry was not fulfilled. Owing to loss of blood, before reaching Captain Gedney, we fell from our horse unconscious, and was afterward picked up from the field of battle a prisoner of war.

On returning to consciousness, we found ourself in the presence of Major-General Fagan, the commander of the Rebel forces, who treated us very kindly. He said, "I am General Fagan, commanding the Confederate forces, about eight thousand. I understand that you are Colonel Drake, the commanding officer of the Federal forces. I am astonished at the stubborn resistance your men, so inferior in number, have made. Can you not arrange for their surrender?" We replied that we were not now in command, and was not able to comprehend the situation.

Before falling from our horse, we had told Captain Whitteridge to turn over the command to Major Spellman, the officer

next in rank, and apprise him of our condition. This, it seems, had not been done, the captain having been cut off in his attempt to reach Major Spellman.

General Fagan was possessed of a kind heart, and brought with him two surgeons, who examined our wounds and pronounced them mortal. They provided an ambulance and conveyed me to a Mr. Crane's, a country house about a mile away, where we was kindly cared for, leaving the ambulance for our use, and at our request notified our own surgeons, who were soon in attendance.

In a few days Doctor Barnett, a large planter and a brother Mason, and his estimable wife, called upon us and had us transferred carefully to their comfortable home, where we was well cared for and tenderly nursed. We remained in the vicinity of the battlefield eight days, when Assistant Surgeon C. G. Strong, Thirty-sixth Iowa, arranged an easy cotton mattress in the ambulance General Fagan had so kindly left us, and with a flag of truce, we slowly wended our way to Pine Bluff, reaching there in two days, and finding a steamboat which took us to Little Rock, when we learned for the first time that we was dead, and had been so reported, and we took immediate measures to send a telegram to our family contradicting the report.

It was arranged that Doctor Sawyer, surgeon of the Thirty-sixth Iowa, should take charge of General Rice, who had been wounded in the battle of Jenkins Ferry on the 30th, and ourself, and take us to our homes in Iowa. Before starting, however, on account of developing symptoms of erysipelas in our wounds, the order was revoked by General Steele, under advice of the doctors. Being dissatisfied with the doctor's advice in this case, the writer demurred, and finally succeeded in securing a furlough and was allowed to depart, carefully attended by Mrs. Captain Lambert and Private H. C. Judson, on a slow and painful journey by rail and steamboat, homeward bound.

As we advanced north, stopping at Devalls Bluffs, Memphis, St. Louis, and Keokuk to rest and have our wounds attended to by competent surgeons, the symptoms of erysipelas gradually disappeared, and our chances for recovery improved.

No doubt exists in our mind that it was to this spirit of rebellion against the decree of the doctors, and our determination to reach home, if only to die there, that we owe our life. Although General Rice was but slightly wounded in the ankle, "so reported," the erysipelas continued its encroachments, and he slowly and painfully died of blood poison. We have always believed that had he started north in time, the change of climate and surroundings, together with the hope it inspired, might have saved his life.

As before remarked, the writer was wounded on the 25th day of April, 1864. The ball, minnie shaped, but weighing an ounce and a half, striking the thigh bone, slightly fractured the bone, the ball being severed by the bone, one piece following the hip bone and lodging at the point of the hip; the other piece forming a half circle around the thigh bone, sliding upward and lodging at the joint. On the 27th, one piece weighing seven drachms was extracted by Doctor Cochrane. On the 7th of May another piece weighing one-half ounce was extracted at Little Rock, by Doctor Sawyers, the remainder of the ball, about one drachm, remaining lodged in the bone where the ball struck. On both pieces extracted, the creases made by the bones in their passage over them are plainly visible.

We reached home on the 25th day of May, just one month from the time our wound was received. On the 4th of July was able to walk on crutches, and on the 25th of October returned to our command at Little Rock, using one crutch and a cane, and was assigned to duty by General Steele as president of the Military Commission of Arkansas, the then highest court in the state.

Very generally the field and general officers of the Seventh Army Corps had designated and recommended us for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general.

It is, perhaps, due to the writer that he should state that his assignment to this command was done without his knowledge or consent; that when summoned before General Steele and his counsel of general officers, accompanied by Colonel McLean, the brigade commander, and informed of the decision, he entered his protest against it, but was peremtorily informed by the major-general in command that the council had so decided, and that it was the first duty of a soldier to obey orders.

We feel that we have wearied your patience too long, and with too much of self to be entertaining; so, thanking you for your kind attention, we will close.

MY CAMPAIGNING WITH THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

BY MAJOR H. L. SWORDS.

After Chancellorsville the Ninth Corps of the Army of the Potomac was ordered to report to its former commander, General A. E. Burnside, then in command of the Department of the Ohio, and upon arriving at Cincinnati were distributed well over the State of Kentucky. June 5, 1862, found my regiment, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, at Lebanon, Kentucky, and soon after *reveille* were informed by the captain of our company that the command had received orders to proceed at once to Louisville and join the other regiments and brigades of our division, and that our destination was Vicksburg. I was at that time a corporal of Company B, Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Infantry, and a part of the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps. On the afternoon of June 6th we boarded the cars for Louisville, where we arrived late at night, and on the forenoon of the 7th we crossed the Ohio River to Jeffersonville, Indiana, and proceeded by rail to Cairo, Illinois, where we arrived June 9th, after a most fatiguing and tiresome ride.

On Wednesday, June 10th, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment, numbering about six hundred and eighty officers and men, all its camp equipage and horses, cast off from the levee at Cairo and steamed down the river. The steamer, whose name was the Meteor, was crowded and heavily laden. A

large part of our regiment was quartered on the hurricane deck, which was the most comfortable part of the steamer. Many of us had provided ourselves with little maps of the river, and, with true Yankee curiosity, studied the various points of interest with the skill and style of veteran tourists; and truly these points were not rare, for the region had already become famous in the West's history.

Before sunset we had passed the battlefield of Belmont, Missouri, the scenes of Grant's first battle of the war, and Columbus, Kentucky. At the latter place the steamer was brought to by a shell across its bows, the captain, through neglect or ignorance, failing to comply with the rules of the river to report to the commander of the place before passing. The following day passed somewhat slowly, the country through which the Mississippi winds being low, monotonous, and with few features of interest, Island No. 10 alone being worthy of note. Upon arriving at Memphis, we were delayed awaiting the arrival of the other regiments, brigades, and divisions of the corps, and were marched on to the levee and our steamer was thorougly policed. The fleet on leaving Memphis consisted of five heavily laden steamers, carrying the entire First Division of the corps, with all its artillery, baggage and animals. As the river at certain points is narrow and densely wooded, affording excellent positions for ambuscades of hostile parties, a guard was mounted on the upper deck of each steamer, which was called the "guerilla guard." On the morning of the 16th of June, when the fleet got under way, a river gunboat joined us as escort, bringing up the rear of the line. Its importance was soon felt. These boats were iron-clad, having roofs slanting like the gable roof of a house, with port holes out of which grimly peeped the muzzles of some ten pound Parrott guns. While in the neighborhod of Columbus, Arkansas, the Meteor, being in the van of the fleet, suddenly received from the western shore a sharp volley, the bullets peppering the

steamer, but doing no further harm. The steamer following the Meteor was also fired upon, but less fortunate, three men of the Seventeenth Michigan being wounded and four horses killed. The gunboat and the "guerilla guards" opened a heavy fire. The Johnnies found the place rather hot, and soon their gray-clad forms could be seen running helter-skelter from their ambush.

June 17th the steamer entered the Yazoo River, and at noon we tied up at Snyder's Bluff, where the regiment debarked and then marched about four miles, passing Haines Bluff.

On every hand were fortifications, crowned with cannons, encampments of troops, army wagons, etc., etc.

This day to a part of our regiment was one of peculiar import. Company B, of Charlestown, had in its ranks many who were lineal descendants of the men who made the 17th of June glorious in the country's history, and to them the booming of the cannon, heard from early in the day, was a grim reminder of many a holiday at Bunker Hill, when, to use a trite expression, "the day was ushered in with the ringing of bells and firing of guns."

My first impressions upon landing, far from favorable, were never changed, except for the worse. In many places the soil was so dry and parched with the heat that it seemed to have cracked open like a blistered skin beneath the tropical rays of the sun. The wind blew hot from every point of the compass, bringing clouds of dust along with it. Gnats and flies made night hideous and drove sleep from the weary. Venomous snakes infested the woods and thickets, lizards soon became no novelty, and even the resort of keeping them out of one's boots by wearing them night and day would not prevent their crawling down one's back occasionally, causing a sensation like an animated icicle.

But these were minor inconveniences. It is not pleasant to have a thunder squall burst almost from a clear sky and find

the guys of one's tent slacked up for air. Any of my companions know the result of such negligence; it means a sudden breaking up of housekeeping and a wet day to move. June 18th, 19th, and 20th the regiment remained quietly in camp in a wood somewhere in the township of Milldale, a very pleasant and picturesque spot. June 20th, at about five o'clock, we broke camp and marched about seven miles, and then went into camp at a crossroad, which proved to be our permanent location during the remainder of the seige of Vicksburg. The One Hundred and Fourteenth Illinois Volunteer Regiment, which had been stationed there, gave way to the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, and went down into the trenches in front of Vicksburg. This point was considered an important one, and the camp of the regiment was arranged in a kind of a semi-circle, crossing the road leading to Vicksburg, with a strong picket thrown out for about a mile through the forest road which led to the Big Black River. Rifle pits were dug, and trees cut away to give sweep to the artillery.

At this point Durrell's Battery of the First Division was placed in position commanding the different approaches. These precautions were rendered necessary by the presence of a large Rebel force under General Joe Johnston, just across the Big Black; and it appeared that to the Ninth Corps was assigned the important duty of watching him and protecting the army before Vicksburg from an attack in the rear. Grant's army, therefore, presented a singular and rather precarious military spectacle of facing in two directions, the one portion attacking Pemberton, shut up with over thirty thousand in Vicksburg, and the other facing Johnston, who, with a force of between thirty thousand and forty thousand, was manœuvering to break in and raise the seige. As my regiment was not a part of the line attacking Vicksburg, it is not necessary to write anything concerning the city and its defense, as there is not a companion here who does not know more about the city itself than I ever knew.

For a week prior to July 4th rumors of the impending surrender or storming of Vicksburg prevailed among the men. The last extremity of famine was nearly reached by the beleaguered Rebels, who boasted from their ramparts of the tenderness of mule steaks. No hope remained for them save from without, and Lee was too closely occupied with his movements into Pennsylvania to despatch any of his force to Pemberton's relief. Johnston clung to the east bank of the Big Black. McPherson's corps had pushed the lines of investment up under the very forts of the enemy, and there seemed to be nothing left but to carry their works by assault, or wait for famine to do its work. The roar of artillery was incessant. Day and night, with scarcely a moment's interval, the heavy booming of the siege guns was heard, and a thick cloud of smoke hung like a pall over the doomed city.

If a Johnny showed so much as a hand above the fortifications he became the target of our vigilant riflemen, and the enemy found it impossible to man and serve his artillery, so deadly was the fire. If morning revealed some place where the Rebels had repaired the ramparts and brought some guns into position, ten minutes sufficed for our artillery to utterly destroy the work of the night. With mining and countermining, spades were trumps all this time with the Army of the Tennessee.

On the afternoon of July 3d, Grant and Pemberton met under a flag of truce. Pemberton proposed that his army be allowed to march out with the honors of war, carrying their muskets and field-piece, but leaving their heavy artillery. The interview terminated in an hour, with the understanding that Grant should sent his ultimatum before ten o'clock that night. This ultimatum was: Surrender Vicksburg with all its property, officers allowed to retain their sidearms, and officers and men to be paroled as prisoners of war. It was accepted, and on the morning of the 4th of July gallant John Logan's division

of McPherson's corps took possession of the works of Vicksburg, the Rebels marched out, stacked their arms, and laid their colors on the stacks.

The Forty-fifth Illinois Regiment marched at the head of Logan's column, and placed its flag upon the court house.

Hardly had the news of the surrender become known to our regiment, however, before orders came to break camp and prepare for field service in light marching order. This was in accordance with an order which General Sherman had received directing him to take his own corps, the Fifteenth, the Ninth Corps, to which was temporarily assigned Smith's division of the Sixteenth Corps, and the Thirteenth Corps under General Ord, pursue Johnston, and capture or destroy his army. Grant's orders read as follows: "I want you to drive Johnston out in your own way and inflict upon the enemy all the punishment you can. I will support you to the last man that can be spared."

Before ten o'clock, July 4th, Sherman's army was in motion, and by various roads moved rapidly toward the Big Black River. Johnston, finding himself suddenly an object of particular interest, commenced a precipitate retreat toward Jackson, feebly disputing our advance in some places, where the ground was favorable. Upon receiving marching orders, the picket of the Thirty-sixth was hastily called in, and the regiment was soon on the march to overtake the brigade, which it did on the following day. July 6th a considerable part of the day was occupied in constructing a bridge across the Big Black River at a place called Birdsong's Ferry. This was a good strong piece of work, and over it a large part of the army passed in safety. Ord's two divisions crossed at the railroad some distance below, and the Fifteenth Corps at Messenger's Bridge. From the 4th to July 10th we pushed steadily on, skirmishing sharply day and night with Johnston's rear guard, and encountering sufferings from the heat and the exposure to the sun and tempest

and malarial swamps, that are well nigh indescribable! The Johnnies, as they retreated, poisoned the wells or killed animals in the ponds or streams, their putrid carcasses rendering the water unfit for use. Such acts only reacted upon themselves, for it enraged the army, from the commanding general down to the private soldier, including the humble corporal, and they would have saved themselves the pillage and devastation that marked our line of march had they adopted the rules of honorable warfare. Our rapid advance made it impossible for the supply trains to keep up, and for days the rations consisted of the unripe corn, roasted in the husks. Officers, corporals and men all fared alike. Tents and baggage, save blankets, had been left behind, and during my campaign with the Army of the Tennessee I slept, when opportunity offered, with the sky for a canopy, exposed to the deadly night air and frequent tempests. Nights when no human man would drive a dog out of doors found this great, grand army in open field.

Never shall I forget the terrific storm that burst upon the heads of the Army of the Tennessee on the evening of July 7th It came apparently from all directions, and lasted nearly two and one-half hours. The lightning struck all around, and the roar of thunder was incessant. Horses became terrified, and the officers were obliged to dismount and lead them. Mud was ankledeep, which impeded the movement of the artillery, which stuck in the roads up to the hubs, and blocked the passage of the infantry. About ten p. m. the storm lulled, and my regiment went into bivouac in an open field, and were directed to make themselves comfortable. Then came a second edition of the storm — if possible, worse than the first — and there, shelterless, in that open field, we boys stood in grim despair and let it pelt. Finally, with the stolid indifference of despera tion, we lay down in the mud of that old stubble field and made ourselves tolerably comfortable indeed.

Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, is situated on the west or right bank of the Pearl River, in a very fertile and pleasant region. Being at the junction of the Vicksburg & Meridian and Mississippi Central Railways, it is a position of great strategical importance. The state house, which cost a half a million of dollars, executive mansion, state lunatic asylum, and penitentiary, were the principal buildings, but being the seat of government, as well as a considerable commercial market, there were many fine residences in the town. The site of the town itself is rather level, but back of it the country is undulating and well adapted for defense. It was expected that Johnston had been prepared for the present emergency, and had fortified the place extensively. Indeed, as the army approached it, the more stubborn resistance of Johnston's forces indicated that they intended to dispute the possession of their capital.

On the afternoon of July 10th the Ninth Corps, together with the aforesaid corporal of Company B, Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, came out into the open country in sight of Jackson. As the different regiments and batteries debouched from the woods, the colors were unfurled. It was a beautiful sight, that "battle's magnificently stern array." The sun was about an hour or two high, and its slanting rays glanced brightly from the muskets and the brass field piece. A gentle breeze stirred the silken folds of the standards, and made them float proudly and defiantly. Conspicuous among them could be seen the white flag of Massachusetts, carried by the Twenty-ninth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Regiments. Sloping away in front was the valley along which extends the track of the Mississippi Central Railroad. Beyond, the ground rose gradually for about an eighth of a mile, and the crest was crowned with a dense wood, in the edge of which could be seen the gray uniforms and the gleaming of bayonets. The lines were formed. The Thirth-sixth Massachusetts held the extreme right of the First Division, having on its left the remainder of the First

Brigade, the Seventeenth and Twenty-seventh Michigan and the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania deployed as skirmishers along the entire brigade front. On the right was Smith's division of the Sixteenth Corps, and connecting with the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts was the Forty-sixth Ohio. Oh, what a glorious sight! The Old Bay State, with Ohio on her right, Michigan on her left, with Pennsylvania leading, about to close in conflict with Mississippi, and far away on the right stretched the dark blue lines of Sherman's veterans with our gallant Tuttle, and Belknap commanding, famous then and in later times from "Atlanta to the sea."

Intervals were closed, and alignment rectified. Curiously we peered into the distant wood, wondering whether it masked the Rebel's artillery. In the rear the splendid batteries of the Ninth Corps were preparing for action. Benjamin's twenty pound Parrotts, Battery E, Second United States Artillery, whose iron throats had carried dismay and death into the Rebel ranks far away in Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, were about to speak. Breathlessly all awaited the puff and the angry flash. It came, and over the valley with a scream and a whir-r-r was hurled the iron messenger of death. Scarcely had the reverberations ceased, when "Batallion forward! Guide centre, march!" was passed along the line; with a simultaneous movement, slowly at first, but more rapidly as they approached the railroads. Behind us the Parrotts were talking in thunder tones that shook the very earth, and the shells were screaming overhead. The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania crossed the railway, and there their line was soon seen pushing up the hill. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, the corporal of Company B not excepted, followed in steady line of battle. The suspense was awful! Why don't they open fire? we asked of each other. Only a few scattering minnies from the Johnnies. Suddenly our lines became enthusiastic; with a wild "hurrah" we rushed up the hill; the Rebels fired a scattering volley and fell back

upon their second line. The woods was gained with but slight loss. A few moments sufficed to reform the lines, which again moved forward, passing the state lunatic asylum, a large white marble building, whose inmates, wild with excitement at the unusual scene, raved at our regiment from the iron barred corridors. Our lines continued to move forward until our skirmishers were checked and the Rebel line developed.

The shades of night were now darkening the landscape, and orders were received to establish a strong picket and hold the position until morning. Weary with the march and exciting close of the day, all gladly improved the opportunity for rest, lay down with loaded rifles by their sides, or gathered in groups and discussed the events of the day, or speculated upon the morrow. And some, alas! lay down that night to happy sleep, who, ere another came, were lying in a soldier's grave.

At three a. m. of July 11th, the men were noiselessly aroused, and coffee, prepared by the company cooks, was served out. With the earliest streak of dawn the lines were again moved forward, and the skirmishing opened sharply. The Rebels yielded ground stubbornly, but were forced into their main line of defence, a formidable work constructed of cotton bales. Here they opened a heavy fire of grape and canister, against which it was impossible to advance, but not an inch was yielded. We laid flat on the ground, and the iron rain storm passed over us, doing little damage. Our line was formed in a wood, in front of which was an open field, the other side of which, about two hundred yards distant, was held by the Rebels, and their riflemen were in trees, picking off our men whenever exposed. The skirmishers of the Forty-sixth Ohio suffered heavy loss.

Major-General Wilcox was seen at this time reconnoitering the ground and the position of the enemy, so that artillery could be brought up, but the ground was unfavorable to it, and our regiment lay nearly all day under a constant and

galling fire awaiting orders. Companies B and F were on the skirmish line. We were ordered to connect with the skirmishers of Smith's division, who were said to be in position in a wood, at our right, and several hundred yards to the front. In our own front was an open field, sloping toward the enemy's position. We promptly deployed and moved forward at the double quick, driving in the Rebel pickets, only to find that the line supposed to be General Smith's skirmishers was the Rebel main line. They opened fire, killing four and wounding five of Company B, who together with Company F returned the compliment. Seeing that some mistake had been made, and to prevent sacrifice, Company B's captain ordered a retreat, halting at a point midway between the enemy's line and our own, where the ground afforded some protection.

The Rebels during this time were unable to send out any more pickets, owing to our fire; but several adventurous fellows among them tried to observe our movements, and take an occasional shot by climbing trees inside their lines. On the night of the 11th another thunder storm came up, and the booming of heaven's artillery seemed to vie with man's. It was a perfect pandemonium of sound. The rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed incessantly, and shot and shell from the Rebel guns fell and burst around. It seemed as if "man fought on earth and fiends in upper air." The movement now settled down into the nature of a siege. General Sherman being desirous of saving life, resolved upon regular approaches by rifle pits to force a surrender of the city. On the 14th and 15th the Thirty-sixth was again at the front and occupied the rifle pits; the heaviest fighting at this time seemed to be at the extreme right, the lines of investment being on the Pearl River on both flanks.

Some exciting incidents occurred from time to time to vary the monotony. One day the men of the Second Michigan lost their temper. It was then commanded by the gallant Poe, now

Commander of the Michigan Commandery of our distinguished Order. With the idea of taking Jackson alone, they made a gallant charge, breaking through two lines of Rebels, greatly to the astonishment of the second line, whose arms were stacked and their men here and there not expecting callers. Not being supported, they were compelled to fall back, which they did very coolly, bringing their killed and wounded.

Even a battle is not without its laughable side. One day, while our regiment was in reserve, the men occupied in various ways to kill time, suddenly shouting and firing was heard to our right. The noise rapidly increased and approached, and, its cause being doubtful, we fell in on our stacks. I grabbed my rifle and stood in position to repel cavalry, when to my delighted vision there came dashing down the line a black pig, one of the semi-wild species which wander about in that region, and had rashly approached our lines, not being aware that pork was a very favorite dish just about that time. Piggy met with the warmest kind of reception; he fell covered with glory, having almost attained the proud distinction of breaking through the lines of the Fifteenth Corps. The corporal had a piece of pork for tea, as I was in at the death and forced a claim.

July 12th news was received that Lee had met with disaster at Gettysburg, and the cheering along our lines was deafening and the drooping spirits of all were roused by the glorious tidings. On the 16th General Potter, of the Second Division of the Ninth Corps, made a reconnoissance. They advanced until the enemy opened heavily with shell and canister, when they fell back, having accomplished the desired end of discovering the exact position and strength of the enemy. This day Sherman received a large supply of ammunition, of which he had run very short, and it was determined to bombard the enemy's works and assault them on the 17th; but during the night the enemy's artillery and wagons could be distinctly heard moving through the town, and, when morning dawned, a white flag was

seen on the Rebel earthworks; Ferrere's Brigade, in which was the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, entered Jackson, placed guards over the public property, and sent out parties to pick up stragglers from the retreating Rebels. One thirty-two pounder was found in their works, about one thousand stand of arms, and a large quantity of munitions of war. One officer and one hundred and forty-seven men were captured. The railway depot and a few buildings containing public property were destroyed. The flag of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment waved from the dome of the capitol of Mississippi. Joe Johnston reports his loss in the battle seventy-one killed, five hundred and four wounded, and twenty-five missing; as we captured one hundred and forty-eight prisoners, there seems to be a wide discrepancy between their missing and our captures. The losses on our part, according to Sherman's report, are as follows:

Thirteenth Corps, seven hundred and eighty-two killed, wounded and missing.

Ninth Corps, one hundred and fifty-three killed, two hundred and seventy-eight wounded, and thirty-three missing.

Fifteenth Corps, a few, number not stated.

Sherman also adds that he captured in all over one thousand prisoners during the battle. These captures must have been made by the Thirteenth and the Fifteenth Corps. The latter, Sherman's own corps, consisted of the First and Third Divisions under Generals Tuttle and Steele, and held the center; the Thirteenth Corps, as I have before stated, being on the right. Why this fine corps, the Fifteenth, was held back, and allowed to take so little part in this battle, as is evident from their slight loss, is among the mysteries of the war.

The battle was one of disjointed attacks, first here and then there. I am told since the war that it was the general opinion among officers that a simultaneous and vigorous assault of Johnston's lines on the first day of the fight would have carried

them. The movement up to the attack on Johnston was a bold one, and boldly pushed. It was hoped that the capture of Jackson would be the close of the campaign, the impolicy of pursuing a demoralized enemy further at this season of the year being apparent to all. But there was more hard work yet to do. Early on Saturday, the 18th, we marched about eight miles and were engaged the balance of the day in destroying the Mississippi Central Railway. At noon, the 19th, we commenced the return march to Jackson, and the fatigues and sufferings of the campaign were partially forgotten in the glad tidings which we there received, that the old Ninth Corps was under orders to proceed north at once.

The days between our arrival at Milldale and our departure for the north were devoted to rest and recruiting the shattered strength of the men. Various diseases prevailed. Mumps and measles and chills and fever spread rapidly, and there was not an officer or man who could call himself well and hearty. Even your corporal was sick and tired, and responded to what Dr. Jones said, "to go and get his quinine," but not so readily as he can do it now.

At eight o'clock on the morning of August 4th orders were received to break camp and to proceed to the landing. Never was an order obeyed with more joy and alacrity than this. The Thirty-sixth was quickly on the march, and though the day was hot and the road dusty, the march of fourteen miles was cheerfully borne. On the 5th we boarded the fine steamer Hiawatha, and the corporal bade the Army of the Tennessee farewell. In concluding, I may be permitted to read to my companions a copy of Special Order No. 207 :

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE.

"VICKSBURG, July 31, 1863.

"In returning the Ninth Corps to its former command, it is with pleasure that the general commanding acknowledges its valuable services in the campaign just ended. Arriving at

Vicksburg opportunely, taking position to hold Johnston's army, then threatening the forces investing the city, it was ready and eager to assume the aggressive at any moment. After the fall of Vicksburg, it formed a part of the army which drove Johnston from his position near the Big Black River into his entrenchments at Jackson, and after a siege of eight days compelled him to fly in disorder from the Mississippi Valley. The endurance, valor, and general good conduct of the Ninth Corps are admitted by all, and its valuable coöperation in achieving the final triumph of the campaign is gratefully acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee. Major-General Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners and guidons, 'Vicksburg and Jackson.'

"By order of Major-General U. S. Grant:

"T. S. Bowers,

"*Assistant Adjutant General.*"

Thus ends my campaigning with the Army of the Tennessee.

DIARY AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE SECOND GRIERSON RAID THROUGH TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI, DECEMBER, 1864, AND JANUARY, 1865, AND THE GENERAL WILSON RAID THROUGH ALABAMA AND GEORGIA DURING THE MONTHS OF MARCH AND APRIL, 1865.

BY CAPTAIN F. S. WHITING.

The regiment to which the writer belonged, the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, and the brigade composed of the Third and Fourth Iowa, and the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, Colonel E. F. Winslow commanding brigade, joined the division under the command of Brigadier-General B. H. Grierson on his second raid through Tennessee and Mississippi. The command marched from Memphis, Tennessee, December 21, 1864. On Christmas day the advance struck the Mobile & Ohio Railroad at Tupelo, Mississippi, marched thence through Oakalona on the 26th and camped near Egypt Station, and had some skirmishing with the enemy at Oakalona. We destroyed the railroad as far south as Egypt Station. At this place we found about six hundred Johnnies and galvanized Yanks in a fort and stockade under the command of General Gohlson. The night before the attack on Egypt there were ten or twelve what appeared to be Rebel soldiers brought to General Grierson's headquarters. They reported that they were Union soldiers, that they had been prisoners in Andersonville, and that they had enlisted in the Confederate service for the purpose of getting a chance to desert and get back to their own commands. They also stated that there were many more of the same kind awaiting their chance to join us. General Grierson, supposing this was only

a ruse to get into our camp to steal or stampede our horses, put the deserters under guard and issued orders to double our stable guards.

The Johnnies or ex-Yanks also stated that when we should attack the fort that they would fire over us. The command were in their saddles very early the next morning, the 28th, the First Brigade in advance. The advance run onto the enemy's pickets quite soon, twenty men and an officer; the men were mostly of the galvanized sort and they did fire high. The Second New Jersey, Colonel Carga, charged the fort and stockade mounted, and had the four hundred men occupying the fort been a determined enemy, there would have been but few of the Jersey regiment left alive; as it was, their loss was quite heavy. The fort was captured with all it contained. General Gohlson was mortally wounded. From Egypt the command marched westward through Houston and Bellfountain. December 30th the command captured a drove of four hundred hogs, that were being driven northeast for Hood's army. The hogs were all killed and piled with layers of fence rails and burned; this was a huge barbecue for the negroes and Mississippi crackers. December 31st the command struck the Mississippi Central Railroad at Wynona Station. January 1, 1865, a detachment of the Third and Fourth Iowa, three hundred strong, under the command of Colonel Noble, Third Iowa, left the main column and marched north on the railroad, destroyed the road, also Duck Hill Station, captured and destroyed two trains between Duck Hill Station and Granada, besides large amounts of cotton and other Confederate property and stores. Detachment marched thence towards Yazoo City, through Carrolton, Blackhawk, Lexington, and Ebenezer, came up with Third Brigade twelve miles from Benton, at which place they had a battle with Wirt Adams' brigade; detachment having marched one hundred and seven miles in forty hours, including stops.

Command then marched toward Vicksburg, leaving Yazoo City to our right, passed through McCaniesville and over our old fighting ground during the seige, arriving at Vicksburg, January 5th, having marched four hundred and fifty-nine miles since leaving Memphis and marched about six hundred prisoners with the main column from the Mobile & Ohio Railroad and Mississippi Central. Right here I wish to make the assertion that every white man and boy that was left within a radius of thirty or forty miles of Vicksburg had turned bushwacker, and they plied their calling with bad effect on our column before arriving at Vicksburg.

On the evening of January 5th, our regiment went aboard of the steamer White Cloud for Memphis, Tennessee, arrived there the evening of the 9th, learned that our camp had been moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and received orders to proceed to that point; took aboard rations and forage, and proceeded on our way up the river ; arrived at Cairo the night of the 12th. Left for Louisville the next night ; arrived there at 8 a. m. the 17th, and went into camp south of the city. Here we joined that portion of our brigade that had been on the expedition through Arkansas and Missouri after the Rebel General Price, they having been sent from St. Louis to this point to await our arrival from the South. The regiment and brigade remained at Louisville, resting and refitting. February 7th, I received orders to march Companies E and M to the river and embark them on the steamer Nora, with ten days rations and forage. Got all embarked at 6 o'clock p. m. and started over the falls. The pilot lost control of the boat and allowed it to run into the point below the falls and caused the boat to spring a leak ; got righted up and started on down the river at 10 o'clock p. m. The steamers in use on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, companions will remember, were small and were stern wheelers. They would carry a regiment of infantry with a little crowding, but would barely carry two squadrons of

cavalry on account of the space required for the horses. We arrived at Paducah, Kentucky, at 11 o'clock p. m., 9th inst., and reported at post headquarters for instructions. Disembarked our horses the next morning and cleaned the boat. Embarked again in the evening and the fleet started up the Tennessee River, two boats lashed together; passed Pittsburg Landing and arrived at Eastport the evening of the 12th.

Disembarked next morning and marched up the north side of the river twelve miles, and went into camp at Gravelly Springs. During the months of January, February and March, 1865, Brevet Major-General J. H. Wilson commanding cavalry corps. M. D. M. organized, equipped and drilled his command at Eastport, Waterloo, and Gravelly Springs, Alabama, preparatory to making his famous expedition through Alabama and Georgia. Our old brigade organization remained the same, but were assigned First Brigade, Fourth Division, C. C. M. D. M. Brevet Major-General E. Upton commanding division and Brevet Brigadier-General E. F. Winslow commanding brigade; the corps was composed of the First Division, General McCook; Second Division, General Long, and the Fourth Division, General Upton. These three divisions comprised the force on this expedition, the other divisions of the corps having been sent to other departments and armies. General Hatch's division remained at Waterloo to remount and refit with carbines and accoutrements, having turned his horses and carbines over to other divisions to make them complete; this division was fitted out and followed us later.

There was some dissatisfaction in our division while at Gravelly Springs. General Upton changed our tactics in drill from the single rank formation to the old double rank formation, "Scott's Tactics," in which he kept us drilling from February 19th until March 14th, when we were ordered to turn over all tents and surplus property, and send all surplus officers' baggage, mess chests, desks, etc., to

Louisville, Kentucky. The command was detained until March 21st before getting a final start, on account of not having sufficient forage and other supplies, the river having risen and destroyed a large amount of the same. Every trooper having been provided with five days light rations in haversacks, twenty-four pounds of grain, one hundred rounds of ammunition, and one extra pair of horseshoes for his horse. The pack mules were loaded with five days rations of hard bread, ten of sugar, coffee and salt, and the wagons with forty-five days of coffee, twenty of sugar, fifteen of salt, and eighty rounds of ammunition.

Our division finally marched at three o'clock p. m., March 21st, having crossed the river on the 16th, and bivouacked two miles back of Warsaw. We crossed the Memphis & Charleston Railroad at Dixon Station, thence east to Butler, thence southeast through Russelville and Newburg. First Brigade took the road to the right four miles beyond Newburg, and on the road to Tuscaloosa crossed the Sipsey, a beautiful spring river, and camped one mile south of Sipsey the 24th inst., marched two days fifty miles through dense pine forests. Found a great many Union men in the hills; they were called lay outs, and were armed for self protection against conscriptors and guerrillas. Our brigade camped on Big Black Warrior River during the 27th, and built a raft bridge to cross trains and artillery on. The Second Division, General McCook, joined us here in the evening, General Wilson accompanying, and crossed the river.

The Big Warrior is a very rapid stream the bottom very rough and rocky; the pack mules would lose their footing and would go rolling down the river, mule over pack and pack over mule. A trooper's horse would occasionally lose his footing and flounder, dismounting the trooper, then there was fun for all the troopers in the rear, who would call out "grab a root"; the root would be the nearest horse's tail, to which he would cling for dear life. The writer's horse having become lame, he

impressed a native of that country, a little after the pony order, on which he had to ford the river. His men were poking fun at him, saying, "Cap. will go under sure and will have to grab a root;" in fact he felt so himself, and sent the lieutenant in advance to lead the company, taking the rear himself for the purpose of watching the others and picking his way; but his impressed "native" had not made more than its length in the water until the writer had the utmost confidence in the aforesaid native. He had been there before, and he went feeling his way over the boulders very carefully, instead of floundering as the troopers' horses did. The writer crossed the river five times that night on that pony, piloting troops over.

Our brigade marched to Little Warrior River that night and forded it the next day; camped on Hawkins plantation, two miles from Elyton. March 29th camped near the Cahauba River; crossed the river the next morning on the railroad bridge after flooring it with ties; encountered a few of the enemy, but pushed rapidly toward and through Montevallo, where we arrived late on the evening of the 30th. In this region our division destroyed the Red Mountain, Central, Bibbs and Columbia Iron Works, Cahauba Rolling Mills and Collieries. All these establishments were in full operation. The night of March 30th and forenoon of 31st the writer had two squadrons on picket on the roads leading towards Selma. The Tenth Missouri had been out several miles in advance all morning, and on returning reported having seen no enemy.

I had the horses unsaddled by instructions to rest them and feed preparatory to marching. While in this position the Rebel General Buford's division came in on us. I set a few troopers to saddling the horses, while the rest of us did the best we could in keeping the enemy off; fortunately for us, we had a good position, and that the Second Brigade, General Alexander's, were mounted and on the advance march, our brigade, General Winslow's, following. After pushing the

enemy several miles, the Second Brigade were halted and the First under Winslow took the advance. The Third Iowa and Tenth Missouri were pushed forward lively by Generals Upton and Winslow, charging the enemy repeatedly. Our regiment was in rear of brigade, the artillery and pack trains in our advance. About eight hundred of the enemy swung around our two advanced regiments and struck the pack train and artillery in advance of us. Lieutenant-Colonel Peters, commanding our regiment, was very prompt to act; he pushed the regiment forward, but made a mistake in dismounting to engage the enemy. They were severely chastised, but we could not follow them fast enough; the writer had four men wounded in this action. Loss in brigade, two killed and ten wounded. Enemy's loss, one hundred and fifty killed, wounded and captured.

April 1st, Second Brigade in advance; passed to the left through Randolph, Second Division on our right; both divisions encountered small parties of the enemy, but drove them back to their main forces at Ebenezar Church, six miles from Plantersville; here General Forest was in command of about five thousand of the enemy. Both the Second and Fourth Divisions were hotly engaged with the enemy. General Alexander's Second Brigade captured two guns and about two hundred prisoners, and one gun was captured by the Second, General Long's division. Winslow's brigade here passed to the front and took up the pursuit and pushed the enemy beyond Plantersville; here the whole corps bivouacked at sundown, nineteen miles from Selma, with almost constant fighting, the enemy having been driven since morning twenty-four miles. At daylight of the 2d Long's division took the advance, closely followed by Upton's.

General Long's division crossed to the Summerville road, and General Upton's division moved on the range line road. Lieutenant Rendelbrock, with a battalion of the Fourth United

States Cavalry, moved down the railroad, burning stations, bridges and trestlework. By rapid marching, without opposition, the troops were all in sight of Selma, and mostly in position by 4 p. m. The Third Battalion of the Fourth Iowa were ordered to dismount, feed their horses, and make their coffee as quick as possible, and remount and hold themselves in readiness for orders. General Upton had intended to lead us around a swamp to the extreme left of the enemy's lines, turn their left, where they were weak, and charge into the city. We received orders to mount just when our coffee was too hot to drink and were ordered to charge down the Plantersville road. The First and Third Battalions were pushed forward and charged through the works into the city. In passing the inner fortifications we found the enemy flying in every direction and firing occasional shots at our column.

The Third Battalion were dispersed by squadrons on different streets. The writer was ordered to the right on the second street we came to after entering the city. We soon ran into a brigade of Rebel horses that had been started up by troopers farther to the south of us; it was interesting to see the No. 4 trooper leading the horses trying to dismount and hide. After moving three or four blocks to the right, I was met by a Confederate officer, Captain Vance, of General Taylor's staff. Dusk had commenced coming on and the streets were very dusty, so that it was very difficult to distinguish friends from foes. I had neither sabre or revolver in my hand. Captain Vance, thinking we were Johnnies, inquired if I had seen General Taylor; I could distinguish his rank and answered, "No, sir; captain, I will take your sword."

I hardly had the words out of my mouth when he had his revolver pointed towards my face. I thought a great deal in a very short time and wondered why he didn't shoot, but he rode up closer and turned his revolver the other end to and handed it to me.

I then looked around to see the cause and there was four or five of my men had their carbines leveled on him; you can imagine I felt very thankful. We moved on and soon after met General Winslow. I was ordered to call in my men and take charge of prisoners.

The first battalion, under the command of Captain Abraham, was ordered by General Winslow, to the eastward of the Barnsville road; this detachment captured four pieces of artillery, three caissons and two hundred prisoners. The Second Battalion, Major Woods commanding, were deployed dismounted on either side of the Plantersville road; they drove the enemy into their inner works, where they charged and carried these works, capturing a large number of prisoners, with five pieces of artillery, their caissons and ammunitions. In this part of the engagement our regiment suffered the loss of a brave and gallant officer in the person of Captain Eugene R. Jones, Company I, who was treacherously shot and instantly killed by one of a squad of the enemy who had surrendered, and while Captain Jones was going forward to receive them. My company had charge of about two hundred prisoners and one hundred captured horses during the night. We marched the prisoners all out and turned them into the stockade where they had been keeping the Yank prisoners. Some of the officers received temporary paroles within the city limits. Captain Vance, whom I had captured, I found to be very much of a gentleman. He roomed with me while we occupied the city. The loss of our regiment after entering the city was one man killed and eight men wounded. It was impossible from the confused state of things in the city and in the night to get the exact number of prisoners captured, but from the best information gained from company and battalion commanders our regiment took fourteen hundred and ninety-five prisoners, including three colonels and seventy-six other commissioned officers. We captured, besides, nine pieces of artillery, eight caissons, three battle flags, eleven

hundred stands of small arms, six hundred and eighty-three horses, one hundred and two mules, thirty wagons with teams attached, and three ambulances We destroyed by order five hundred stands of small arms, seven pieces of artillery, twelve caissons and five hundred rounds of fixed artillery ammunition, and killed by order three hundred horses and eighty mules.

The Third Battalion, Major Dee commanding, were detailed for provost duty and the destruction of public property. General Winslow was assigned to the command of the city, with orders to destroy everything that could benefit the Rebel cause. We detroyed by his order the arsenals, naval foundries, arms, stores and military munitions of every kind. The enemy had previously burned twenty-five thousand bales of cotton. On the 6th of April the pioneer corps commenced laying a bridge over the Alabama River ; the bridge, eight hundred and seventy feet long, was constructed and the command all crossed by daylight of the 10th. Struck the march at nine a. m. toward Montgomery, camped three miles east of Benton, First Division in advance, Second Division in rear, Fourth in center, day's march, eighteen miles. April 11th, day's march fourteen miles ; camped four miles east of Bronslow, the prettiest town in Alabama. April 12th, marched at seven a. m., arrived at Montgomery at five p. m. McCook's division entered the city the evening before without opposition. Our division marched four miles east of the city and went into camp. Day's march, twenty-five miles. April 13th, received orders this morning to take Companies H and M and proceed to Judkin's Ferry on the Tallapoosa River and cross the river, if possible, and proceed thence to Watumka and destroy the bridge across the Coosa River at that point. Could find no way of crossing the river, as the ferries had all been destroyed or run off. Moved down the river to Gray's Ferry, but found no way to cross; the river was high, too deep to ford and too wide to swim our horses. I saw some colored men on the opposite side of the river ; I

called over the river for them to come across, seeing they had a canoe. They rowed over, and after learning from them that there was several steamers tied up on the Coosa, about one-half mile above its junction with the Tallapoosa and about three miles across the point from where we were, I sent the canoes across the river again for another canoe, intending to send men enough across to surprise and capture the boats.

While awaiting the return of the canoes Major Weston of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry marched up with about thirty men with instructions from General McCook to capture the boats. The Major asked me to furnish him some of my men to assist him. I consented to do so, and asked him to join me and assist in destroying the bridge, if we succeeded in capturing the boats. I had already learned that there were from six hundred to eight hundred of the Georgia Militia at Watumka. After talking the matter over, we concluded it too hazardous an undertaking, considering the number opposed to us, and a deep river to cross, and only two leaky canoes to cross in. I sent Lieutenant Shafer and fifteen men, and the major took fifteen of his men, and crossed them in the canoes, three in each canoe each trip; they crossed the point of land on foot, surprised and captured the boats, run them down the Coosa and up the Tallapoosa, and took on the horses of the men on board, and run the boats down to Montgomery, where they were destroyed. I camped my command at this point for the night and joined my regiment in the column on the march the next day and reported to General Winslow. Major Weston is reported as swiming the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers to capture the boats, which is not correct; it could not have been done at that time. While at Judkin's Ferry myself and bugler rode down the bank to examine the landing and try fording; my bugler having a large and strong horse, I started him across, but his horse soon had to swim and I called him back. As I rode up on top of the bank again I observed a Johnny sticking

his head over the levee on the opposite side; I called over for him to step up and show himself, assuring him that he should not be harmed; he did so, and I asked him if there were any more of them back of the bank? He informed me that there was. I asked him to call them out and we would have a friendly talk; about twenty Johnnies stepped over the levee and stood in line at order arms. They informed us that Richmond had been evacuated and that Lee was on the retreat, that "we uns all didn't care and had had fight enough."

As I was marching by the column April 14th I reported to the officers that Richmond was captured, and I can assure you that there was some lusty cheering. This was the first news we had of the events about Richmond since leaving the Tennessee River. Day's march, forty miles. April 15th, *reveille* at four o'clock, marched at daybreak, passed through Tuskegse, a very pretty place and the county seat of Macon county. The advance had some skirmishing with the enemy. Day's march, twenty-six miles. Sunday, April 16th, marched at sunrise. Second Brigade in advance, passed through Crawford. Arrived at the enemy's works around Girard, opposite Columbus, Georgia, at three p. m. Made a demonstration on the enemy's lines and found them very strong, and well fortified. Our brigade passed around to the left and north and formed in front of the enemy's right. About eight o'clock our brigade, having mostly dismounted, charged and carried the outer works. A part of the force were ordered to make for the bridge, and the balance moved on the enemy's inner works and forts and captured them. A portion of our men, mingling in the darkness with the flying enemy, rushed over the bridge and captured two guns commanding the passage from the east end. Our battalion, the Third, which had been ordered to remain mounted, were now ordered up and moved over the bridge, charged through the city, still full of the flying enemy, and marched to the railroad but too late to capture the train of

cars; it, however, captured a large number of prisoners, who, up to the time they were ordered to surrender, confidently supposed the Yanks were yet on the other side of the river. Our captures were very extensive, one thousand three hundred prisoners, eighty-three guns, and large amounts of supplies.

Just after crossing the bridge our advance was met by a Confederate officer, who was evidently intoxicated; he was cursing and swearing and trying to turn us in another direction, evidently supposing us to be some of his own command. He was ordered to surrender, but instead, fired on our advance; he was shot and killed. The column passed on, and I was ordered by General Winslow to halt my company and take charge of prisoners and property. Our column kept moving on. There were two bodies laying in the street; I ordered two of my men to dismount and lay the bodies on the sidewalk. I had charge of forty Confederate officers and four hundred and seventy-two men during the night.

About midnight several of the officers came to me and wanted permission to go outside the lot that I had them correlled in and get the body of Colonel Johnson that they supposed had been killed. I took a lamp off of an ambulance that we had captured and went with them. When we found the body, one of them remarked, "My God! it is Colonel Lamar!" He was Colonel C. L. A. Lamar of General Cobb's staff, formerly owner of the slave ship "Wanderer," and a brother of the late Senator and Judge Lamar. The body was carried inside of the fence and covered with a blanket.

The next morning one of my men came to me with a very fine gold watch and chain and asked me to take care of it for him. I inquired where he got it. He reminded me that I had ordered him to move some bodies from the street to the walk and that when he dropped the body on the walk his hand caught in the chain and broke it loose from the watch, and faith, said he, "I thought I would see what was on the other end of the

chain." He was Irish, of course. I put the watch in my pocket, leaving the immense chain in full view. I mingled with the Confederate officers during the day, and of course they all knew the chain. Along in 1866 the Columbus *Sun* published an article accusing me of robbing the dead body of a distinguished Confederate officer.

The loss in our regiment at Columbus was one man killed and ten wounded. Tuesday, April 18th, our brigade received orders to march at 8:30 a. m. I left in advance of the command with Captain Cobb of the Georgia Reserves. Rode out to the residence of his father-in-law, six miles from the city on the road to Macon. Remained there until our brigade came up and then fell in with General Winslow and staff. Left Captain Cobb with his wife, as he had been paroled. Our rear guard destroyed the bridge across the Chatahooche River, on the road leading to Girard, Alabama.

The railroad bridge was destroyed yesterday. Have heard from the brigade that was sent to West Point; they succeeded in capturing the place and fort, the Rebel General Taylor and thirteen others of the enemy were killed, captured one hundred and eighty prisoners and eight guns, two bridges, seven trains, fourteen engines, and a large amount of supplies were destroyed. April 19th, marched through Pleasantville and Crossbridges and camped near Thomaston. Day's march, thirty miles. April 20th, our regiment took the road to the left, marched through Thomaston and Barnesville, thence east again towards Macon, went into camp eight miles east of Barnesville. Day's march, thirty miles.

April 21st, marched at seven a. m.; had rumors of there being an armistice of sixty days; arrived at Forsythe. There learned from citizens and a Confederate surgeon that it was certainly true that there was an armistice agreed on, also a rumor that Lee had surrendered to Grant. Also a rumor that Grant had been badly defeated; this last we did not believe.

Forsythe is a Confederate hospital station on the Atlanta & Macon Railroad. Went into camp fifteen miles from Macon. April 22, marched at six a. m.; arrived at Macon at noon. Crossed the Ocmulgee and went into camp opposite the city. Both armies seem to be enjoying the armistice. Federal and Confederate soldiers are mingling together quite friendly, wishing this may bring a lasting peace. Sunday, April 23. Went over to the city today. Paid five dollars to have my boots blacked and ten dollars to have my beard trimmed, *Confederate money.* Feds and Confeds quite agreeable on the streets today. There is a rumor that President Lincoln has been assassinated in Washington, but it is not generally believed. General Wilson issued an order today giving notice of an armistice. Have no definite news from the North, but are expecting an officer of General Sherman's staff here with news and orders. All quiet on the Ocmulgee.

April 27th. Received orders last evening to strike camp and be ready to march at seven o'clock this morning. Started at eight o'clock, thinking that we were leaving Macon for some point further north. Moved out six miles on the Clinton road, were halted and formed in a valley, dismounted and stood to horse; the commissioned officers were all called together and notified that there was to be a thorough inspection and search of the entire command; officers were detailed from one regiment to search another regiment. I had this unpleasant duty to perform in four companies of Third Iowa. Every brigade in the corps were marched out on different roads and searched. A great deal of stolen and contraband truck was taken from the soldiers and turned over to the division provost marshal. This search has given a great deal of dissatisfaction in the command.

May 4th. Five hundred of brigade were sent to Augusta on the cars this morning dismounted, to garrison that city. Balance of brigade and division marched at half past four o'clock this morning toward Atlanta.

May 8th. Sent all our lead horses on to Atlanta this morning from Jonesboro. All the available force of division are awaiting orders here to follow after Jeff. Davis; have scouts out to learn his whereabouts. May 9th. Marched into Atlanta this afternoon and went into camp. Our regiment remained at Atlanta until August 10th, when the regiment was mustered out of the service and started for home the next day. Arrived in Davenport, Iowa, the 17th, and was paid off the 24th, when the men commenced scattering at once for their homes.

FIRST YEAR'S MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH IOWA.

BY SURGEON JOHN F. ELY.

Under the several calls of the president for volunteer service in defense of the Union, no class throughout the North responded with greater readiness than the members of the medical profession. Aside from the one common patriotic impulse which constrained the thousands and millions of our countrymen to place themselves on the altar of sacrifice, if need be, the war opened to them a wide field for extensive and valuable experience; yet few of this class, like all others in the volunteer service, till actually in the field of strife, had any clear or adequate conception of what this service implied, of its arduous toil, its responsibilities, and its sacrifices. With some few exceptions, the volunteer surgeons were able and competent; men of the highest standing in the community, professionally and otherwise. It was their specific duty, in every possible degree, to conserve the life and health of the soldiers. To this end, every advantage circumstances would admit was afforded them. The records of the war disclose how cheerfully this high responsibility was assumed, and how nobly and creditably it was sustained. So much at large. I will now refer briefly to the composition of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, and then pass on to a sketch of its first year's medical history. The imperfections of this sketch will be excused when I tell you "the drawing" is all from memory, except a few data from the adjutant-general's report.

The regiment was composed of ten companies, which, by the favor of the governor to its colonel, were selected from twenty-four formed in the central and eastern portions of the state. The sentiment that govorned this selection may be inferred from the fact that the colonel was a Methodist minister in good repute, and the old "war governor" was a good Methodist private, if anything, as he readily acceded to the colonel's choice of ten companies, respectively commanded by good Methodists, several of whom were clergymen of high standing. The organization became known as the "Methodist Regiment," a term synonymous with the good and the brave. Its fighting material and qualities were certainly second to none in the service. It was also styled and known as "the Temperance Regiment." I never knew how, or why, it got this name. It was quite a puzzle to many of the men, who were anything but "total abstainers," and the query more than once arose in my own mind whether it had anything to do with the sad lack of good whisky on that most disastrous "Cold Water expedition" in December, 1862; the first very serious and unavoidable exposure the regiment encountered on Southern soil, and whereby over one thousand men of Hovey's division were more or less disabled, and of whom some hundreds were lost to the service. I have very vivid recollections of that forced march of two days, when our division, with others, in all about eighteen thousand men, were ordered to the relief of General Grant, then cut off from his base at Holly Springs. The division left Friar's Point at daybreak, after a night in the mud and cold rain without shelter; marched twenty-two miles, over a rough road most of the way, ankle deep in clay mud, making occasional halts only for rest and eating, finally stopping at ten o'clock, the night pitch dark, on a wooded slope, all too tired and exhausted for anything like making fires, or even to eat. It was then, as the men dropped down on the wet ground, most of them on the very spot where they were halted, that the

surgeons would have "given their kingdom" for enough whisky to "go round." The little stock of six bottles was good, of course, so far as it went. The experience of the first day was repeated on the second, when eighteen miles more were covered at the junction of the Coldwater and Tallahatchie Rivers, and the camp made on the bottom in the mud of a cornfield. Little or nothing, under these circumstances, could be done to counteract the effects of such terrible exposure. A plenty of good whisky would have done it measurably, but doubtless a plentiful supply of strong, hot coffee would have done it far better.

The Twenty-fourth was organized and went into barracks at Camp Strong, near Muscatine, in August, 1862. Its three surgeons, Messrs. Lyons, Witherwax, and myself, joined it here soon after. Prior to our arrival, the camp was under the charge of Post Surgeon Hershey. We were informed that the men had been examined by him for disabilities, and no attention was given to this point, further than now and then noting a case supposed to have been overlooked by the post surgeon. These, to the number of about twenty, were promptly rejected by Captain Hendershott, the United States mustering officer. To our great regret, it was afterward ascertained that about sixty more should have been rejected, for these, with various disabilities, were only a burden and more than worthless to the service, as their presence had the effect, more or less, of discouraging the rest.

While at Camp Storm an epidemic of measles broke out, attacking some one hundred and twenty-five men. The cause was supposed to be the fungus of wheat straw, which had been affected with the rust, and which was used in the barrack bunks. The disease was unusually severe, in three instances soon proving fatal. It may well be doubted if any of those who suffered from it ever fully recovered from its effects. These "measly boys" were easily recognized for months after by peculiar signs. They seemed of all the men to be most

frequently and more easily impressed by other maladies, especially by the common "camp disease," and so severe and obstinate was the complication that it seldom yielded to the best care the camp afforded, and many died. It was the duty of the surgeon, if possible, to save the services of these poor fellows to the government. To this end, many of the bad cases were transferred to the general hospital at St. Louis or Memphis. The result was about the same. The sad experience of a few months led us finally, in every instance where we found chronic disease of the lungs or bowels thus complicated, to make a certificate for discharge. House care and treatment thus restored many who otherwise would have perished.

Late in October, the regiment was transferred for winter quarters to Helena, Arkansas. Such cases as required hospital treatment were left at Muscatine and Keokuk. Nothing of note occurred on the passage, except the severe exposure of the measly convalescents, inducing in most of them more or less bronchial trouble.

The regiment remained in camp at Helena a little over five months, though making occasional expeditions, as to "the Cold Water," up the White River, and to Yazoo Pass. These expeditions were always welcomed by the surgeons as conducive to the good health and vigor of the soldiers, for the inactivity of camp life soon told on the general health, efficiency of men unaccustomed to this mode of living, and the frequent changes were deemed essential. For a forced march, as that to the Cold Water, none but strictly able bodied men were allowed. For other expeditions and in the field, it was soon found that the change not only promoted good health among the men generally, but it also had a splendid effect upon numerous cases of light camp disease and other ills, many of whom were compelled to march along, regarding it at first as a great hardship.

As was usual during the first year of the war, the men suffered most from the common disorders of the digestive

organs, known as the "camp diseases," very often assuming a chronic and persistent form. Many of these cases, not yielding to camp treatment, were sent to the general hospital. Several, which were complicated, proved fatal. Two were found dead in their bunks one morning. Upon investigation, it was found that these men had in the night cooked and eaten a hearty meal of pork and beans. A morbid appetite was characteristic of these chronic cases, and its victims seemed destitute of all common sense and discretion.

When in camp at Helena, some of our men thought themselves very fortunate one day in procuring some very nice looking sugarcured ham. It was in canvas and most of it somewhat dry. The men preferred to use it raw, chipped as dried beef, for a relish. Its appearance and taste, as I remember it, was quite appetizing. Soon after a class of cases appeared, six or seven in number, all presenting the same grave specific symptoms from the commencement to their fatal termination. Poisoning was suspected and the treatment directed accordingly, but the course of the disease and advanced symptoms were totally unlike those caused by any known poison, and the surgeons were nonplussed as to the true nature and cause of this malady. It was treated by them in the main and reported as typhoid fever. None of us, nor indeed any one in this country, were the wiser touching this disease and its management for several years after the war, and until a distinguished Prussian surgeon (Langenbeck) had demonstrated the *Trichina Spiralis* to be the cause of a terrible and usually fatal disease. This raw ham used by our men was infected by that parasite; and it is a sad reflection that probably many hundreds of the brave men in our armies thus fell as the victims of a most loathsome malady in the manner described.

In the effort to make themselves more comfortable during the winter, most of the messes constructed small cabins, closing up the small openings with clay; in fact, leaving nothing for

ventilation except the doorway, and this, too, was usually closed at night with a blanket as tight as might be. As a most natural consequence, there were soon on our hands numerous cases of fever and other diseases of a typhoid type. Among other remedial means, an order was made one morning to take off the roofs of these comfortable cabins. It seemed hard, and the surgeons received many harsh compliments, but the remedy was complete.

During the winter of 1862–63, an important and greatly needed change was effected by our surgeons in the affairs of the post hospital at Helena. Surgeon Pease was transferred to Memphis, and our accomplished assistant surgeon, Lyons, appointed post surgeon. With his large experience in the hospitals of New York, he was soon able to place those of this post in the best possible condition. His first step was to compel our generals to vacate their fine quarters in the large mansions of the Confederate generals, Hindman and Tappan. I may note, in passing, that in all matters pertaining to health, the authority of the army surgeon was then supreme. These large houses were well adapted for hospital purposes, and were used for this service afterward during the occupation of the post by our forces.

I may mention here an incidental advantage of great professional value to our surgeons, growing out of the change above referred to. Helena was at this time filled with negro refugees from the surrounding region. Most of them were improvident and without proper shelter. The exposure was fatal to many hundreds of them during that winter. Under arrangements made by Post Surgeon Lyons, a few of us were enabled for six weeks, and just before taking the field, to make a good and proper use of many of these defunct unfortunates. All the known operations in military surgery were performed over and over again on these subjects. None but professional men can fully esteem the great value of this work under the circumstances. The fresh knowledge of relative anatomy thus gained gave to us a most decided advantage over all others of the medical staff

around us, for we alone were able to perform on the field afterward those critical operations in cases of wounds which required immediate and skilful attention in order to save life.

On the 12th of April, the regiment broke camp at Helena, and moved on with the main body of the army toward Vicksburg. On the river bottoms, and soon after leaving Milliken's Bend, the men, in large numbers, were disabled with ague. As a preventive, eight-grain doses of quinine were ordered daily for all, both sick and well, with the effect of soon relieving us from the pest of that region.

During the month of May, the regiment suffered most severely in the battles of Port Gibson and Champion Hill, or "Baker's Creek," as the Rebels termed it. In this last fight, of four hundred and forty-five men engaged but two hundred and forty-four answered to roll call the next morning. My report gave forty-three killed, one hundred and thirty-seven wounded, and twenty-one missing. Some of our wounded were cared for on the field, or near by; but usually they were removed as soon as could be to the division hospitals.

These division hospitals were intended to be located about one and a half miles from the lines of the enemy. That at Champion Hill was, by a natural mistake, placed less than one-half mile distant, but this mistake in the end proved fortunate for us. It was protected in front by a high and sharp ridge, at the foot of which, on the other side, was the enemy's line. I was not aware of these close quarters till late in the morning, and our preparations being nearly complete, General Grant, then on the spot, so informed me. With his assurance that we should not suffer from any flank movements of the enemy, we regarded the location as safe and very desirable. Its advantages for our purposes could hardly be surpassed; a large new house, somewhat elevated and in an open space; a small stream of running water, skirted with timber, coursed along the foot of the ridge. On this stream near by was a saw

mill with piles of dry lumber. One hundred yards from the house were stored one hundred bales of cotton marked "C. S. A."; and last, but not least, as will be seen, was a canebrake on the edge of the clearing. Preparations were commenced here early in the morning of the 16th of May, the pioneer corps clearing the house, and erecting on its surrounding lines of fences a wide shade with branches of trees. By nine o'clock the preparations were complete, under the direction of the writer, who was then acting medical director of the Twelfth Division (Hovey's) of the Thirteenth Army Corps. In five hours we had under our care on this spot over seven hundred wounded, principally of our division, which that day had borne the brunt of the fight. A few of the most severe cases, and those requiring capital and other larger operations, were taken into the house; the others were placed in the shade, where for each one a soft bed was provided by first placing on the ground several layers of the cotton bale, and covering this with the rubber poncho of the wounded man. The peculiar advantage of this rubber covering was appreciated by all, as for some days after, more or less, water dressings were used on all wounds. These fortunate circumstances enabled us to provide speedily and comfortably for the needs of the large number of wounded thus under our care; and it may be doubted whether in any similar instance during the war the unfortunate wounded were better provided for on the day of battle.

We were immediately left in the rear of our forces, and on the morning of the 19th we had news that Johnston's army was advancing to our vicinity. I received orders to make our wounded as comfortable as might be, and move the next day to Black River with all that could safely go. We had no transportation of any kind. Our first step was to put on the road all who could walk. Some two hundred or more of the least disabled thus helped themselves; for the rest, it was decided to move all, except those in the house, to the bank of the stream,

which was a little elevated and deeply shaded. Here was constructed for each one a comfortable spring bed, using four short forked posts for the foundation, with short canes placed crosswise on the ends, and long ones lengthwise resting on them. This bedstead was six and one-half feet in length by three feet wide, and of the ordinary heighth. On it were placed new layers of cotton, and the poncho as before. By ten o'clock next morning about four hundred and fifty of the wounded, thus most comfortably provided for, were left in charge of eleven surgeons and assistants. About 4 o'clock the same day the enemy appeared, and went through the ceremony of paroling the whole.

I found my regiment in camp on the west bank of Black River — at least I found the remnants of it — about one half only of nine companies. Company B had been detailed several days before for the body guard of the corps commander, General McClernand, and had not been in the fight.

On the 27th of May the Twenty-fourth was with the rest of the division, on the line of investment in the rear of Vicksburg. Here it remained, taking active part in the siege till the surrender of this stronghold in July following. Its location, like most of our forces on the line, was in ravines and the men suffered greatly at first by the use of the impure surface water, obtained most anywhere at the depth of two to three feet. None other was to be had. On our arrival here, eighteen were on the sick list; the third day after the number was seventy. Instructions were given to use the water only after being boiled. It was thus used in tea and coffee for ordinary drink. The effect of this precaution was soon apparent in the good health of the regiment.

My connection with the Twenty-fourth ceased on the 9th of June, 1863, on account of disability. I had been with it during its most trying period — nearly through its first year of service We were all "pretty green" at the beginning — surgeons like the rest; and we were to learn the art of war by an experience

which cost toil and unwonted hardships, such as none could have had any adequate conception, and none can realize, save those in the army service of those trying days.

At its organization, the Twenty-fourth was one thousand strong. I am safe in saying that at least one-fourth of this number were unfit to become soldiers, and most of them did not but in name. With a few exceptions, I believe the enlistment of all of the men was inspired by motives of true patriotism. But many, as I have said before, had disabilities which should have prevented, with proper care, their being mustered in. Those who were the victims of measles, as I have described, proved, as a rule, worthless before the end of their first year; and it was fortunate for them, as well as for the service, that I was able to procure their discharge. A few of the men were inveterate shirks and malignerers, some of them to the extent of actual self-maiming to avoid service. One, I recollect, "fell on his axe," severing the first two fingers of his right hand. Another lost those two fingers from a Rebel minnie shot while on picket duty, he said, though fresh powder marks were abundant on the other fingers. These two were detached for the artillery service; and afterwards, as I was informed and am very happy to say, they made a very creditable record for themselves, serving through the war honorably, and are now enjoying the grateful recognition of the Republic in the shape of liberal pensions. There were some few, also, whose patriotism all seemed to ooze out and vanish in the presence of danger. When all these classes were weeded out and gone, the regiment reached its highest efficiency. During the first year very few, if any, escaped from more or less of the "camp disease," and from other ills incident to exposure. Further on the men suffered little comparatively from disease, for experience had taught them pretty well how to take care of themselves—not only how to prevent sickness, but, also, in most circumstances, what was best to do for it.

SKETCHES OF THE THIRTEENTH IOWA.

BY ADJUTANT H. H. ROOD.

Company A, Thirteenth Iowa Infantry, was enrolled at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, September 12 to 20, 1861. It went to Davenport early in October, and was mustered into the service of the United States for three years, November 1, 1861. With the regiment it went to Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri, November 20, 1861. The barracks were unhealthy, and the measles attacked the command, causing some deaths, and laying the foundation of disease which caused the discharge of a number of the men at a later period.

December 11, 1861, the regiment went to Jefferson City, Missouri, and went into camp in tents, and spent the winter, until March 8, 1862, when it went back to St. Louis, Missouri, and thence by the way of Cairo by boat up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing. April 6th and 7th was fought the battle of Shiloh. The number of men in the company in that engagement is not certainly known, but was about sixty-three. Of that number the casualties in the company were as follows: Killed or died of wounds, seven; wounded and discharged for wounds, nine; wounded and not discharged, nine. The killed and wounded in the entire regiment was one hundred and sixty-two; missing, nine.

The company, with its regiment, participated in the siege of Corinth; the march to Boliver, Tennessee; the march to and battle of Iuka; the battle of Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862; the pursuit of Price and Van Dorn to Ripley; the campaign to Holly Springs, and south of that point, the return to

Memphis; down the Mississippi River by boat to the vicinity of Vicksburg; the digging of canals to get around Vicksburg; the siege of that city; the expedition to Jackson, Mississippi; the expedition up the Yazoo; the march to Monroe, Louisiana; the march to Meridan and return, then home on veteran furlough, March, 1864. Thence by boat up the Tennessee River to Clifton, Tennessee, across the country to Huntsville and Decatur, Alabama; across Sand Mountain to Rome, and joined the army of General Sherman, for the Atlanta campaign, at Ackworth, Georgia, June 8, 1864.

The record of the company in the campaign against Atlanta challenges the attention of every soldier. On June 30, 1864, the tri-monthly report shows as follows: Present for duty, commissioned officers, two; present for duty, enlisted men, forty-eight; on special duty, five; absent on special duty, commissioned officers, one; absent on special duty, enlisted men, six; absent, sick, eight; total absent and present, seventy.

On July 2d the brigade moved to the right of the army, and at five p. m. on the 3d relieved a brigade of the Fifteenth Corps under the command of General Giles A. Smith. The Eleventh and Thirteenth Iowa were in advance, and Company A on the skirmish line, commanded by the dauntless Captain Kennedy. The enemy was pushed back rapidly one mile, when night stopped the movement. The company had suffered in wounded. On the 4th of July the brigade again advanced, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments in advance, until noon, when the Eleventh and Thirteenth again relieved them and took the advance. On that historic day no enemy could withstand the impetuous rush of the Iowa boys, and at night the enemy was driven behind the heavy outworks.

On the 5th the advance continued, and at three p. m. Captain Kennedy and the other commanders of the skirmish line had captured the works protecting the approach to the creek and were upon the banks of the Nickajack. The company remained

upon the picket line that night and the next day. It was not their place upon the roster of detail, but the order given to Colonel Shane was to place one of his most trustworthy officers in this position. The creek was deep, crooked, and the crossing difficult and dangerous. A charge upon the works of the enemy, or one from them, was imminent. Consultation by the adjutant with the colonel resulted in the decision by that officer to keep Captain Kennedy and his company in the position, in holding which they suffered severely and won the admiration of the entire brigade. The loss of the company in the advance on Nickajack Creek and holding the position were as follows: John R. McClaskey, July 6th, leg amputated; John J. Arford, July 6th, died; Samuel D. Umstead, July 3d, died; Benjamin E. Butler, July 9th, wounded.

On the 20th of July began that grand advance which terminated in the great struggle of the 22d. On the morning of the 21st the regiment made its memorable charge upon the Rebel works, to enable General Leggett to capture and hold the famous Leggett's Bald Hill, which formed the key to the position of July 22d. In this charge, in which the regiment lost one hundred men in twenty-seven minutes, the company lost as follows: Killed, two; wounded, ten.

On July 22d, when the brigade was so fiercely attacked, Captain Kennedy was sent, with four companies, to reinforce the Eleventh and Sixteenth Regiments. After a resistance as heroic as was ever made by soldiers, when the company had more prisoners in its trenches than there were men in its own ranks, after one of the gallant men had been thrust through with a bayonet because he did not promptly comply with the demand for surrender, and when completely surrounded by the Rebels, twenty-three men of the company were captured and started on that sorrowful march to the rear, the end of which was Andersonville, starvation, despair, and death. The losses of the company in this series of engagements from July 3d to

the 22d were forty-eight, leaving only seven present for duty of the fifty-five who had composed it on June 30th.

The company participated in the remainder of the campaign; the pursuit of Hood; the "March to the Sea;" capture of Savannah; the march through the Carolinas; the capture of Columbia; battle of Bentonville; march to Raleigh, Richmond, and Washington; the great review, and thence to Louisville, Kentucky, and muster out July 21, 1865, on the anniversary day of its charge at Atlanta. It marched on foot four thousand two hundred miles; by boat and by railroad, four thousand seven hundred miles, and its heroic story is told in the list of casualties. Their feet pressed the soil of ten Southern states, and their banners were unfurled in five Southern capitals.

Extracts from Report of Colonel John Shane, Battle of Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862, showing part taken by Company A.

"As the enemy continued to advance, I was ordered to send two companies forward as skirmishers, to cover the position occupied by the brigade, and Company A, Captain Kennedy, and Company G, Captain Walker, were deployed accordingly.

"At this time the enemy began shelling the ridge on which we were posted, and to avoid injury from their fire, I deployed the regiment into line. Here we remained until the artillery, which it had been determined to send to the inner line of fortifications, had been withdrawn from its position (Colonel Crocker being in front in personal command of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa), when we received orders direct from General McKean, commanding the division, to fall back in order to cover the retirement of the artillery. We fell back accordingly, nearly a quarter of a mile, when we again formed into line of battle on the crest of a ridge.

"During the time we were thus falling back, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa, and Companies A and G, of the Thirteenth, which had been deployed as skirmishers, had a severe engagement with the enemy, who made a charge upon the hill which

the Fifteenth and Sixteenth occupied. Simultaneously with the repulse of the enemy in that charge, Companies A and G rejoined the regiment in excellent order, and the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, under the immediate command of Colonel Crocker, coming up at the same time, the Thirteenth marched with the brigade without interruption to the inner line of fortifications, where it took position to the right and rear of Battery Phillips.

"In the battle of Friday, October 3d, Companies A and G, which were the only companies of the Thirteenth actually engaged, lost one killed and fourteen wounded, a list of whom I forward with this report.

"I take pleasure in saying that the officers and men of these companies behaved in a highly creditable manner, and that the rest of the regiment, though they did not discharge a musket, were almost constantly under fire, and conducted themselves as well as any soldier could desire.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"JOHN SHANE,

"Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Thirteenth Iowa Infantry."

Extract from Report of Colonel M. M. Crocker, Commanding Third Brigade, Sixth Division, Camp near Corinth, Mississippi, October 13, 1862.

"Two companies of the Thirteenth Iowa, Company A, in command of Captain Kennedy, and Company G, in command of Captain Walker, had, before the engagement commenced, been deployed as skirmishers.

"The advance of the enemy drove them in. They were ordered to form on the left of the Fifteenth Iowa. They formed in good order, fighting like veterans, retiring under their brave commanders without confusion when ordered to do so.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"M. M. CROCKER,

"Colonel Commanding Third Brigade."

John Q. Wilds, first captain of the company, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825, and was thirty-six years of age. He came to Mt. Vernon, Iowa, in the year 1853, and engaged for some time in business, carrying on a general store, and was an experienced and successful merchant. At the breaking out of the war he was out of business, but was in good circumstances for that time in Iowa, and with his capital and experience could have accumulated a large fortune if he had remained at home.

A stronger tie than money also bound him. He had a lovely and estimable wife and two interesting daughters, children indeed, but with the promise of becoming the light and joy of his home. Strong as were these domestic bonds they did not prevent his taking steps to enter the service of his country, and upon the first call for three years' men he enlisted. By common consent, on account of his high position as a citizen and business man, his age and experience, he was, without the form of an election, designated as captain of the company.

Upon the arrival of the company at Davenport it was designated as Company A of the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry.

He had no previous military experience, but studied diligently to fit himself for his duties. In all matters pertaining to the care, food, clothing and health of his company, he was especially diligent, and his business experience enabled him to do so successfully.

He commanded the company at its first great battle at Shiloh, and from the first to the last showed the highest courage. The severe loss of the company on that day showed that it was at its post and ably commanded.

Being the ranking captain, the promotion which followed the resignation of Lieutenant-Colonel M. M. Price should have made him major, a position he was also entitled to by conspicuous galantry on that bloody field, and when Colonel Crocker recommended Captain Geo. E. Van Hoesen, of Company E, for

major, Captain Wilds promptly and properly resigned. On August 10, 1862, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-fourth Iowa, and on the requisition of Colonel E. C. Byam became the colonel of that regiment.

He served with conspicuous gallantry until October 19, 1864. On that eventful morning, when General Early burst upon our lines at Cedar Creek, Colonel Wilds, striving to reform and hold the shattered ranks, was severely wounded in the arm, from the effects of which he died on the 18th day of November, 1864, and was brought home for a soldier's burial—the only member of Company A that fell at his post who was brought back for burial to the place of his enlistment.

To complete this sad, heroic, and romantic tragedy, his wife and both his children died in quick succession, and when the spring flowers of 1865 began to bloom, every member of his family lay beside him in the cemetery at Mt. Vernon. With no child to remember him, he is still held in affectionate recollection by the survivors of two regiments.

JUSTIN C. KENNEDY

was the second captain of Company A, succeeding John Q. Wilds April 19, 1862. He was born in New York, and was twenty-nine years of age.

He was agent of the railroad company at Mt. Vernon station, and was among the first to put down his name for enlistment in the company. Like Captain Wilds, his age, business experience, and an instinctive sense that he had the qualities of a good soldier, caused him to be assigned by common consent, without election, as first lieutenant.

He was married, had two beautiful and interesting boys, and his enlistment was purely patriotic; a man of handsome and distinguished personal appearance, of a character to make him admired by men and adored by women.

The duty of his position, the requirements of the tactics, were all rapidly learned. He had so much cheerfulness of

manner, was willing at all times to accept any duty, and lead so completely in every place, that he soon gained the full confidence of his company.

Upon the resignation of Captain Wilds, he was promoted captain, and from that date to the close of the campaign of Atlanta and the chase after Hood, he commanded the company with constant and distinguished gallantry.

In his official report of the battle of Ezra Church, before Atlanta, July 28, 1864, Colonel John Shane, who commanded the regiment in all its campaigns after Shiloh to the close of the Atlanta campaign, and who in all these engagements only mentions four names for conspicuous services, said of him, and the other heroic soldier, Captain John Archer, captain of Company F, Thirteenth, as follows: "Captains J. C. Kennedy and John Archer exhibited the highest qualities of soldiers and officers."

He was promoted lieutenant-colonel January 20, 1865, and commanded the regiment on the "March to the Sea," and to the close of the war.

The "March to the Sea" was one of those daring movements exactly suited to the restless and enterprising spirit of Colonel Kennedy. He was never more cheerful or contented than when making such marches. On these occasions, both as captain of company and lieutenant-colonel commanding, he was at the head of the regiment.

While marching on foot, at the command "Fall in! Forward, march!" he was the first to respond. No march, however long, seemed to exhaust him, his springing and elastic step never faltering. Often in the dead of night, when the wearied command was dragging its way silently along, his clear tenor voice would suddenly break out in ringing tones with "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on," or Miss Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic, and especially the verse beginning "Mine eyes have seen the

glory of the coming of the Lord." The regiment would take up the song, the ranks close up, and life and vigor succeed weariness and silence.

On the 16th of February, 1865, the army, under General Sherman, came in sight of Columbia, South Carolina. Between the Seventeenth Corps and the city flowed the swift current of the Congaree River, with a rocky and dangerous channel. The sight of the capital of the state where secession was cradled, and of the state house where the first secession convention met, was calculated to stir to its depths the patriotic spirit of every soldier that looked upon them.

Colonel Kennedy was undoubtedly the first man to suggest the possibility of crossing the stream and entering the city. He could have made the suggestion to no soldier more daring and enterprising than his brigade commander, General Wm. W. Belknap, who at once approved of the attempt and ordered its execution. The members of the Thirteenth Iowa and of the brigade have never claimed that they captured Columbia, but only that while the army was preparing to cross over the river on pontoons and in the usual and regular way take the city, these impetuous soldiers, without formal orders from army headquarters, but under the orders and approval of their brigade commander, made a movement of their own, full of risk and daring, and gained the city first, and planted their colors on both the old and new capitol buildings. In this hazardous enterprise Colonel Kennedy was accompanied and aided by Lieutenants H. C. McArthur and W. H. Goodrell (both now majors by brevet), of General Belknap's staff, fit companions for the impetuous Kennedy in such an undertaking. An old worn flatboat or scow had been secured, upon which Lieutenant McArthur and some old soldiers, who had experience in such work, spent a great part of the night in repairing.

About nine o'clock on the morning of February 17, 1865, the three officers above mentioned and eighteen men of the

Thirteenth Iowa, with Company A leading, entered the boat; the ropes were cut and the perilous journey began. The current was rapid; there were rocks and eddies. Thomas Oldham, of Company A, speaking of the crossing, says, "We put our overcoats on the edge of the boat to keep the water from coming in." Both whites and blacks, natives of the place, looked on in wonder at the daring soldiers, and the opinion was unanimous that they could not cross in safety, but stalwart arms and resolute hearts guided the boat to the opposite shore. Another boat was found there, and enough of the little band to take the boat back remained to do this. Colonel Kennedy, leaving orders for the rest of the command to follow as rapidly as possible, pushed on toward the city. As they neared the place a horse and buggy was met, which they promptly "pressed," and the three officers, the color bearers and one or two men mounted the rig, and with Lieutenant Goodrell holding the lines, they hurried toward the state house. Two squares away they encountered a squad of Rebel cavalry, drawn across the street, who opened fire on the reckless Iowa boys. Lieutenant McArthur, taking a gun from one of the soldiers, sprang to the ground, fired, and unhorsed one of the cavalrymen, and the rest of the squad fled. Waiting for the men who had come over with them in the first boat to come up, they proceeded to the state house and began to break in the door, but the janitor came out and surrendered the keys and showed the way to the roof. Colonel Kennedy, Lieutenant McArthur and the color bearer with the National flag hastened to the top of the old state house, and there upon the building where the first convention of disunionists had met December 17, 1860, these soldiers from Iowa again unfolded the flag of the Union. Lieutenant Goodrell and the color bearer who carried the blue state banner, went to the new state capitol, not yet completed, and from its top flung out the banner of Iowa with its inspiring motto, "Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain."

"COLFAX, Iowa, July 13, 1889.

"H. H. ROOD, Mt. Vernon, Iowa:

"*Dear Sir*,—Colonel Kennedy, of Thirteenth Iowa, was the first one to suggest the entrance in Columbia, South Carolina, February 17, 1865, so far as I know. The only ones I remember were in the first boat were myself, Clark Smith, Colonel Kennedy and Lieutenant Safely. I put up the blue flag on the new capitol building. As I understand, Colonel Kennedy took the national colors and put them on the old capitol building. I carried the banner from July 28th, at Atlanta, to the close of the war. I was color guard from time of reënlistment up to said July 28, 1864.

"Yours truly,

"JACOB BINKERD."

The official orders upon this gallant exploit were as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS 4TH DIVISION, 17TH A. C.
"NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C., February 17, 1865.

"BRIGADE GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP, Commanding Third Brigade:

"*Sir*,—Allow me to congratulate you, and through you Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Kennedy, Third Iowa Veteran Volunteers, and the men under his command, for first entering the site of Columbia, on the morning of Friday, February 17, and being the first to plant his colors on the capitol of South Carolina.

"While the army was laying pontoon bridges across the Saluda and Broad Rivers, three miles above the city, Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy, under your direction, fitted up an old worn-out flatboat, capable of carrying about twenty men, and accompanied by Lieutenants H. C. McArthur and Wm. H. Goodrell of your staff, crossed the river in front of the city and boldly advanced through its streets, sending back the boat, with another procured on the opposite shore, for more troops, and on their arrival, with seventy-five men in all, drove a portion

of Wheeler's cavalry from town, and at eleven and a half o'clock a. m. planted his two stands of colors, one upon the old and the other upon the new capitol.

"The swift current of the Congaree River and its rocky channel rendered his crossing both difficult and dangerous, and the presence of the enemy, though in what force unknown, rendered the undertaking still more hazardous. Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy and his regiment are entitled to great credit for its successful accomplishment.

"I have to honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GILES A. SMITH, Brevet Major-General.

"Official: O. D. KINSMAN, A. A. General."

"HEADQUARTERS 4TH DIVISION, 17TH A. C.
"COLUMBIA, S. C., February 17, 1865.

"MAJOR-GENERAL F. P. BLAIR, Commanding Seventeenth A. C.:

"The colors of the Thirteenth Iowa were suspended over the capitol at eleven o'clock this forenoon. National salute is now being fired by Captain Clayton, First Minnesota Battery, to commemorate this event.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GILES A. SMITH, Brevet Major-General."

Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy continued in command of his regiment until the final muster out, and at all times exhibited the same high soldierly qualities. For his entrance into Columbia and for his service on every battlefield, or in every skirmish of his company and regiment, if he had known how such honors could be secured or had any influential friend to suggest the bestowal of this well deserved recognition, he would have been doubly brevetted. Careless as he was of such rewards of merit, he has the highest honor that can be given to any soldier, the acquiescence of every comrade in the statement, "There was no better soldier."

List of Company A at Columbia, South Carolina, February 17, 1865: J. W. Fitz, W. C. Thompson, Martin Kimport, Preston J. Downing, A. C. Boyd, Thompson F. Kouns, J. T. Oldham, S. G. Smith, Elijah Devore, F. L. Keith, Bimuel Wickham, W. H. Buchan.

CHARLES W. KEPLER,

the third and last captain of Company A, was born in Maryland, and came to Iowa with his parents July 4, 1843, and was enrolled September 18, 1861, as a private. His soldierly qualities at the battle of Shiloh attracted the attention of the officers of the company, and upon the promotion, diretely after the battle, of First Sergeant Richard Kennedy to sergeant-major, he was promoted to first sergeant of the company.

At the battle of Corinth, October 3, 1862, he was severely wounded in the left thigh, and with difficulty saved from capture and death by the heroism of Edwin R. Mason and John R. McClaskey, of his company, who stopped the flow of blood and brought him from the field at the risk of their lives. After his recovery he was commissioned second lieutenant, February 2, 1863, and served as such until he was promoted captain of Company A, January 9, 1865.

He was constantly present for duty, except while absent recovering from his wounds. During the siege of Atlanta he was on detached service in charge of the ambulance corps, by Special Order No. 9, headquarters, Third Brigade, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, June 9, 1864, and discharged its delicate and trying duties with courage and fidelity. After the siege of Atlanta he was detailed as inspector of the Third Brigade, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, by General W. W. Belknap, and served as such during the "March to the Sea," and until the muster out of the regiment.

March 5, 1865, he was brevetted Major of United States Volunteers for gallant and meritorious conduct in battle, closing

a career of special merit as a soldier. He resides in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, where he has attained a high position as a lawyer and an honored citizen.

He has been twice been elected president of the Thirteenth Iowa Regimental Association, a mark of high appreciation.

FIRST LIEUTENANT RICHARD KENNEDY

enlisted September 12, 1861, at Mt. Vernon, Iowa. He became the first orderly sergeant of the company, and served as such until after the battle of Shiloh. Upon the promotion which followed the resignation of Captain Wilds, he became second lieutenant, April 19, 1862. June 5, 1862, he was made quartermaster of the regiment, and served as such until the expiration of his term of service.

As a soldier, before that event, he was prompt and brave. As a quartermaster, he was active, enterprising and full of resources. If there was ham or hardtack to be found, he found them. If the regiment needed guns or ammunition, he secured them. As a forager, he was entitled to rank with the most skillful and audacious. The forage on sweet potatoes, mule or horse that escaped his energetic and watchful care and search was pretty sure to be safe from others. He boasted, and rightfully, of the best mule teams to be had, by requisition or exchange. He had a teamster named Julius T. Chaffee who was expert in all the arts of mule decoration. He could take a southern mule from the canebrake, and with a pair of sheep-shears, transpose him to a government mule with the U. S. branded in five minutes, so that his owner would not know him. The result was that we always had mules, rations, forage, if they were loose anywhere in the country in which we were campaigning.

Since the war he has resided most of the time at McMinnville, Tennessee, where he has occupied an honorable position as a citizen, having once represented his county in the state legislature, and held for many years the position of postmaster.

ADJUTANT CHARLES A. MYERS

enlisted at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, September 12, 1861. Upon the transfer of Sergeant Major L. A. Linnville to become an officer in a colored regiment, he was appointed sergeant major, January 1, 1864. He was a good soldier, and distinguished himself at the great battle of July 22, 1864, before Atlanta, and was commended by Colonel Shane in his official report as follows: "I cannot close this report without acknowledging my indebtedness to * * * Sergeant Major Myers, * * * who ably seconded and assisted in all the movements of the command." He was promoted adjutant, December 19, 1864, and served until the close of the war. He is now a hardware merchant at Osceola, Nebraska.

WILLIAM C. PLATNER

was born in Iowa, and was twenty-one years of age. Upon the organization of the company he was appointed second sergeant, promoted second lieutenant, June 5, 1862, and to first lieutenant, February 2, 1863. He was wounded in the breast by a shell in a charge on the enemy's works, July 21, 1864, and was mustered out November 1, 1864, by reason of the expiration of his term of service. His home is in Glidden, Iowa, where he has held the office of justice of the peace for some years.

SECOND LIEUTENANT J. W. FITZ

was promoted from third sergeant to orderly sergeant, May 1, 1865, and commissioned second lieutenant, a position he had won by long and honorable service; but to be mustered in at the very close of the war would have forfeited his bounty as a veteran, and he served as orderly sergeant to the end. He was wounded in the right leg at the battle of Corinth, October 3, 1862, and again slightly in a charge, July 21, 1864, at Atlanta, Georgia. Since his muster out he has resided at Jefferson, Greene county, Iowa, where he has held the office of county

recorder for two terms, and of county treasurer for two terms, with great acceptability.

He was one of those faithful soldiers, ever at his post, who will fill but a small place in the history of the war as individuals, but who made up that body of men who, with but one purpose, stayed at the front until wounds, sickness, death, or victory came.

FIRST SERGEANT EDWIN R. MASON.

At the opening of the war, three brothers of an old pioneer Linn county family lived on the military road south of Mt. Vernon. They entered the service from motives of true patriotism and served well and faithfully to the end.

Levi Mason, the eldest brother, was quartermaster of the Thirty-first Iowa Infantry. He had served as sheriff of Linn county; was a man of property and influence. He died of disease contracted in the service of his country, July 23, 1863, leaving a widow and five children.

Edwin R. Mason, the subject of this sketch, was born in Pennsylvania; enlisted September 15, 1861, being at that time twenty-three years of age.

He was voted for as second lieutenant of the company, receiving a large number of votes. Failing of an election, he took his place in the ranks as a private without a murmur, and at once began a career of unselfish devotion to duty.

During the winter of 1861–2 he was on detatched service in Iowa as recruiting officer, a position his wide acquaintance and business qualifications especially fitted him for, and he was very successful.

In the battle of Shiloh, he was one of that heroic and invincible band that disaster and demoralization could not affect, and who were found, at the close of the day, standing firmly in the ranks, with musket in hand, and eye upon the colors.

At the battle of Corinth he distinguished himself by his coolness and courage. In company with another gallant comrade, John R. McClaskey, of Company A, at the risk of their lives, they stopped the flow of blood and brought from the field their orderly sergeant, now Captain Charles W. Kepler. During the engagement his belt and tin cup were shot away and he was slightly wounded in the leg, but refused to allow it to be reported. For his gallantry on that day, Colonel Shane appointed him orderly sergeant during the absence of Orderly Sergeant Kepler, and upon the promotion of Kepler to second lieutenant he was promoted to the position and served as such to the day of his capture before Atlanta.

In the great struggle before Atlanta his captain constantly turned to him for aid and support.

On the 22d of July, 1864, when the four companies of the Thirteenth, A, D, G, and K, were sent to support the Eleventh and Sixteenth, under the command of Captain Kennedy, as Lieutenant Platner had been wounded on the 21st, it left Orderly Sergeant Mason in command of Company A. When the company was finally surrounded and compelled to surrender they had with them in the trenches more prisoners than men in the ranks. In their front no enemy could reach their works except as prisoners. Surrounded at last, twenty-three men of Company A, as good and true as ever bore a musket, surrendered to the Fifty-third Arkansas Infantry, and took up their march to Andersonville and its horrors. (An abreviated account of the prison experience of Sergeant Mason is here added, to stand in a great part for the history of the other men of the company.)

"I was taken prisoner July 22, 1864, at Atlanta, Georgia. We were in the works on the left wing of the army, and by some mistake in commanders, the lines to our left were not formed, and the enemy threw a large force in and around our rear and thereby succeeded in capturing about two thousand

two hundred at one time. Our company — A, Thirteenth Iowa — was mostly taken. The Sixteenth Iowa, of our brigade, was taken in full. At the time of capture we were in the front line of works; the enemy coming into our rear occupied our rear line of works which we had built the night before. After the hard fight of the 21st, I had the boys take the few rounds of amunition left from that day's fight, and put into a sack, and when I found that our cartridges were gone, I had the men fix bayonets and hold the works until I ran back to our rear works and got the cartridges we had left there, but when I jumped over into our old works I found it full of Rebels, and it was there and then that I found myself a prisoner. The Rebel captain says, 'Which way, Yank?' and well I recollect the response, 'For to h——l, I think.' I then commenced to look around to see where I was and what was going on around me. I stood there for a few minutes and was ordered under guard, but before I started out I saw a Rebel captain marching his company down to take charge of our boys, and when they were ordered to surrender, one man, George Hoffman, did not lay down his gun as quick as the Rebel soldier thought he ought, and he ran his bayonet through him, and thus Hoffman gave his life for his country.

"To go back a little, I will state that we had taken a good many prisoners over our works, and when they found that we were prisoners they took our guns and guarded us. As we marched out in front of our works, I think I could have walked for forty rods on dead men, so fierce had been the battle in our front for one or two hours before our capture. When going out we met Rebel regiment after regiment hurrying to the battle, and one of that command, I think the Sixth Arkansas, when marching past, took my watch from my pocket. I turned to the colonel and asked him if he allowed his men to rob prisoners, and he said, 'No; what is wrong?' I told him. He drew his sword and made the man return it at once. As long

as we were with the regular troops they used us well, but when we struck the militia, God have pity on us poor fellows! We marched to the state house at Atlanta and there found seven thousand more prisoners; were held there until morning of the 23d, and then marched to East Point, six miles below. We lay at East Point two days and then marched to a station forty miles; were then put aboard cars for Macon, Georgia, and from there to Andersonville, where we arrived on the 28th of July. It was there that I first saw and realized what it was to be a prisoner. We were taken from the cars and marched to the prison gate, halted and counted off in squads of two hundred and ninety, and one man of our number put in charge. It fell to me to take charge of the one hundred and twenty-second detatchment. The duty of these men was to have their detachments in line so that the Rebel sergeant could call the roll, and if any died from your two hundred and ninety during the twenty-four hours they would be replaced by breaking of the higher detatchments and keeping the lower ones filled. We went into the stockade about noon, and from that time until night I looked for a place to lie down, but was unable to find it, so crowded was the prison. I think there was about fifteen acres inside the stockade, and then the dead line was about sixteen or twenty feet, which took a large piece clear around the outside, leaving not over thirteen or fourteen acres for the use of the prisoners, and when you put three thousand two hundred men on that small piece of ground you will find them much crowded. The next day I found a place where a comrade died, and I got the place. For three weeks I had one pint a day of corn meal, ground cob and all, and a small piece of rotten sowbelly, without one particle of wood to cook it with. I ate it raw, which came near killing me, and when we did get wood it was only a piece to a man, as large as his arm, for three days rations. I messed with J. H. Bradd, a man of my company — we were taken prisoners at the same time. I had when

taken prisoner a pint cup. We had but one between us, and in this we had to bring water to cook our meal. One held the cup and the other whittled shavings and lit and put them under, one at a time, so scarce was wood with us, and yet on every side was the largest of pitch pine timber, but we were not allowed to go out and get it.

"The average death rate was about one hundred per day through the month of August. These men were carried to the big road, and in the forenoon a team of four mules, with three or four colored men, would come in and commence to haul the dead out for burial. They were piled on the wagon just as long as they would stay. Every day they had a trench dug long enough to hold one hundred men, or more, and these bodies were taken there and laid side by side until the day's work was done, and at the head of each one of these ditches was placed a board with the number buried each day.

"The misery and suffering in that prison can never be told. I have seen young, fine looking men take one another by the hand and walk out into the dead line to be shot. They said it was better than to be starved to death by inches. At three different times our rations were cut off for three days because the Rebels thought we were trying to tunnel out, and this means was taken to try and make some one tell the location of the tunnel, but they never succeeded. The men who worked in the tunnels could never be made to divulge the secret. The water was bad; the creek that run through the prison was the only water we could get, and on this creek, above the stockade, the Rebels were camped, three or four thousand men, with horses and mules, Rebel cook houses, privies, and all; and the prisoners had to use the water after them, so you can imagine the condition of the water. The prison was alive with graybacks. You could not take up a handful of sand without picking up more or less of these animals. We had to louse our shirts twice a day to live at all; that is, those did who were

fortunate enough to have a shirt. Many a poor fellow, though deserving, was dying without shirt or pants, but *none without graybacks.* It was an every day occurrence to see men dying with that terrible disease — scurvy. I have seen men walking around with the flesh falling off their legs and arms, their sores filled with maggots, and no way of getting rid of them — literally eaten up alive. It was no uncommon occurrence to see men picking their teeth out, one by one, without any exertion at all. You never saw in that vast throng a man laugh or smile, so great was their grief. The raiders gave much trouble. Their practice was, whenever a new batch of prisoners came in, to go out in the night and rob them of all they had, beating them in a shameful manner if there was any resistance made. The raiders consisted of an organized band, mostly eastern troops from the large cities. There were about one thousand five hundred of them, mostly quartered on the south side of the creek. They took blankets or whatever was brought into the prison, and so, of course, were better fixed than the rest of the poor fellows. By the way, these men were mostly McClellan's men. We stood them as long as we could, and then organized and went for them, captured the ring leaders, tried and hung six of them, and thus put a stop to their work.

"We had not been in prison more than four weeks before men from my company began to die. It was hard to part with them, but now I think they were the favored ones when I look back and see what we poor fellows had to go through before we got out.

"Some time in October the Rebels got afraid of Sherman and moved part of us to Charleston, South Carolina. A few days after, we were again loaded into cattle cars, ninety to the car, doors shut, two buckets of water, and three days rations of cornbread — not over one day's at most. Most of the men were starved and ate all their rations at once, which was bad for men in their condition. The worst of all was, we were not allowed

to get out of the car for three days for anything. The car that I was in had to be used for a privy, dining room, bed room, and to lay out our dead in, for in our car we had very weak and sick men, and they could not stand the fare, so they died on the journey, and we put them in one end of the car. I do not now recall from memory the exact number, but five or six, I think. Finally we reached Florence, South Carolina, which was better in some respects than Andersonville, because it was new and clean. We had plenty of wood and a creek of water, but rations were no better.

"This prison contained about fifteen acres, built much after the style of Andersonville. I have forgotten just how many prisoners there were at this place, but think about twenty thousand. We were not so badly crowded here as at Andersonville. Here they put the men in thousands, and I had charge of the second thousand for a short time, which gave me a chance to get acquainted with the commander, Colonel Iverson. They issued our rations of meal in sacks, so many sacks to the thousand, and they required the sacks returned to the sergeant at the gate. From these sacks I managed to get enough to make me a dog tent by cutting them in two and counting half sacks back to the stupid Rebel sergeant. This was the first thing in the shape of covering I had had since in prison. After I had the sacks I found I had neither thread or needle to work with, but I soon found thread by pulling it out of the sacks, but the needle was the thing I did not have; so with my knife I went to work on a bone and soon had a fine one that I could do almost any kind of needlework with that we had to. It was here that we did our grand flanking for rations. I had men in my thousand who were drawing as high as six extra rations a day, and my tent got its share. I know that out of the two thousand we cheated them out of at least one hundred rations—I mean, we managed to make nine hundred men count one thousand or more. The Rebels thought something was

wrong and would drive us across the bridge to the other side of the creek and count us as we came over, and by that way they could get us straightened out. But the boys were too smart for them and would soon mix up and draw double rations again.

"About the 15th of November the colonel in command wanted six men to work in the office, to fix up pay rolls and other papers, and I was one that was taken out. On getting out I told him that I would have to have a few days of outdoor rest before I would be fit for duty; so he gave Captain Mitchell and myself a parole of honor for six days, to go anywhere inside of the inner works and to report to him at night to be put back into the stockade. How quick the six days went and our time came to go back in prison again. When called up to go to work, Mitchell told the colonel that we had come to the conclusion that as we had taken an oath not to aid or abet the Confederacy in any way, we would do no work for him. He said, 'I will put you back in the stockade;' but instead of doing so he went into his quarters and wrote an order for us to go anywhere inside the works around the prison for one week or more. But we went into the prison every night, carrying with us all the wood and other things we could get for the poor boys inside. When the week was up the colonel called us in again and told us if we would go inside and raise a regiment for guard duty for the Confederacy that he would make one colonel and the other lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. But he soon found out what we thought of his Confederacy. We told him we had taken an oath to one government and would do no more. Just at this time there came an order to parole one thousand sick. We told the colonel we would help fix out the paroles, and so we did.

"It was there that I found a way to get out of prison. I got into the good graces of the surgeon of the Fourth Georgia Militia, and through him managed to get out. When the last thousand came to Charleston I gave him my watch for my

release. We landed at Charleston on the 10th of December, 1864, and were quartered, or rather guarded, in the Roper hospital, a building that had been built for a city hospital. It had been a fine building, but when we were there it was badly riddled with shot from our gunboats, as was the city in general. I was not under guard while in Charleston, having become quite intimate with the doctor to whom I gave my watch. He allowed me to go over the city with him. We were in the city two days before the Rebels could clear the harbor of torpedoes. I think it was about twelve miles out, by old Fort Sumter, to our ships, which were not allowed to enter the harbor at Charleston.

"At Annapolis we were quartered for a few days, and then I got a pass and came to Washington, and from thence on to Chicago, and from there to my home at Mt. Vernon, Iowa. I arrived on the 29th day of December, 1864, having been a prisoner five months and seven days."

After his return home he was sick for a long time, coming close to death's door. Orderly Sergeant Mason was offered at different times positions as an officer in other commands, but he preferred to serve in the company which contained his old friends, neighbors and associates. He was recommended by Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy as first lieutenant of Company A, and later by him as captain of Company K, but as the war was practically over, and he had not served for rank or honor, he did not return, and was mustered out at Davenport, April 13, 1865.

Since the war he has been a farmer, and very successful. He is one of the most respected citizens of Linn county, and among his old comrades held in the highest esteem.

J. B. SHAFER.

This sturdy soldier had gained for himself the company name of "Johnny Bull." His physical make-up and unfailing "grit" made the name a fitting one. As giving another view

of prison life, his graphic account, taken from his diary kept through his imprisonment, is here given. Morgan J. Umsted also kept a diary, making three written in prison by members of Company A, which, when the character of the men is taken into consideration, furnish an impeachment of their prison guards and commanders of the prison which will stand forever as the blackest indictment of the nineteenth century against any people in the known world:

"I was taken prisoner at the battle of Atlanta, Friday, July 22, 1864, the day our brave General McPherson was killed. There were twelve hundred prisoners taken the same day. July 23—We were at East Point, where we drew two days half rations of mouldy, dirty, hardest rations I ever saw, but as we were expecting hard times our rations were not so hard but what we took them. July 24—The Rebels searched us and took everything the boys had. The nights are very cold to sleep without blankets.

"July 25—Marched us about sixteen miles today. July 26—It is very disagreeable marching on account of dust and lack of water; marched about fifteen miles. I got the list of prisoners today and found there were one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three of us, the most of them Seventeenth Corps men. July 27—Started at sunrise and arrived at Griffin about two o'clock. The Rebels put eight hundred of the prisoners on the cars and sent them to Macon. We drew rations today—corn bread one and one-half inches thick, four by six inches square—for two days. It rained very hard and we all got well soaked. July 28—We left Griffin this morning at ten o'clock on the train and ran within twenty-two miles of Macon, when two of the cars ran off the track. The other cars were run into Macon, while we of the two derailed cars were corralled in an open field. July 29—We were put aboard the cars during the night and run into Macon, and at daybreak the Rebels started us for Andersonville, where we arrived at twelve

o'clock m. We were again searched and everything taken from us. I managed to keep my knife by dropping it inside of my pants. We were put in squads of ninety and marched into 'Hell Gate.' July 30—We are in the pen, and hereafter I will not give the days of the month, although I have them all. It is most desperately warm, without a shrub or tree to break the scorching sun. We have drawn rations today for the first time in prison—boiled rice and corn meal, cob and all; we received a half pint to the man for a day's rations. I put on a bold front, for I have sworn I would not die in such a place. We have roll call at eight o'clock p. m. I have been trying to fix my house, or in other words, where a house should be. All the tool I have to work with is a half canteen, and with this I am digging a hole in the ground to protect myself from the sun. We get one stick of cord-wood to the man to last a week. I chop my wood with a case knife and then divide it in six piles, a pile for each day. It rained tremendously today, and we all look like a lot of hogs. A few more prisoners brought in. We drew what the Rebels called beef, but it was nothing but carrion. We got a piece about two inches square and about the same amount of corn bread. In the North a thoroughbred hog would not eat such feed. There is not a day passes but some one is shot for getting too near the 'dead-line.' If by any way a prisoner steps or stumbles near the dead-line he is shot by the guard. There are now thirty-two thousand in the pen. The days are dreadfully hot and we cannot get any fresh air. I am as hungry as a wolf all the time, but I still keep up a bold front. I am kept on the skirmish line every day, hunting for graybacks. If I did not kill them off daily they would eat me up, as they have hundreds of other poor prisoners. The average number dying daily now is one hundred, and it is a horrible sight to see so many of the poor boys dying of starvation. When the Rebel officers come in they will give some helpless prisoner a kick, and with an oath ask,

'What is the matter with you?' and the universal answer is, 'I am so hungry.' There are thousands of the prisoners without a stitch of clothing, who have to endure the scorching sun by day and lay on the damp ground by night, their only covering being the stars. There is a constant moaning and groaning, with never a smile. We might get out if we would take the oath of the Southern Confederacy, but NO! we will die first and let the maggots carry us out through the cracks in the stockade before we will lend them a helping hand to disgrace our country. We have been two days without any rations, and I think they mean to starve us. I am nothing but a skeleton, but I still live in hopes of getting out. Hundreds of the prisoners are dying with the scurvy. The scurvy works in this way: In the first place, the legs begin to swell, and keep swelling until they burst and mortification sets in, and they suffer in great agony. Starvation is one of the most cruel deaths, and there are thousands who have been dying for months of this. No one can tell but those who have endured this fate in a Rebel prison. While in prison I worked on a little industry of my own. My bunk-mate was detailed on the wood squad, and every night he drew an extra ration of a stick of wood, which he was allowed to bring into the pen. Out of this wood I managed to make a rude sort of a bucket. It took me from two to four days to make one of these buckets, and when finished they would hold about two gallons; then I would go around the camp crying, 'Who has a spoonful of meal or a chew of tobacco to trade for a bucket?' I could not ask much for my buckets, as the prisoners only got a half pint of meal for a day's rations. One day I was down near the creek trying to trade a bucket, and there witnessed to what extreme hunger will drive a person. I there saw some of the men hunting for beans in the deposits that came from above, and when I tell you that the Rebel privies were above, it will be unnecessary to say more. There were hundreds of men watching

the stream all the time to find these beans or scraps of meat that floated down, so that by this means they might get a mouthful of something to eat. There are hundreds of poor prisoners now not able to lift their heads off the ground. I can hardly navigate myself, but still I keep up a bold front. We are having election today. The Rebels came in and gave us two beans, one red and one white—the white one was for McClelland and the red one for President Lincoln. The votes were counted by the Rebels the next day, and President Lincoln declared elected ten to one, which made the Rebels mad, and they cut our rations off for three days. There was one of the prisoners made his escape, but he was captured and brought back to the pen, and at this time a Rebel captain showed his bravery by snapping his revolver three times, and when it would not go off he knocked the poor fellow down and kicked him. This is the treatment prisoners get; still I live on in hopes. The prisoners are failing fast. It is a heart-sickening sight to look over the pen and see thousands of prisoners lying on the sand naked, day and night, and still more of them dying of the scurvy, and the graybacks eating what little flesh remains on their bones. The nights are fearful cold now, cold enough to freeze, and lots of the prisoners perished from cold. I am getting thinner and thinner, and can hardly walk. When I enlisted I weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds in my shirt sleeves, and when I got out of Andersonville I weighed seventy-nine pounds, and today I am a broken-down man, not able to do a day's work. I might write much more, but the story is too horrible, and I will leave it for a more able pen; still no pen can ever tell the story, for the human mind cannot conceive of anything more horrible, nor is it possible to grasp from description the misery through which we passed.

"(Signed,) JOHN B. SHAFER."

The following letter from James T. Oldman (called by the boys Tommy-old-ham), Eldorado, Kansas, gives a picture from

a soldier's standpoint, too clear and valuable to be lost. For character as a man, and gallantry as a soldier, he stands in the front rank of his comrades.

Comrades will observe that, unmoved by the honor of being first in the capital, these true soldiers turned aside from the spectacle of hoisting their flag upon the capitol building to rescue at the earliest moment officers who had long worn the galling bonds of prison life :

"EL DORADO, Kansas, Feb. 7, 1889.

"In reply to yours of the 4th regarding Company A, Thirteenth Iowa, at Columbia, South Carolina, I will go back to Atlanta, Georgia, where, on July 20th, at dusk, we advanced to within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works. On the morn of the 21st we were ordered to make a charge on the works (our division, I believe). On that morning we had forty-six men in the company. In the charge we lost — killed and wounded — sixteen men, which still left us thirty men altogether. We were, on the morning of the 22d, taken out of the line and placed on the extreme left along a road running on the ridge — this is the place where Hood made his sudden attack and got twenty-three more, leaving us with but seven of the company who got together that night. In looking over our casualties next morning we found that five out of the seven had from one to two bullet holes through our clothing. I received two through my hat, one of which was sufficient to stun me for a few minutes. The other five who escaped were : Captain Kennedy, Lieutenant Fitz, Nelson Thompson, William Thompson, Elijah Devore.

"After gathering up from regular detail we got not over a dozen men together in Company A till we made the march to the sea, and had gone north as far as Goldsborough, North Carolina. I go over this previous history to show how we came to have so few men at Columbia. We arrived opposite Columbia in the afternoon, just below where the two rivers

come together, forming another river, which, I believe, takes another name to the sea. Our battery shelled the town quite lively that evening and perhaps next morning; do not recollect. At all events, this morning we were ordered to cross the river in an old small wood boat, flat bottom and low sides. We filled the boat with our company, which had now increased to eight or ten men, and part of Company G — I should think that we got as many as sixteen or eighteen men in the boat, or at least we had all the old thing would hold, for we had to take our overcoats off and lay them along the side of the boat that was up stream and set down on them to keep the water from running over. The water here ran over great rocks, which made it very rough, and was the most dangerous piece of work we were ever ordered to do, not excepting the seven battles we had been in. As we had no men on the opposite shore, we expected to be attacked also. I recollect as well as if it were yesterday how I unloosened my cartridge box and traps and selected the spot on the island a half mile below where I was going to land when the boat upset—well it did not upset, but it is all we could say for it. No enemy opposed us, and we landed all O. K. A few poled the boat back and brought over another load of Company G, and we started up town, to be met by a great troop of colored folks of all sizes and of almost as many colors. These folks, as was always the case, were very enthusiastic in their demonstrations; in fact, one of the boys told when we got home that when we were entering Columbia that a big colored lady came along and kissed me. I deny it, but my wife throws it up to me yet. But an old soldier can stand almost anything. We (Companies G and A) were the first soldiers that I saw go to the capitol building or in the town any place. I have always supposed that some one of the two companies must have placed the colors on the capitol, which was a large frame structure. The new capitol building just had the walls up. My recollections of our first operations on first entering the capitol grounds

are a little obscure for this reason: The enemy had an officer prison at the north end of town. Just as we stopped, an old colored man came up to us and said there were some Yankees hid in the edge of town and were afraid to come out. They were in the old prison, or near by. J. Fitz, Wm. Thompson, Elijah Devore and myself (I think I am right in the names) left immediately to see who it was. We were a little cautious for fear of being led into ambush, but the old man was right. We found one in a hole in the ground and two in a pile of straw. They were officers from Massachusetts. It would have done you good to see the antics those fellows cut when they found they were safe.

"Well, I did not suppose I was going to write enough to make a pamphlet, but hope you can find some information that will be of service to you. Would just add that we took up our quarters in the old capitol building; but it caught fire that night and we had to leave it. I still have an old Rebel ordnance account book, taken from the state war office that night.

"J. T. OLDHAM."

Some company nicknames bestowed by the "boys" on each other: "Mother," "Dutch Jew," "Limber Jim," "Johnny Bull," "Old Flat," "Adjutant Company A," "Father," "General," "Monitor," "Bally."

"LIMBER JIM."

No history of Company A, or of the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry, would be complete that did not contain a sketch of Vincent Stephens, known to the entire brigade only as "Limber Jim." How he obtained his name no one can certainly tell, but probably at Jefferson City, Missouri, where, shortly after we began tent life, he had a little difficulty with a member of the company much larger than himself, and got the better of him in a fistic encounter, which surprised the larger man as much as if a cyclone had struck him. His agile and "limber"

antagonist had struck him from all points of the compass in such a rapid manner as to bewilder him, and he was disgusted with a fighter who would not stand still to be hit, but who "flew around so he could not strike him."

"Limber Jim" was a good definition of the word, "irrepressible." He was constantly in motion, and in camp or on the march was as hard to find as the Irishman's flea. In battle he was always in his place, fearless and self-possessed. At Shiloh, when there was doubt as to which side an approaching command belonged to, "Jim," well in front of his comrades, cried, "They are Rebels, colonel; can't you see their d—d yellow breeches?" And they had yellow breeches, sure enough, and lots of them.

He was an adept in all games of chance, but his favorite was chuck-a-luck. He roamed from regiment to regiment to find players. His audacity, luck and skill kept him in funds, and cost those who risked their savings dearly.

As a forager, he had few equals. He was enterprising, reckless, sharp, brave. He had nothing cruel in his nature, and no act was accompanied by cruelty or useless destruction. Something to eat for soldier, horse or mule was what he wanted, and usually obtained. February, 1864, near Hillsborough, on the Meridan expedition, in company with the regular detail of his regiment, the party was attacked by the enemy. Henry Walker, Cook and two others were killed, several captured, and among them "Limber Jim." They were going to kill him for his bold attempt to escape, but his very bravado saved him.

Taken to Andersonville, he was the same irrepressible soldier. He played chuck-a-luck, and defied disease and famine. He was one of the leaders of that daring band who, after bearing for a long time the raids of the body of raiders who banded together and wrested from the weak and helpless their little all that they might live in comparative comfort, until they could endure it no longer, organized a party, pursued and captured

the men who had robbed them, instituted a trial, and hanged six of the worst of them. In this righteous movement "Jim" was a fearless leader. Although in prison for a year, he came out alive, but broken in health and spirit. Is farming in Nebraska, near Central City.

STEPHEN G. SMITH.

As showing what one man can go through and still live, the following sketch is given of the above named:

In the great tornado which passed through Linn county and which destroyed Camanche, June 5, 1860, he was caught in the storm and carried a considerable distance. When found he was covered with mud and to all appearances dead, but after being washed it was found that he was still living, but had his leg broken, his collar bone broken, and other serious injuries, from which he was months in recovering.

At the opening of the battle of Shiloh he was orderly for Colonel Crocker, and as such might have escaped the hard fighting of the company, but he took his musket and more than did his duty, being severely wounded in the leg in this engagement. He reënlisted as a veteran, January 1, 1864. In the charge on the Rebel works at Atlanta, July 21, he was again severely wounded. He participated in all the battles and marches of the regiment, except while recovering from wounds.

Since the war he spent four years in Peru, South America, as assistant superintendent of a coal oil refinery. His present residence is Macksburg, Iowa, where he is engaged in farming.

J. N. EASTERLY.

The man who bears the most scars from battle in Company A should have some special mention. The practice of commanding officers of this company and regiment had been not to report all trifling scratches, etc., as wounds, but only to mention the severe cases. In this case we give a short sketch, as reported to us in a letter.

J. N. Easterly received wounds in several battles and skirmishes. Some of them were not of such a nature as to require his leaving the command, until July 21, 1864, in front of Atlanta. He was wounded in the following engagements: Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta July 20th, and Atlanta July 21st, when he received seven wounds, and is now drawing a pension on these seven. He participated in every battle, skirmish and march up to the time he was last wounded, and was discharged June 12, 1865. He is now residing at Burt, Iowa, where he has been a justice of the peace for a number of years.

JOHN W. JOHNSTON,

third corporal, was killed near Jonesboro, Georgia, September 3, 1864. The circumstances of the death of this gallant young soldier were very sad. He was the last man killed in Company A. It was near the close of the day, and we had been ordered to return to Atlanta next morning, and thinking the danger from sharpshooters was past, several of the men came out of the trenches and got upon the works. Warned of their danger, they were unwilling to return to the cramped condition of the trenches. A few moments later the ping of a bullet was heard, and young Johnston fell.

A GALLANT INCIDENT OF SHILOH.

At one of the most critical moments in the history of Shiloh, when many of the color-bearers and color-guards of the Thirteenth had been killed or wounded, the following act occurred, as told to the writer in a letter by the party himself. For gallantry on the field of Shiloh the party named was appointed color-bearer, which position he held until discharged for disability.

JOHN W. MORGAN.

"On the 1st of January, 1860, I set out from Poweshiek county, Iowa, for Mt. Vernon, Iowa, for the purpose of entering

Cornell College. Being in possession of ample means, it was my intention to graduate from that institution. When the war broke out in 1861, my nerves were considerably unsettled by the news, but I restrained myself until Company A of the Thirteenth Iowa was being recruited at Mt. Vernon; that was too much for me. I could not stand back any longer. The idea of allowing others to spill their blood and sacrifice their lives was too much for me. I felt that I must take my part of the burden, so enlisted as a private. I shared the common lot of a soldier with my comrades in this capacity until April 6, 1862, when the Thirteenth met the enemy at Shiloh. During the afternoon of this engagement, the color-bearer having been shot and wounded, I in the meantime rescued the colors of the Twenty-third Illinois by taking them from the bearer, who was shot dead in front of me, thus making me a color-bearer. While yet under fire of the enemy, one of the Thirteenth men hailed me, telling me to take the colors of the Thirteenth Iowa, as an officer, in trying to assist the wounded bearer, had left them standing against a tree; seeing me with the other colors he requested me to take them also, which I did (as it was in keeping with my ambition). As soon as we were halted the Twenty-third Illinois called for their colors and they were given up. When the first halt was made and the colors of the Thirteenth called for, I answered, 'Here they are; where will you have them, colonel?' He answered, 'Follow me.' The move the Thirteenth made to form its line set the whole mass of soldiers in motion. I then, by permission, carried the colors high so that the Thirteenth might form while in motion. While occupying the right on our last stand, I was ordered to stand there until I fell dead. I replied, 'That is my intention.' Here I was saluted by the enemy's artillery. I did but very little military duty after that until July, and then on August 28th I received my injury for which I was discharged January 15, 1863."

The following remarkable record of patriotic devotion on the part of the members of Company A is appended:

These men knew what war meant. Their ranks had been reduced more than one-half by the casualities of two years service. They were in camp in midwinter with nothing between them and the storms of December but a thin piece of canvass. The memories of home and loved ones tugged at their heart-strings, but the Union, its danger of dismemberment, and all the hopes of the future and glories of the past inspired them, and they solemnly pledged themselves to stand by the Flag until it floated in triumph from every fort and city of the Nation, North and South.

There were eligible as veterans, forty-seven; of these reënlisted "for the war," forty-five; leaving only two, who, though brave men, did not reënlist, and one of these was captured and passed through all the horrors of prison life, and was not mustered out until April, 1865.

The heroes who were killed in battle or died of their wounds: Willis Arrasmith, wounded July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia. John J. Arford, wounded July 6, 1864, Nickajack; died July 9th, Nickajack; Allen S. Brown, wounded April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; George W. Doty, wounded April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Nathan Gilliland, killed July 21, 1864, near Atlanta; *George Hoffman, killed July 22, 1864, near Atlanta; Edward Hayzlett, wounded July 21, 1864, near Atlanta; died August 14th, Marietta, Georgia; John W. Johnston, died September 4, 1864, Lovejoy's Station; †Peter Kern, wounded July 21, 1864, near Atlanta; died November 19th, Chattanooga, Tennessee; Benjamin McAfferty, killed April 6, 1862, Shiloh; James E. Neal, wounded April 6, 1862, Shiloh; died May 4th, Keokuk, Iowa; John C. Pisel,

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*George Hoffman was killed by a bayonet thrust, the only man thus killed in the regiment.

†Peter Kern had an arm and leg both amputated.

wounded August 20, 1864, near Atlanta; died August 21st, near Atlanta; Fredrick R. Rundell, killed April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Oscar L. Walling, killed July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; Samuel D. Umstead, wounded July 3, 1864, Nickajack, Georgia; died July 20th, Marietta; Francis A. Varner, wounded April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; died May 12th, Cincinnati, Ohio; Isaac Wickham, wounded July 21, 1862, Cincinnati, Ohio; died July 27th, Cincinnati, Ohio. Seventeen in number.

The gallant men who were wounded in battle and discharged for their wounds: Isaac W. Boyd, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Joseph M. Harper, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Spear T. Harman, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; George A. Hanna, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Jesse S. Hampton, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Henry Kemberling, July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; John M. Largent, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Wm. A. Norris, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Alonzo B. Smith, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Abraham Zavitz, July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; John R. McClaskey, July 6, 1864, Nickajack; Jacob N. Easterly, July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; Charles Gardner, October 4, 1863, Corinth, Mississippi. Thirteen in number. Abraham Zavitz died at Grand Rapids, ———, May 25, 1889, from blood poison, caused by the closing of his wound, which had opened and discharged from time to time until about three years before his death.

The sufferers who died of disease: Wm. A. Warren, July 15, 1863, near Vicksburg, Mississippi; Chas. W. Birdsall, April 5, 1862, Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee; Geo. R. Barnes, May 28, 1862, near Corinth, Mississippi; Walter J. Barks, July 21, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; Anderson W. Cole, December 29, 1861, St. Louis, Missouri; Henry M. Haynes, date and place unknown; Jacob Meyer, February 25, 1865, Newbern, North Carolina; David C. Weaver, December 25,

1861; Benjamin McClelland, May 25, 1864, Louisville, Kentucky; William F. Harper, May 8, 1864, Florence, South Carolina; Henry C. Smith, November 8, 1864, Florence, South Carolina; James W. Smith, September 8, 1864, Andersonville; Robert M. Thompson, November 21, 1864, Florence, South Carolina; Josiah Harrison, April 26, 1862, Keokuk. Fourteen in number.

Those who were discharged for disability: John W. Morgan, January 15, 1863; Richard W. Vansant, January 21, 1864, Vicksburg, Mississippi; Oliver D. Isham, October 22, 1862; Isaac Gager, July 4, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; Isaiah Dunn, July 11, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; David A. Hamilton, August 15, 1862; John T. Hipp, July 9, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; Isaiah McElroy, January 15, 1863; James McFarland, October 22, 1862; John C. McWilliams, February 12, 1862, Jefferson City, Missouri; Fenton Stream, March 7, 1863; Thomas F. Wilson, February 12, 1862, Jefferson City, Missouri; Chauncy F. Waldo, October 22, 1862; Christopher Weaver, March 8, 1862, Jefferson City, Missouri; Israel C. Billington, Corinth, Mississippi; James Brooks, September 8, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; David Bedell, June 30, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi, scalded foot. Seventeen in number.

Men who were wounded in two different battles: John R. McClaskey, Shiloh and Nickajack; Stephen G. Smith, Shiloh and Atlanta; William H. Buchan, Shiloh and Atlanta; J. A. Easterly, Shiloh and Atlanta; J. W. Fitz, Corinth and Atlanta; Nathan Gilliland, Nickajack, killed at Atlanta.

Those who were wounded and not discharged: Charles W. Kepler, October 3, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; John C. Mason, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Benjamin E. Butler, July 9, 1864, Nickajack Creek; John J. Beck, July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; John Conway, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; James W. Fitz, October 4, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; Wm. Hinckley, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Charles A.

Myers, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Levi Mabee, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; Peter Muntz, July 21, 1864, Atlanta Georgia; Joseph Moore, July 24, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; Jacob K. Shaver, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; Morgan J. Umstead, April 6, 1862, Shiloh, Tennessee; John W. Wickham, October 4, 1862, Corinth, Mississippi; Wm. H. Platner, July 21, 1864, Atlanta, Georgia; James Smith, June 20, Kennesaw Mountain; Nathan Gilliland, July 4th, Nickajack; killed on July 21st.

The martyrs of Andersonville. Captured July 22, 1864, near Atlanta: Edwin R. Mason, Joel Barkus, Zacheus Barager, James H. Bradd, John A. Fitz, John G. Hitsman, Dixon M. Parsons, Wm. Sergeant, James W. Wickham, Morgan J. Umstead, John B. Shafer, Hiram Bunce, Jacob J. Davis, George Hall, Brice McKinley, Jacob K. Shaver, Adam J. Whitlatch, Robert Wickham, Wm. L. Comstock. Wm. F. Harper died May 8, 1864, Florence, South Carolina; Henry C. Smith died November 8, 1864, Florence, South Carolina; James W. Smith died September 8, 1864, Andersonville; Robert M. Thompson died November 21, 1864, Florence, South Carolina.

It may be noted as a singular evidence of how a veteran soldier "holds on" that each one of the four who died in prison was a recruit. The veterans came out terribly broken, but they lived.

Vincent F. Stevens, captured in 1864, on Meridan expedition.

List of veterans, Company A: James W. Fitz, first sergeant, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John R. McClaskey, sergeant, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Joel Barkus, sergeant, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; James T. Oldham, sergeant, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Benjamin E. Butler, sergeant, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Stephen G. Smith, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; William C. Thompson, corporal January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John B. Shafer, corporal, January 1, 1864,

Vicksburg; Levi Mabee, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Morgan J. Umstead, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; William H. Buchan, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; James H. Bradd, corporal, February 20, 1864, Meridan; William L. Comstock, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Zacheus Barager, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Abraham C. Boyd, private, December 15, 1863, Vicksburg; Hiram Bunce, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John Conway, private, December 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Elijah De Vore, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Preston J. Downing, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John A. Fitz, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John W. Fink, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; George Hall, private, January 4, 1864, Vicksburg; George W. Hall, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; William W. Hinkley, private, December 15, 1863, Vicksburg; Thompson F. Kouns, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Frederick L. Keith, private, December 1, 1863, Vicksburg; John C. Mason, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Peter Muntz, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Jacob A. Rupert, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Martin V. Taylor, private, December 1, 1863, Vicksburg; Bimuel Wickham, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; James W. Wickham, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Robert M. Wickham, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Adam J. Whitlatch, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Jacob W. Easterly, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Henry Kimberling, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Charles A. Myer, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Edward S. Hayzlet, sergeant, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Nathan Gilliland, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John W. Johnson, corporal, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; John J. Arford, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Willis A. Arrasmith, private, January 1, 1864, Vicksburg; Peter Kern, private, December 1, 1863, Vicksburg; Oscar L. Walling, private, December 1,

1863, Vicksburg; Jacob K. Shaver, private, December 1, 1863, Vicksburg; Vincent F. Stevens, private, December 1, 1864, Vicksburg. Forty-six in number.

Adjutant C. A. Myers was a member of the non-commissioned staff and not treated in this report as eligible, but his name is included as an act of justice to him as an original member of Company A.

There still remains a number of the veterans of the company who do not appear in the list of casualties, who were in most of the marches and engagements, who discharged faithfully every duty, who fought, marched, dug trenches, and accepted every chance of war, and escaped unhurt.

No words of praise are too flattering as to their record. They show in a striking manner that of the men who belonged to the company prior to May 1, 1864, how few in the four years of the service could escape some of its casualties. Among that number that should be mentioned for "gallant and conspicuous service during the war," who are not already mentioned in some of the above lists, are the following:

James T. Oldham, Elijah De Vore, John W. Fink, Jacob Rupert, Samuel H. Plasket, William C. Thompson, Preston J. Downing, Thompson F. Kouns, Bimuel Wickham, F. L. Keith.

The total casualties of Company A in killed, died of wounds, discharged for wounds, etc., is as follows: Killed and died of wounds, seventeen; died of disease, fourteen; discharged for wounds, thirteen; discharged for disability, seventeen; prisoners who never did service after capture, twenty-four; transferred to other commands, two—eighty-seven. There are still two names, deserters, not accounted for, over which we cast a soldier's silent mantle of charity, two—eighty-nine. Original enlistment, rank and file, ninety-nine; additional recruits to May 1, 1864, seventeen; total, one hundred and sixteen. Less number shown above, eighty-nine. Original number left at date of muster out, twenty-seven. And of these, twelve bore battle scars.

Transfers and promotions from the company were as follows:

Captain John Q. Wilds, resigned and became lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the Twenty-fourth Iowa Volunteer Infantry.

Captain J. C. Kennedy, promoted lieutenant-colonel of the regiment.

First Lieutenant Henry H. Rood, promoted adjutant of the regiment.

First Lieutenant Richard Kennedy, promoted quartermaster of the regiment.

Sergeant-Major Charles A. Myers, promoted adjutant of the regiment.

Private James H. Matthews, discharged to accept lieutenant's commission, Eighth Louisiana Colored Infantry.

THE OBEDIENCE AND COURAGE OF THE PRIVATE SOLDIER,

AND THE FORTITUDE OF OFFICERS AND MEN IN FIELD, IN HOSPITAL, AND IN PRISON, WITH SOME INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

BY BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.

"So part we sadly, in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem."
—*Henry VI: Part 3.*

COMPANIONS: The promptness with which the people of the Union answered the call to arms when the guns opened on Sumter and the war began, was a marvel and a wonder. No hamlet was so small, no new region so sparsely settled, no crossroads neighborhood so forsaken, that men were not there, anxious, eager, and ready for the work, which, while at its close it left some again in the paths of quiet life, was to lead many to glory, and thousands to the grave. The anxiety everywhere, especially among the young, to fill the ranks of the recruiting regiments, and the desire to be ordered to the field without delay, even while unprepared, was so marked, that when the efforts to the end are now recalled, a thinking man is made to wonder why this haste should happen. He is led to seek the causes which, from civilians of all occupations and professions, made soldiers of merit, and of that stamp whose attributes are martial, and whose ways, quiet at home, but aroused by thoughts of war, and touched by its attractions and by the duty of the hour, became used to military movements and ruled by military ways. The desire for change may have moved some, the hope for improved fortune may have been suggestive; and aspirations for preferment possibly allured others.

But the young mind was too young for such practical methods, and for ways whose windings, among politicians, were past finding out; and the young men of the land, whose tongues knew no deceit, whose ears had never heard disloyal words, and whose unbending faith was true to union, stood by the flag which they had learned to love, and became its guardians to the end. They enlisted for the war because they were loyal lovers of their country; because they hated treason, though they had never heard its name; and thus, though unprophetic as to the future, they took their chances as men should, some with tearful and some with tearless eyes, but all of them full of affection for their homes, and love for their country and its cause.

The new generations can never learn from written history the full truth of the enthusiasm of 1861, for words are powerless when reality rivals imagination. The steady and unending line of men that moved to the recruiting stations, as the increasing drums beat louder, and the unfurled flags grew in number, broke under the ardor of the hour, and ended in a scramble for enlistment. The man who seeks for a reason for this rush of men, for this sudden uprising, must find it finally in the fact that down deep in the hearts of men was that love of country and that feeling of affection for the land which ruled the actions and nerved the arms of those who left farm, fireside, and happy homes, and office, shop, and pulpit, to face the fearful fire of relentless and destructive war.

They knew not what they were to meet. They made no measure of their chances. They had a dim, uncertain thought of a real action in the field. They knew that bullets were to fly, shells to burst, and men to be wounded and killed. But they had no thought of scant food, and tattered clothing, and worn shoes, and reducing hardship; no thought of tired limbs, and wearying marches; nor, in the reach of their imagination, had they dreamed of that dire disease, the terror of all camps, whose name may not be told to ears polite, but whose wasting

weakness, as the men drop out from sheer inability to march, surpasses, as our surgeons say, all shot and shell. All honor be to them that they only cared for fight; that they only thought of guns and war, and of an enemy whose triumph would be ruin, and whose defeat would save the land; so that the Flag of the Union, touched by the breath of Liberty, would wave throughout the world.

And thus they went to war. Only a short time was needed to teach them what war was. It took a longer time to make them soldiers. At first there were no works from which to fire; no firing from trees; no use of any object for protection; all must be done as personal duels would be fought; and in the early conflicts of 1861 and 1862, officers were dismissed for seeking shelter. And they were properly dismissed, for their example was a bad one to uncovered men. But as the months moved, all took protection sensibly where they could; and soon no regiment in the Western army halted for the night without works in front of them, hastily but so strongly made that they were a firm security. The march from Shiloh to Corinth in 1862, after the fearful fight of April 6th and 7th, though much ridiculed, and deservedly criticised, did much toward teaching the troops how to build works, and how readily to strengthen them, and these lessons were not lost, but found their great use afterward in the siege of Atlanta and in the "March to the Sea" and Northward, for the men would not move, after breaking ranks at the day's halt, until there arose by their prompt and sudden work, as if by magic, breastworks which would defy attack and save their line.

It was on this march that I received my first lesson in war. Shiloh had been fought and won, and the appalling scenes of death upon that field had made their impression. Much had been learned by those of us who were there, and we had a respectful regard for the fighting qualities of our foe which forbade our "hankering" for many more such fights. The

true history of this battle will always be unwritten. While I admit that after fighting nearly two hours in a regiment "as green as a gourd," and losing on the field nearly two hundred gallant men, killed and wounded, I with all others in sight left with some celerity for a more healthy spot; yet we had plenty of company from other regiments and commands, and as far as I saw, the fact that officers of rank were separated from their commands was the rule and not exception. I have heard to the conrtray, but my eyes were younger then than now. It was here that a rabbit ran through our ranks into those of the enemy, and the story is that a Confederate officer sung out, "Go it, cotton-tail! If I hadn't character to lose and reputation to preserve I'd go with you." In the midst of this temporary discomfiture, and above all the tumult, I heard a voice calling out to me, "Major where did you get that tin sword?" It was one that had been given to me by the Keokuk Rifles, "Love of country leads him" (*Ducit amor patriæ*) upon its scabbard, and the salutation was from Crocker, whom I had not seen for six months. He was rallying the men as I was, but he had to have his share of the fun, even in the midst of fight. Though that so called tin sword had a beautiful gilt scabbard, it was discarded for daily use after that day. But that first lesson came on the march to Corinth from Shiloh. There was much sickness in the regiments. The movement was slow and tiresome. A mile and halt — a half mile and halt — a few paces and halt. It seemed to be endless as a journey. Rain, rain, rain, constant rain for days, and mud with all the offensive features of camp life with new troops.

The only water which we had to drink came from holes dug in the ground, into which the rain seeped from the unpoliced forest. This was our daily beverage. The mules, those necessary attachments to a camp, had their corrals near. The thousand unpleasant surroundings were there, where men,

thrown together without the latter discipline which army rules enforce, are careless of cleanliness; and though the tale may never be told in words, it may be imagined what the situation was. As for myself, being a major, I had a tent, but like all others, pitched in the mud. The softened ground covered by a blanket was the floor, and all around us was the perfection of unavoidable and complete nastiness. On one evening, about four o'clock, some soldier said in my hearing, "There comes General Grant." This was at a time when General Halleck was in command, and General Grant, having no position, was apparently neither private or general. I looked and saw a man on a bay horse, without officer or orderly, riding slowly toward us. The rain fell in floods. It formed gulleys through the tent streets, and with hat, cloak and saddle cloth streaming with water, he came on. Soon I recognized him as General Grant, whom I had seen only once before, in the midst of action at Shiloh, where, not knowing how to place my rallied men, I took orders from him when he was pointed out to me by Captain Higley, of the Fifteenth Iowa, as our commander. This was near the hour, near the river, when with a defeated army he beat back the Confederate troops, and won the fight before a regiment of the reinforcements had reported. (I am ready for the controversy, should there be one on this issue.) He rode toward me, my tent being on the road, and as I saluted him he said, "How are you, major?" That title impressed me, for I felt then that he knew me, not dreaming that he might have gathered my rank from my shoulder straps. "Will you alight, general," I said, "and receive the plain hospitalities of my camp tent?" "No," he said, much to my regret. For a moment or two nothing more was said. Then, deeming it my duty, though not knowing why, to advance a word, I remarked, "We are in a bad place here." "Why so?" said he. With a blank face he looked at me; and not knowing what to say in the presence of the general, I remarked, "What can we do in

this terrible rain?" "What of that?" said he. Still uncertain what to say, I ventured in reply, "We are caught here in this fearful place without hope of the weather that we want." "What of that?" said he, as his inexpressive looks met mine. "Why, general," said I, "this mud is dreadful; these sick and wounded men cannot be deserted, and these batteries cannot turn a wheel." "Yes," he said, "but what of that?" I did not know then "what of that," but as my boldness grew more bold, I said, "What if the enemy, only a quarter or a half mile away, should attack us?" "Well," said the imperturbable man, "what of that?" "Why," said I, gathering some courage, "if he did attack us, what could we do lying stuck in the mud, as we are here?" "Young man," said General Grant, "do you know that the enemy is stuck in the mud, too?" "No, I did not, general, but I know it now." And this was my first lesson in war. I had innocently supposed that the enemy had clear skies, plain footways and sure roads, while we were under clouds and rains, and deep in the deepest mud of Tennessee. The words of this great soldier, whose philosophy had solid sense for its basis, changed my mind; and afterwards, in my limited command, relying on my own men, and having forsaken the faith I may have had in the power of the enemy, we fought from our own standpoint, and not forgetting that they had the same disadvantages as we, the army in which we served never feared a battle.

But the reports of these, and of all battles, came with such want of accuracy, that when they are compared now with the actual result, I am reminded of one of Mr. Lincoln's telegrams on file in the war department. It seems that Mr. Jesse K. Dubois, his lifelong friend in Illinois, had telegraphed to him in 1864, after his second election, that Illinois had gone thirty thousand. Mr. Lincoln's reply was, "I have received your telegram stating that Illinois has gone thirty thousand. We are much interested in knowing which way it has gone."

Good, great, grand Abraham Lincoln, who but he could or would send at the *time* he sent it, to the *man* to whom he sent it, *of* the man he spoke, such a telegram as this: "Hon. Andrew Johnson, military governor of Tennessee: I have received your request asking me to give an important command to General Carl Schurz. You can never know, until you occupy the place that I do, how hard it is to find a place for a man when there is no place seeking him." The telegram, alas! had prophecy, as well as truth.

Reference to former wars, and a comparison of the means and appliances used in the service then and now, will go far toward illustrating the fortitude and fighting qualities of the American soldier. Discipline is the basis of armies. Without it, they are but organized mobs. Men drawn suddenly from home, where liberty was the rule and license was its companion, and placed instantly under the stern control of martial authority, could not be expected to yield to restraint, without showing that change was irksome. But after the efforts of a few days, the sure result came, and the young recruit assumed the attitude and aspect of a soldier so soon that the transition was scarcely marked.

In the midst of actual action, this power of discipline was especially apparent. The War of the Revolution was fought with the old styled flintlock muskets, and also the war of 1812. With an exception of an occasional company among the regular troops, the war with Mexico was carried on with the same arms. Percussion guns and caps were then for the first time used in the service to any extent. And though then a boy in Florida, I well recall the disgust of General Worth and other old army officers when they were first introduced. They feared that the caps would be lost and the men left helpless, forgetting that powder for pouring in the pan of a flintlock gun was attended with greater risk of loss.

With few exceptions, the regiments of infantry in the War of the Rebellion were furnished with muzzle-loading percussion

Springfield rifled muskets. It has always been a supreme wonder to me how the men, in the excitement of actual battle, where it was necessary to load and fire rapidly, could hold their heads sufficiently level and thus to keep their wits so well about them, as to return their rammer to its place before firing. A battle is a place of din, smoke, oaths, shouting, effort, and agonizing labor, with the muscles of all the limbs in use, and the nerves that control the brain, or that the brain controls, drawn to their closest tension. The confusing clamor, the odor that fills the air from burning powder, wounded men and dying horses, and the unceasing rattle and roll of musketry, is enough to turn the clearest head and weaken the strongest heart. But here both discipline and patriotism combined to make the soldier mindful of the situation, and to keep him cool and collected in the presence of threatening death. Patriotism was combined with discipline, and was the real incentive to that devotion to duty which, aided by the knowledge that on each side of him was as firm a soldier as himself, made the man stand like a rock before a fire that came in as if made by the demon of death. A rammer is but a simple part of the mechanism of a gun. And yet its loss would be fatal. Without it, the service of the gun is gone. So that a thought will show to us that in the midst of all these sights and sounds to distract the attention and to disturb the brain, it is simply marvelous that men would be cool enough to see that before each shot was made the rammer was in its place. But now the march of invention has changed all this. The muzzle loader is of the past, and the delicate but strong mechanism of the breech loader enables the soldier to send his death-dealing bullets in showers upon the foe, as he handles his piece like a pump, and has only to shoot until ammunition is exhausted. Hence the soldier of today has not as much to think of as the soldier of our war. He has as much to fear, for the enemy will have the same arms as he, but his work in action is more mechanical than then. What I have

said as to the care of the rammer in battle may seem like a small thing to mention, but it is full of interest. The man who fights has left all for his country: wife, children, friends, sweetheart, and home are gone from him, perhaps forever; there is no mother's voice to say sweet words, no father's care to guide or lead him; nothing for him to think of save his country's cause, and in that case he must kill as many as he can and save himself. And yet this boy, away from all he loves, save his own comrades—with a sheet of fire in front which rivals hell, with bullets whizzing, trees falling, men dying, and the air filled with the oaths of the desperate and excited, and the "God have mercy on me" of the stricken soldier by his side as the minnie ball cuts through him—cool, calm and collected, has the presence of mind, even when the tumult is the highest, to be unforgetful of the rammer, and each time before he fires to place it where it should be on his trusty gun. In fact, I have heard of a soldier so unexcited at Malvern Hill that each time as he fired, he went through the manual order of load in nine times, and kept it up throughout the fight. My private impression is that had I carried a musket I would have loaded it in one time, and even then lost my rammer. And this mention of weapons leads to a reference to modern inventions. All men may not be brave, and yet, when the crisis comes, they find that they do not feel cowardly. The crash of a battle coming in the distance makes the face pale and the throat to swallow some imaginary something. As the wounded come straggling in past the main line, from which no shot has yet been fired, there is scarcely a man there who, with pallid face, does not wish himself at home. General Crocker said to me at Corinth, in the very heat of the fight, as a bullet struck "spat" on the sapling between us: "Do you know, old fellow, what I am thinking about?" "What, colonel?" said I. "I wish I was back in Des Moines." And so did I wish myself back in Keokuk. And so did the young Iowa

boys, who fought like tigers and who saved the left of the army by their valor, as a youngster (Black, of Van Buren county) held the flag and stuck to it until it became his pall and winding sheet.

Men will enlist for their country when there are ninety-nine chances for dying and one for living. But when the one hundred chances favor death, then will come war so destructive that arbitration will prevail, and war will cease forever. War should have no favor with enlightened men, and soldiers who have seen it are the men who shrink from and condemn it. But war waged for a good purpose should be made war in every sense. Kid gloves must be discarded then. Though hearts are pitiful, war is pitiless; though men may be generous, war is cruel; though hands may be tender, blows are hard; though fields are green, and people happy, and homes delightful, yet the march of war is a ruthless march. The fields, under the tread of tramping men, are smooth as floors; the people flee from blessed comfort to lonely misery, and the homes of happiness leave behind them only the blackened relics of resistless fire. The more severe the fight, the easier the triumph. The more remorseless the march, the sooner the end. "Clear the way, for I am coming," must be the advancing cry of the on-marching general. "I bring with me a host to march over all, unless you all surrender." Cruel words, to be sure. Bitter for him who says them, and unrefined cruelty to those who hear. But the end the sooner comes, and the harsh ways of bayonet, gun, fire, and destruction must be used to make for all a future of happiness, prosperity and beneficent peace. The prophecies for the future, if realized, as they apparently foretell, will change most thoroughly all systems of warfare, and force upon the world the better plan of arbitration. If the dynamite guns can do all that is said of them; if dynamite can be utilized in war in the various ways that experiments now tend to show; if it is true that a shell has been

invented the distribution of whose contents on explosion brings certain death to every living thing, animal or vegetable, within the radius of its consuming vapor, there will be no more war. Men will go with one chance in a hundred, but without that chance they will not go.

"Victory or death" was on the banners of a departing regiment. "I object," said a brave soldier, "to the motto." "Why so? How shall it be changed?" "Make it victory or pretty d—d badly wounded, and I'm your huckelberry," said the man.

But if dynamite and shell of insiduous vapor can end all fights and hasten arbitration, let us speed the day when they may come, so that blood may no more flow, either to aid kingly power or to raise the flag of freedom; but that the bird that "takes the wings of the morning and flies to the uttermost parts of the earth" may from first to last be over lands free from the disasters of battle, and bright and beautiful under the blessings of princely peace.

The bravery of men who, at times, had no confidence in their own bravery I can illustrate by an incident in my own regiment, the Fifteenth Iowa. In 1862 I was recruiting at Keokuk. Among others, a lazy looking boy offered, who said he had no occupation. He said that he had never worked at all; had never sawed wood, or even swept his father's country store. As his occupation was to be entered on the rolls, I persisted, but learned nothing. "What did you do last before you left home?" I said. "I went fishing." His name was entered as fisherman, and is so borne. On July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, he was reported to me for cowardice in the battle of the previous day. Ordering him under guard, the top of a cracker box with "Skulker" marked on it was tied to his back, and he was marched up and down among the men. He soon begged for mercy, and promised to stand up to it in the next battle, though doubtful as to his own efforts, for he admitted that he was full

of fear. I relieved him promptly, and within an hour, without warning, the great battle of Atlanta began. McPherson fell soon, shot dead. But in the midst of that tornado of fiery fight, I often saw my man, with smoking gun, doing his work like a soldier. "Shoot that man, John," I said, as he stood near me, apparently to show that he was there. He fired, and a great fellow of the Forty-fifth Alabama, while loading his gun, jumped into the air and fell like a felled ox. Here was an illustration of what effort and discipline would do in the face of danger, and with one who believed himself too weak to face the fight. I have spoken of General McPherson. He fell early in the day. He was a young officer of noble presence, of lovely manners, bravery so conspicuous that modesty made his merit more remarked. In every inch of his tall form he was a soldier. On the pursuit of Price in 1862, after the battle of Corinth, on the first night, tired and tentless, I crawled into a wagon and "slept the sleep of the just." The orders were to move at four-thirty on the next morning. At four o'clock I heard some one call the teamsters, and soon my own feet were pulled, with "Wake up, my man; pull out; hitch up at once." Kicking out and bewailing my luck in language more forcible than polite, I soon saw that the man who was arousing the teamsters was McPherson himself. This was my second lesson in war, and afterward, and after I became a brigadier-general, on many dismal mornings have I arisen from bed in camp or bivouac and awakened the bugler to blow *reveille*. McPherson's personality made one realize the description of Marmion:

For though with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he;
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the hardy soldier's heart.
They love a leader to obey,
Boisterous as March, and fresh as May;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower,
With open hand and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy.
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

THE HOSPITALS OF THE WAR,

in tents pitched in the field, were filled with heroic suffering. Agony borne bravely, with uncomplaining words and patient waiting for the relief of death, made heroes of those men, who, without a murmur, suffered all that mortal could on earth. Visits can be recalled to hospitals in camp and field where one would expect to hear mingled with the groan of agony the sigh of regret. But the last did not come. The torturing twist of pain might force a groan from the strongest man, and as the wounded lay on the ground, during the fight, where, under the trees, a hospital had been hastily placed, the air might be filled with the "Christ have mercy on my soul" of the suffering soldier, but from no one of these wounded officers or men have I ever heard a word that would show that they regretted the tribute of their life's devotion to the land they loved. "Here I go, colonel," said Reeves, a private in my regiment, to me, as he was pulled out from Nickajack Creek fight, in an ambulance, hit by a ball that smashed both legs. "I'm a goner, but I don't care, for I know you'll lick 'em." Wounded in July, he died in August, and his last words were words of happiness, for his hope had been fulfilled.

And away from the actual field of battle, in hospitals in the city, where the dying soldier had care like a mother's, and the attentive nursing that he craved, and in the pest houses, where the scourge which terrifies humanity had full sway to work its deadly duty, no words were heard to show that these suffering soldiers had a regret for the cause which they had chosen as theirs. The pangs of pain gave torture, but only forced from them words which impressed their suffering upon those who heard. But their eyes would kindle with the gleam of patriotic fervor as they watched the flags, and had the power been theirs they would have spoken for victory. A soldier whom I knew, stricken by a complication of diseases, though with no hopes of recovery, amused his fellow sufferers by saying jokingly that

the doctor pronounced him as troubled, among other diseases, with "very coarse veins" (varicose). It was a comical play upon words from a dying man.

The prisons were the final places of trouble that received the captured men. Hope was then almost gone, and forgetfulnsss of happier days mingled with the grim, devilish horror of the prison pen. That those of our men who were at Andersonville could not be fed, and that the country was bereft of food, is as startling in the assertion as was to me the statement that we could live well on the country after we left Atlanta. But we did so live. The "March to the Sea," stamped on story and sung in song, was a gigantic picnic. Its days after the march began, were, when we recall them now, but movements of delight. Its nights around the camp fire were nights of pleasure. The coffee-pouring of the men, as they prepared their meal after the day's long march, and the fragrance that arose from a thousand sizzling fires that glistened through the woods, gave to all the beloved blessing of sweet sleep when "taps" were blown. With just enough danger in the advance to make all watchful and prevent surprise; with the best of everything to satisfy the palate, and reinforce "hardtack and sowbelly" with delicious meats and vegetables of Southern growth, time slipped away most happily. And the marching men, when they struck Savannah and looked beyond the billows of the blue Atlantic, "builded better than they knew," as their presence told to Nations far beyond the sea of the coming end of the Rebellion.

Hail to the memories of the wounded who endured and died in field and hospital! Hail to the captured and imprisoned! Hail to the suffering soldier! From them there came no words but those of loyal trust, and in spite of deserting friends and faithless surroundings and detraction in high places, they will be honored as true soldiers always are, by generations, for the great majority have gone "out of mortal sight into immortal history."

In coming years the truth will generally be told, which will convince the people of the future of the suffering endured by the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion, until the work of years and the discipline of sharp campaigns had hardened them for service. The War was a fight of fighting men on both sides of the contest. And when it closed, when the chains of slavery parted, and the shackles of the bond were broken, the United States of America united again through sorrow, and suffering, and war, but united, could call together an army of veterans which could defy attack, and whip with effort but most thoroughly any army that the world could send.

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT A FACTOR OF THE BEST NATIONAL LIFE.

BY CHAPLAIN A. L. FRISBIE.

I may be allowed to introduce this study with an illustration taken from the field of my professional work — from the story of an Oriental migration.

When Moses began the march out of Egypt with the Hebrews, he led a host in which the martial spirit had never been developed. Jacob and his sons in Palestine had led the peaceful pastoral life. When famine drove them to Egypt and to the filial and fraternal care of Joseph, they were located with special reference to their previous employment. This was probably their chief occupation for many years. But the pastoral life is not suited to dense populations. It requires wide ranges of country. They held a limited district. The increase of the people and their flocks was rapid. They needed more room than could be given them. There were too many people to subsist as shepherds.

The Egyptians came, in time, to see the value of cheap labor, and so it came about that the Hebrews, at first in a manner the guests or clients of Pharoah, after they had become numerous, were put under the yoke of bondage. They were the toilers on temple walls and pyramids. They made the brick and laid them. Servile work of all sorts was put on them by their oppressors. It was not strange that a people who began as shepherds, and went on as slaves for six or seven generations, should lack the martial spirit. There was nothing in the circumstances of their escape from Egypt to awaken that spirit.

If they had risen, *en masse*, and gone out through a bloody insurrection, carving their own way with mattock and trowel and sickle, that would have been a rare soldierly inspiration. But they went like timid sheep — through doors which they did nothing to open. They went free without the striking of a blow, and stood on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, so many thousands of people whom slavery had schooled into cowardice and helplessness. The straight course to their destination was along the shore of the Mediterranean. There is the caravan track, ages old, out of Egypt to Gaza. It can be traversed in five days. That whole slow-moving host could have made the journey in a month. But they passed years in the wilderness country east of Egypt and south of Palestine. Why was that necessary? For the reason that they lacked the martial spirit. That lifetime of a generation was one continuous moving camp of instruction, preparing an army of conquest. The sight of war at the first would have set them crying for Egypt, even with its slavery. They marched and countermarched through that wild country, showing over and over again their lack of fortitude and manly courage. Any slight rebuff when they collided with hostile tribes, a taste of bitter water, an hour's failure in the commissary department — anything which called for a little soldierly spirit and endurance, was to them too frightful to be borne. They had no *national* feeling, being as yet but a huddle of raw freedmen. They were at school, there in the wilderness, to learn, among other things, to be soldiers. They could not have a promising national life till they had learned the martial spirit. They must be an army first, a nation afterward.

The martial spirit is of unspeakable value to a people. It is an important factor in a national life which is worthy of honor. It is *not* the quarrelsome spirit. It need not prompt a nation to pose before the world as a fighter, like a boy with a chip on his shoulder daring any other boy to knock it off. It may never

seek a pretext for war. General Grant did not lack the martial spirit, but he hated war. Sturdy old John Bright, Quaker though he was, and opposed to war on principle, gave as fine a showing of the martial spirit under the drab as professional soldiers have shown under the blue or the gray. He was bold, chivalrous, outspoken, generous, honorable. A nation in which this spirit lives may have, or it may not have, an immense standing army. Russia in times of peace maintains an army of seven hundred and fifty thousand men, but the martial spirit of the Russian people is at a low ebb for all that. A great army may actually depress the martial spirit of a people. A nation abounding in martial fire may be seldom or never embroiled with other nations. But it will have courage, patience, and chivalry as traits of the national character. It will have in it a fit estimation of the honorable and the just, as contrasted with the pusillanimous. Such a nation can be moved to espouse a worthy cause, and to encounter cost and peril in its behalf.

France is considered a martial nation. But you remember that six or eight years ago, poor Madagascar, looking up from the prostration of ages toward a Christian civilization, cried out against the aggressions, the domineering, the exactions of France, interfering with the progress of that island people. It was to me a most pathetic thing to follow the envoys of the queen of Madagascar from one court of Europe to another, and finally to Washington, to beg that the civilized nations would say to France, "Hands off; you are playing the bully. Let that weak people alone."

The benefits of peace are, of course, unspeakable. We give thanks day by day for the prevalence of peace, with its attendant possibilities. In the golden age, we are told that men shall learn war no more. Yet there is a natural tendency in long continued peace which works against the martial spirit. The thought of the people is taken off from the occasions and the instruments of war. The tranquil light of unclouded skies

glorifies all the relations of life. It is intolerable to think that that light should be dimmed. There is no interruption of the ongoings of business, of pleasure, of marrying and giving in marriage. There are no periods when the Nation stands breathless, with hand on the heart, waiting for some tremendous issue.

There is likely to be developed under the prolonged sway of peace too much of indifference as to the way in which peace is preserved — too much of the spirit which would say, "Peace at *any* price."

How we did all shrink from civil war! We could not bear the idea that these states should become "discordant, belligerent." Over and over concessions were made to that rapacious evil which was billeted upon us—concessions and compromises against which the sentiment of the North revolted, but which were accepted as necessary to preserve peace. We were ready to consent to almost anything, rather than see the flame of war burst forth. We were ready to be smitten on both cheeks, and return neither blow. One demand came after another, each more aggravating than its predecessor; we yielded again and again. We were immersed in the employments and engrossed in the interests of peace. If the martial spirit had not been greatly toned down in the Northern States the conflict would have come sooner and been a smaller affair.

The commercial spirit possesses a land in the times of peace. There grows a nation of traders, sharp in practice and quick to seize advantage; slow to take the measure of abstract ideas of right and justice; slow to reach the desperate resolve to risk all gains for the vindication of a principle or a sentiment; sure to overestimate things and chances, and to underestimate man and the nobler traits of a chivalrous manhood. Luxury grows as wealth increases under the fostering influence of peace. The sturdy, virile quality, the genuine manly, martial fiber is lessened as luxury prevails. Ease, comfort, enjoyment—anything which pleases the dominant selfishness, is then sought at

whatever cost. There is a monstrous heartlessness which hides itself under the polite exterior and installs itself in the æsthetic surroundings of luxury, which is as destitute of all right feeling about right and honor as a tornado is of mercy; which has no more sympathy with the struggle of a poor man or an oppressed people, no more fellowship with high, self-surrendering patriotism than a conflagration has with a homestead. These are the conditions out of which come New York's dainty four hundred; the walking lay-figure — the sleek, dudish gentleman, so called — who is ready to count any good to others too dearly bought if it lay a particle of cost upon himself; to whom the disintegration, the desolation of his country, would be nothing if he could keep his personal pleasures. The man pampered by luxury, softened and enervated, may be overbearing and aggressive, supercilious and quarrelsome; he will not have the martial spirit. He will be found wanting when a crisis comes.

I do not say these things for the sake of deprecating the prevalence of peace. I indicate, rather, some of the things which are certain to make their appearance in flush and prosperous times; they are the parasites which fasten upon and deplete the very life of a people; they are dislodged when the hammer of war begins to strike. They show us the necessity of keeping before the people, all the people, all the time, the meaning, the dignity, the necessity of nationality and patriotism. No one condition contains all existing good. War may have its criminal side, and yet may, by no means, be an unmixed evil. Peace, on the other hand, may not be always and altogether innocent. An eminent Englishman asks, "Who can say that more sin is not committed every day in every capital of Europe than on the largest field of battle?" There are certainly facts which dim the luster of peace; so there are facts which mitigate the evils of war. I disagree utterly with the man who said, "There never has been a good war or a bad peace." There have been both. No war ever waged was wholly good.

Evils attended it and sprang from it. But there have been wars where aim and motive were almost divine; directed against such and so great abuses that to wage them was a less evil than it would have been to buy a peace and stave them off.

Our own revolution, coming as it did after long and patient endurance of blundering, unreasoning, oppressive misrule; aimed, as it was, not at aggrandizement or revenge, but waged for the maintenance of rights, personal, social, and political, was a war justified, I believe, before the court of history and of honor. Power sometimes shuts its eyes and waxes arrogant. It will hear no reason, bear no remonstrance, appreciate no forbearance. It will drive over an unresisting people with one aggression after another, as England did over the colonies, until nothing would avail but to smite her between the eyes. It was greatly to the credit of the men of 1776 that they had the martial spirit to stand up and deliver the blow. Without it they would not have desired liberty, nor would they have had the manhood to maintain it if it had been given them.

Wars merely for conquest, for the adjustment of a boundary so that it may show better on the map, wars for glory or retaliation, wars to bolster up a manifest injury, or to break down a nation in the behalf of sectionalism, all are enormities on the part of those who incite them. But when the assailed, in any such cases as these, rally to resist, to match force against force for the defense of all that makes the home dear or the nation secure, war becomes a struggle of exalted patriotism. It calls every true man to defend rights and possessions which are sacredly his. As each one of us would stand for his private rights, resolutely and to the death, so may a nation do, and she may call her patriotic sons to save her from her enemies by the intervention of their own lives, freely offered. Alas, for the nation in whose citizens, at such a time, the soldierly fire burns low, and the lingering shreds of patriotism are not potent enough to stimulate the flame! There can be no adjustment of

these grave difficulties which provoke the drawing of the sword, no peace which shall stand on just and honorable settlement, if there be not men with the manly martial spirit to arbitrate the final issue. The motive to which the martial spirit responds as it crowds the soldier to the front and the end which is gained through the stress of conflict may both exalt character, personal and national, and grandly aid the progress of civilization.

If the muse of history has ever recorded the story of a war which was undertaken in behalf of noble sentiment and just principle, a war which was, on the Union side, the indignant remonstrance of an outraged people, it surely was the war in which, companions, we bore our part, twenty-five years ago. None of us sought it. No man, high in position, representing the true spirit of the North, desired it. The Congressional majority deprecated it. Everything, even to the acceptance of humiliating conditions, was done to placate the enraged assailant of the National unity. What if, after long years of peace and the development of industries which war was certain to destroy, after the establishment of wide and profitable commercial relations, the school and paradise of the trader whose thought is solely for the "main chance" — what if, I say, there had been left no martial spirit in the North to be stirred by the challenge of the South — to be conscious of a swift leaping of the heart into the throat as the cannon of Charleston Harbor jarred the continent? What if we had said, "Well, there is only one way out — the South has bred soldiers while we have bred merchants and artisans and farmers; we can accomplish nothing; we can raise no armies for an abstraction; we can plow and gather harvests; we can spin and weave and sell goods; we cannot afford war; we must satisfy those fierce fighters, those skilled swordsmen — those men of daring and chivalry; we must have peace — turn out everything for peace — our tastes are all for it, our interests demand it; let us hasten to make it, before armies march this way and blood runs"? What if this

had been said all through the North, and no regiment had responded to Mr. Lincoln's first call for troops? What if the craven spirit had held us all back? Why, it would have been said of us, and justly, that such a crew of spiritless poltroons could not be found elsewhere on the face of the earth — men who, for quiet and luxury, the chance to make money and spend it for ease and show, had allowed their government to be subverted and their Nation ruptured. It was worth more than words can tell that the martial spirit had not died wholly out of Northern breasts when that crisis came. There had long been, indeed, little attention to martial matters — little thought given to the details of warlike preparation. The *practical* man of the time, the so called, the self styled practical man, considered appropriations for the army and navy money unwisely spent. The fortifications which stood at the entrance of our harbors were known to be of little account, but the public man who in 1858 had pressed for the appropriation of $50,000,000 for naval improvement and coast protection, would have dug his own political grave and been speedily buried in it. We were committed to the pursuits of peace. We saw but small use for the soldier. But the martial spirit, though obscured, was fortunately not obliterated. We come of a warlike stock. The English race, Saxon and Norman, with the blending of Celt and Teuton, is in lineal descent from men who never lacked the warrior's fire. It is a race which, busy with art and agriculture, with commerce and poetry, with law and religion, has yet kept the sword within reach, and, from the days when Cæsar's legions encountered the patriotic wrath of Gaul and Saxon, has kept somewhat of the soldier spirit. The man of war was latent in the man of peace. The old capacity to kindle with hot indignation at the sight of a monumental outrage remained. It is simply because the martial spirit was not entirely lost out of the National character that there stands today, among the families of men, *our Nation*, as it was founded and transmitted

by the fathers, only larger grown. Such a war as was waged from 1861 to 1865, while in many ways to be deplored, while afflictive because of loss of life and treasure, was full of object lessons of priceless value to the people. The great thing gained was, of course, inestimable, but the things which came with the gaining of it were also beyond price.

There was set before this people, as was in no other way possible, the value, the sacredness, the rights of the *Nation.* Our freedom tends to individualize us — to set each man, with his interest, by himself. We feel the presence of authority so little that we slide away from a living remembrance that there is over us a governmental power which we are bound to regard. We half forget that there is one grand organic whole, established by the people, which is above all individual interests and preferences. When the peril grew and the Nation called for men, it was almost as if an angel of revelation had gone over the land proclaiming a Nation! We needed a lesson on that majestic theme. That lesson was learned so that it will not soon be forgotton, its lines were written so that they will not soon be effaced, in those scenes which tried men's souls and shook the pillars of our National structure. The martial spirit became the bulwark of the Nation's life. It recognized a cause to which everything else must be subordinated. It took up the gauntlet which had been madly flung in the Nation's face, drew the sword and struck home. This was the glory of these self-surrendering struggles out of which the first Grand Army came. There was no waiting then, or prolonged debate as to whether or not the stake were worth the risk. Men felt then more than they argued. The just cause, the grandeur, the righteousness of it, moved them to the comprehensive sacrifices which they made in the spirit of the noblest chivalry. This fact will stand ever before the thought and appeal perpetually to the heart of this multiplying people, traced on every historic page, inscribed on tablets of bronze and marble, and written,

more ineffaceably, on the soul of each generation of American citizens, a lofty and solemn lesson of patriotic self surrender, even unto death. Companions, we shall leave our children no heritage more precious that that. The martial spirit furnished the power which, under God, saved the Nation. It glowed in the souls, it struck with the arms of men who gave all for the good of a future which they might never see. It wrote on high the story of what the citizen may do when his country needs him.

It is plain that only the martial spirit can be depended on to meet, in a suitable way, the aggressions of the malcontent, seditious, rebellious. Love of country, without this spirit, would have wrung its hands in helpless agony. The commercial spirit would have bought a peace. The political spirit would have hedged, temporized, and conceded. The martial spirit alone rose promptly to the occasion, and met the issue of 1861 in the only way that was open to save the land and instruct the ages.

I have said that the martial spirit is a factor in the best National life. I do not at all mean that war is the best employment for a Nation — that the seeking of pretexts for war is becoming to a Nation's leaders. The martial spirit is not necessarily shown in the prosecution of military science. Men sometimes become fine technical scholars in that science who are as destitute of the martial spirit as the cry of the blue jay is of music. Courage in the conduct of life, in the meeting of its harder conditions; patience to labor and to wait; appreciation of what is due from man to man; a proper and worthy self-respect, and a generous pride in the history and position of a Nation; a susceptibility that can be stirred to its depths by infamous assaults on righteous principles — these are elements of the martial spirit.

So long as our people retain these things as traits of their manhood, they will be the soundest, sanest, securest people under the sun. They will be soldiers in reserve. They need not the experience of camp life, nor the drilling of the martinet. The

spirit is in them of which soldiers are made, and when they are needed they will man every post, hold the front lines, push the campaigns, and win the victories.

It seemed to me, companions, that standing here tonight, with a significant centennial just behind us, and with the great and thrilling day of Nation's pathetic but proud remembrance of her dead soldiers just before us, I might appropriately ask you to go with me along the path to which I have invited you this evening. I could bring you no chapters of stirring military reminiscence. I led no charges — handled no regiments. But I had a place which it was my ambition honorably to fill. With you, I saw the uprising of a people in whom the martial spirit dwelt, and felt the majesty of its self sacrificing nobleness. There are many elements of the best National life, but we saw them all displayed. And we knew, as younger men cannot fully know, as those who stood apart, coldblooded spectators while the contest proceeded, cannot know, how the martial spirit of a peaceful people awoke, arose, subordinated all, clothed itself in thunder, and bore all things on its bosom till the day was won. May the facts which we saw and felt, and the records which we helped to make, contribute to the permanence of a martial spirit in our children which will stir and strike, if there be need of it; which will interpose for the honor and the life of the Nation, if she, again in jeopardy, shall call.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY COLONEL WM. T. SHAW.

MR. COMMANDER AND COMRADES: In this paper upon the battle of Shiloh, my endeavor will be simply to place before you such facts as can be fully and fairly substantiated by the clearest testimony furnished by the official reports of those participating in the engagement.

These reports were made, most of them, within a few days after the action, while the incidents were fresh in the minds of the parties making them. Generally these reports were intended to and did give a correct statement of the events of the day.

That there should be some discrepancies or apparent contradictions is but natural from the different standpoints from which the same action was viewed. That there should be some reports that were misleading is also true, but the misleading reports are easily detected by a careful comparative analysis of the evidence furnished by other reports which cannot be disputed.

No battle of the late War can be of more interest to an Iowa audience than the battle of Shiloh. This battle was Iowa's great battle of the Rebellion. Nearly three-fourths of Iowa's infantry regiments then in the field participated in that conflict. Of the ten thousand two hundred and fifty-one casualties in the five divisions engaged on April 6th, two thousand three hundred and eighty-one were from Iowa. Of the fifteen brigades engaged, five of them were commanded by Iowa colonels, namely: Colonel A. M. Hare, Eleventh Iowa; Colonel J. M. Tuttle, Second Iowa; Colonel M. G. Williams, Third Iowa;

Colonel J. G. Lauman, Seventh Iowa, and Colonel J. A. McDowell, Sixth Iowa. The regiments engaged were the Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth. The commanders of these regiments all made reports of the parts taken by their commands in the battle as soon after the fight as circumstances would permit, all of which are published in the official records of the War of the Rebellion, Volume X, Part First, and not one incident occurs in these reports in which Iowa has cause to blush for the conduct of her citizen soldiers.

The records of the battle of Shiloh, both Union and Confederate, embrace two hundred and twenty-nine reports of five hundred and twenty-nine pages. These official reports, published by authority of Congress, are certainly the best authority we have of the operations of both armies during the engagement, and upon these I chiefly depend for my account of the battle. These reports, while disagreeing somewhat in particulars, corroborate one another remarkably well as a whole. When properly studied out and compared with one another, they give to the careful and conscientious student of the battle an almost infallible guide to the events of the day.

The battle was fought upon the high ground bounded on the the east by the Tennessee River and Locust Grove Creek (a tributary of Lick Creek); on the west and southwest by Owl Creek and its eastern tributary; on the south by wooded country, south of General Prentiss' camp, and on the north by a line running west from Pittsburg Landing to Owl Creek. The battle field extended perhaps two miles north and south, and three east and west, and it was dotted with small farms or clearings, and was cut up with ravines, some of them deep and precipitous.

The principal roads running through the battlefield were the Hamburg and Savannah or river road, going from Hamburg to Savannah and crossing Snake Creek near its junction with Owl

Creek. The Hamburg and Purdy road branches off from the Hamburg and Savannah road about one mile from the crossing of Lick Creek, and runs westerly, crossing Owl Creek at the junction of its east branch, or Shiloh Creek. The Pittsburg and Corinth road, starting from Pittsburg, goes southwesterly about one mile, where it forks, one road going nearly south, which is called the Ridge or East Corinth road, the other branch runs southwesterly past Shiloh Church. These roads are about one mile apart at Shiloh Church, and run nearly parallel till they strike the Bark road from Hamburg to Corinth.

It may be proper here to state that Thom's official map of the battlefield does not give the names of all of these roads and creeks, or give their position with any degree of accuracy. The best map of the battlefield I have seen is the map of General Buell in his article on the battle of Shiloh in the *Century Magazine* of March, 1886, and which is perhaps more easily obtained than the official map. In the official reports of the battle, both Union and Confederate officers speak of the eastern tributary of Owl Creek, now called Shiloh or Rear Creek, as Owl Creek. The Confederate officers also generally, in speaking of the East Corinth road, call it the Bark road, and of Locust Grove Creek, call it Lick Creek.

The Union forces at the commencement of the action were located as follows: The Sixth Division (General Prentiss commanding), then in process of organization, having but seven regiments present, viz.: Twenty-fifth Missouri, Twenty-first Missouri, Twelfth Michigan and Sixteenth Wisconsin; these four regiments constituted the First Brigade, under Colonel Peabody (Twenty-fifth Missouri); the Eighteenth Missouri and Sixty-first Illinois, under Colonel Miller (Eighteenth Missouri); and Eighteenth Wisconsin, unassigned. These troops were located across the East Corinth road, from three-fourths to one mile in advance of Shiloh Church, and in advance of all other troops.

General Johnson, the Confederate commander, who was well informed as to the position of the Union forces, says in Special Orders No. 8, Headquarters of the Army of the Mississippi, April 3, 1862 (pp. 392-3):

"1. It is assumed that the enemy is in position about one mile in advance of Shiloh Church, with his right resting on Owl Creek, and his left on Lick Creek."

This gives very exactly the position of General Prentiss' division.

Three regiments of Peabody's brigade were on the west side of the Corinth road, and one (Sixteenth Wisconsin) on the east side. The other three regiments and two batteries (Fifth Ohio and First Minnesota) were to the east of Peabody's brigade.

Three brigades of the Fifth Division (General Sherman commanding) were located on the east branch of Owl Creek, their left resting near Shiloh Church. One brigade, under Colonel David Stewart (Fifty-fifth Illinois), was posted on the extreme left of the army.

The Fourth Division (General Hurlburt commanding) was located about one mile in the rear of General Prentiss, and the same distance to the left and rear of Sherman.

The Second Division (W. H. L. Wallace commanding) was camped about the landing.

The First Division (McClernand commanding) was strung along from near Sherman's left toward the right of the Second Division.

All these divisions were camped more for convenience of camping grounds than with regard to any defensive position or plan of concentration in case of an attack. In fact, there was not the slightest expectation or preparation for an attack by the commanding general or any one of his subordinates.

At daylight, April 6, 1862, the entire Federal army, with the exception of a few pickets, were quietly sleeping in their tents, and the commanding general was eight miles off, at

Savannah, while forty thousand of the enemy had been resting for fifteen hours in the line of battle within two miles of their advance camps.

With these explanatory remarks, we may now enter upon the details of the action.

It will be understood that where the page is given in referring to reports, I refer to Volume X, Part First, Records of the War of the Rebellion.

The following memorandum will sufficiently indicate the Confederate plan of attack. Page 397 we find the following:

"ADDENDUM B.

"Memorandum for the commanders of corps and of the reserves.

"2. In the approaching battle, every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy, so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River, and throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be compelled to surrender.

"THOS. JORDAN, By command of
"Assistant Adjutant General. GEN. A. S. JOHNSON."

In accord with this plan of battle, General Johnson had his army drawn up directly across the East Corinth road in two lines, supported by heavy reserves, about one and a fourth miles in front of Prentiss, ready to move at daylight, Sunday morning, April 6, 1862.

The order of battle was as follows: First line (General W. J. Hardee commanding), with Gladden's brigade of Withers' division on the right; Hindman's brigade next under the command of Shaver; Wood's brigade next, and Cleburne's brigade on the left. General Hindman was in command of his own and Wood's brigades, the whole line under command of Hardee. The second line was composed of Chalmer's brigade on the right, and next Jackson. These two brigades were under command of Withers; next to Jackson, Colonel Gibson's brigade, next Anderson's brigade, and on the left Pond's brigade. The

three brigades were under command of General Ruggles. These five brigades constituted the second line under command of General Bragg. The corps under Hardee and Bragg contained about twenty thousand infantry, eleven batteries of artillery, and a small number of cavalry, supported by Polk's corps, with Breckenridge's corps in reserve. General Prentiss had altogether present between four and five thousand infantry and two batteries.

While the Rebel lines were waiting for the order to advance, General Prentiss' pickets discovered their skirmish line under Major Hardcastle, and fired upon them about five a. m. This time seems to be well settled by the reports of the Confederate officers.

General Beauregard, in his report, page 386, says :

"At five a. m., the 6th, a reconnoitering party of the enemy became engaged with our advance pickets, when the commander of the forces gave orders to begin the advance."

General Hardee says, page 568 :

"The order was given to advance at daylight on Sunday, April 6th. At early dawn the enemy attacked the skirmishers in front of my line under Major Hardcastle. My command advanced, and in half an hour the battle became fierce."

General Bragg says, page 464--5 :

"The enemy did not give us time to discuss the question of attack, but soon after dawn commenced a rapid musketry fire upon our pickets. The order was immediately given by our commanding general, and our lines advanced."

Colonel William Preston, aide-de-camp to General Johnson, says, page 403 :

"Between dawn and sunrise, skirmishing was heard in advance. General Johnson rode forward, when he found the action commenced by Hindman's brigade, which was suffering under a heavy fire. There were many dead and wounded. Passing to the left, General Johnson, from a large field in front,

reconnoitered the position of the enemy. Through this field Cleburne's brigade attacked the camp of the enemy. It was carried between seven and eight a. m. The camp was occupied, as I learn from the wounded and dying, by troops from Wisconsin."

This camp must have been the Sixteenth Wisconsin, as there were no other Wisconsin troops at the battle of Shiloh, excepting the Eighteenth Wisconsin, which was on Prentiss' extreme left, and its camp was taken by General Chalmers, who was on the extreme right of the Rebel line. The Sixteenth Wisconsin was on the left of Peabody's brigade and on the East Corinth road, and Cleburne's brigade was on the left of Hardee's line. From these reports it would seem well established that the first firing commenced between five and six o'clock Sunday morning, in front of Prentiss. Colonel Moore and Lieutenant-Colonel Woodyard, who were the first to go to the support of our pickets, corroborate these statements of the Confederate commanders.

Colonel Moore (Twenty-first Missouri), having been notified that our pickets had been attacked, went to their support with five companies of his regiment. Meeting the retreating pickets a short distance from camp, he learned from them that the enemy was in heavy force, and sent for the other five companies of his regiment. Having been joined by these companies and the pickets, he was fired upon by the enemy and wounded, when the command devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Woodyard.

Colonel Woodyard, holding this position a short time, was forced by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy to fall back toward his camp. Having been joined by four companies of the Sixteenth Wisconsin, he made another stand and held the enemy for some time. The enemy, being unable to dislodge him from the front, again flanked him, forcing him to fall back to a hill in front of Peabody's encampment. Here, being reinforced by the Twenty-fifth Missouri, under Colonel Peabody, a

very determined stand was made, repulsing several attacks of Cleburne's brigade with great slaughter, but Cleburne having been reinforced by Anderson's brigade of Bragg's line, they were again forced to retire toward their center, where Prentiss had drawn up the balance of Peabody's brigade, and the regiments on his left, and was already contesting the ground with Wood's, Hindman's and Gladden's brigades, supported on their right by Chalmers' brigade of Withers' division of the second line. It was now nearly eight o'clock a. m. Cleburne, having rallied the remnants of his brigade, and supported by Anderson's brigade, pressed Peabody's right through the camps of the Twenty-fifth Missouri, Twenty-first Missouri, and Twelfth Michigan, into the camp of the Sixteenth Wisconsin.

In this attack the Rebels suffered heavily from Prentiss' artillery, which was well posted (under the direction of Captain Hickenlooper, Prentiss' chief of artillery) on the high ground commanding the Rebel advance. Here the artillery held its ground till its infantry supports were driven back, and the Fifth Ohio battery lost four guns, and the First Minnesota probably a portion of its guns, as no more mention is made of it during the two days' fight. In the meantime, Wood, Gladden and Hindman were pressing Prentiss' left and center, and Chalmers' brigade swung around on the left of Prentiss and attacked the Eighteenth Wisconsin in flank, when Prentiss was forced to give the order to fall back, "Take to the trees and hold them as long as you can, boys." How well General Prentiss, with four thousand men and twelve pieces of artillery, contested the ground from the first attack on Moore at six a. m., till he yielded his camps at about half past eight, against twenty thousand infantry and fifty pieces of artillery, we will let the enemy himself tell.

General Hardee, who commanded the Confederate advance, and whose four brigades were formed in the following order: Gladden's on the right; Hindman's, right center; Wood's, left center, and Cleburne on the left, says (p. 568):

"Hindman's brigade engaged the enemy with great vigor, while Gladden's brigade on the right, about eight a. m., dashed into the encampment of Prentiss' division. At the same time Celburne's brigade rushed forward under a terrific fire from the serried ranks drawn up in front of their camps. Deadly volleys were poured upon the men as they advanced from behind bales of hay, logs, and other defences. After a series of desperate charges, the brigade was compelled to fall back."

General Cleburne, speaking of his part of the field, says (p. 581):

"My brigade was soon on the verge of the encampment, and the battle began in earnest. The Sixth Mississippi and the Twenty-third Tennessee charged through the encampment of the enemy. Under the terrific fire much confusion followed, and a quick and bloody repulse was the consequence. The Twenty-third Tennessee was with difficulty rallied about one hundred yards in the rear. Again and again the Sixth Mississippi, unaided, charged the enemy's line, and it was only when the regiment had lost three hundred officers and men out of an aggregate of four hundred and twenty-five, that it yielded and retired in disorder over its own dead and dying."

Cleburne's left, supported by Anderson's brigade of the second line, after having been several times repulsed with great slaughter, finally drove in Peabody's right.

Colonel D. W. Adams, who succeeded to the command of the brigade of General Gladden, who was mortally wounded in an action, says (pp. 536–7):

"Finding that the enemy were then pouring a most destructive fire upon us, I ordered a rapid advance to force them from their cover and position, but as we advanced the fire became so very severe that I found the whole brigade began to falter and fall back. Fearing the worst consequences, I seized the battle flag, placed myself in front of the brigade, and called on them to follow me, which they did with great alacrity, and leading

them close to the enemy's line, I ordered a charge which was promptly and effectively executed. Following them, we took possession of the encampment and of General Prentiss' headquarters."

The reports of Wood, Shaver, and Anderson show equally severe fighting before Prentiss was driven from his position. These repeated and terrible onslaughts upon General Prentiss by an enemy outnumbering him five to one in both infantry and artillery, had so cut up and demoralized his command that it no longer existed as a division, brigade, or regiment.

The loss in field officers in this division was fearful. The Twenty-fifth Missouri had its colonel and major killed. The Twenty-first Missouri, its colonel severely wounded and major killed. The Sixteenth Wisconsin, a lieutenant-colonel wounded. Other regiments not having reported, I am unable to say what their losses were, but it is sufficient to say that the command was totally disorganized from its great loss in officers and men.

But General Prentiss, who was essentially a fighting man, rallied the fragments of a portion of his regiments behind Hurlburt's supporting column, and there being reinforced by the Twenty-third Missouri, which had landed from their boat that morning, he took position in the gap between the right of Hurlburt and the left of W. H. L. Wallace's division, and maintained most gallantly his position on the left of what was known as the "Hornet's Nest," till surrounded and forced to surrender at five p. m., with about two hundred and fifty of those men who had made so grand a stand in the morning. Prentiss' division having been driven from its position, Gladden's brigade advanced through General Prentiss' headquarters until he came within range of Hurlburt's division and halted. Hardee, with Shaver's, Cleburne's and Wood's brigades, and Anderson's brigade of the second line, wheeled to the left and advanced directly upon Sherman's and McClernand's left flank.

Sherman's division at this time was formed along the east branch of Owl Creek, facing southwest, Hildebrand's brigade on the left, Buckland's in the center, and McDowell's on the right.

McClernand's division was to the rear of Sherman, his Third Brigade in the rear of Hildebrand on the east side of the Shiloh branch of the Corinth road, his two other brigades to the west and north of said road.

We now come to that part of the history of the battle which seems almost incredible, were it not sustained by the clearest and most undeniable testimony. Although one of the fiercest conflicts that had ever occurred on the continent of America had been in progress for over two hours between twenty thousand infantry and over fifty pieces of artillery, a conflict that had notified Generals Grant, Buell and Nelson, ten miles away at Savannah, that a great battle was in progress, and induced them to make every effort to proceed to the scene of action, yet our division commanders, who were within rifleshot of the battlefield, seemed to be totally unconscious of what was going on. To be sure, the brigade and regimental commanders had generally formed their men on their color lines, and General Sherman, who was the nearest the scene of action, had mounted and with his staff rode along his left front, where he was fired into by the enemy's skirmishers, but still did not seem to apprehend anything unusual. But as he himself states on page 249 :

"About eight a. m. (it was probably half past eight) I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front in the woods beyond the small stream alluded to, and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack upon our whole camp."

These "heavy masses of infantry" were Hardee's two brigades, under Shaver and Wood, and Anderson's brigade of Bragg's corps, who, after assisting in driving Prentiss from his

camp, wheeled to the left and moved directly upon Sherman's left flank. General McClernand, who was next to Sherman, says, page 115:

"Before my cavalry had reached General Sherman's camp, his was seen retiring to the rear of his line, which was now being formed nearly parrallel with and within a short distance of the left of my camp. Hastening forward, General Sherman informed me that the enemy had attacked him in force and that he desired support. * * * Before my left, consisting of the Third Brigade, could form for the support of General Sherman, the enemy had pierced General Prentiss' line, * * * and rapidly forcing back General Sherman's left wing, was firing upon my left, with a mass five regiments deep."

Here we find one division commander next the scene of action who "became satisfied for the *first time* that the enemy designed a determined attack," after the contest had been going on for over two hours, and one whole division had been driven from the field, and the forces that had driven them back had appeared on his left flank. And another division commander, when called on for support still later, found his nearest brigade still in their tents, and before they "could form" the enemy "was pressing upon them five regiments deep."

In view of the facts as to the attack on General Prentiss, as before stated, in what light can we view the following extract from General Sherman's report? Page 249 he says:

"The battle began by the enemy opening a battery in the woods to our front and throwing shells into our camp. Taylor's and Waterhouse's batteries promptly responded, and I then observed heavy battalions of infantry passing obliquely to the left across the open field in Appler's front; also other columns advancing directly upon my division. Our infantry and artillery opened along the whole line, and the battle became general. Other heavy masses of the enemy's forces kept passing to our left and directing their course on General Prentiss.

I saw at once that the enemy designed to pass my left flank and fall upon Generals McClernand and Prentiss, whose line of camps was almost parallel with the Tennessee River and two miles back from it. Very soon the sound of musketry and artillery announced that General Prentiss was engaged, and about nine a. m. I judged he was falling back."

It seems almost impossible that so many mistakes could be made in the same number of lines as in the above quotation. General Sherman says the battle began on his front after eight a. m. It has already been shown beyond question that the battle began in front of Prentiss at about six a. m. He also says that heavy masses of troops passed to his left, directing their course upon General Prentiss. It has also already been shown that the forces attacking General Sherman came directly *from* Prentiss' camp and fell upon Sherman's and McClernand's left flanks.

General Sherman says he saw at once the enemy designed to pass his left flank and fall upon Generals McClernand and Prentiss. This would seem to indicate a total want of knowledge of the location of McClernand's and Prentiss' divisions. As General Sherman's division was directly between McClernand and Prentiss, the enemy, in passing his left flank to attack McClernand, would have to go directly north, and to strike Prentiss would have to go about south. In fact, there is not a single report, either Union or Confederate, which corroborates any part of the above quotation.

I have thought proper to make the above criticism of General Sherman's report on account of his subsequent great services and distinction as a soldier, which has caused his report, every part of which is equally misleading, to give tone and direction to almost every account of the battle since written.

To return to the battle. General Johnson, after the defeat of Prentiss, having reconnoitered the Union left from the camp of the Sixteenth Wisconsin, ordered two brigades of Withers'

division to the right across Locust Grove Creek. These two brigades, Chalmers' and Jackson's, formed on the high bluff in front of Stuart's camp. General Johnson, bringing up the brigades of Statham and Bowen, of the reserve corps, under Breckenridge, advanced them against Hurlburt's left. The brigades of Gladden and Gibson were moved against Hurlburt's right and the fragments under General Prentiss. In the meantime, Polk with his own corps, and Trabue's brigade of Breckenridge's division, and the brigade of Cleburne, moved down between the east and west Corinth road to the support of Hardee and Bragg's left. Hardee, as already stated, with Anderson's brigade of the second line, fell directly upon Sherman's and McClernand's left, striking Sherman's left brigade under Hildebrandt in flank. It was soon forced back toward McClernand's third brigade, which was forming to support Sherman. These two brigades were able to check the enemy long enough to enable Sherman to withdraw Buckland and McDowell to the Purdy and Hamburg road, thus preventing them from being cut off from the rest of the army. Buckland arriving at the Purdy road, the fleeing masses of men and artillery from the left rushing through his lines, Colonel Cockerill was separated from the other two regiments, and Colonel Buckland says in his report:

"Colonel Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, but with very poor success. They had become scattered in all directions."

At this time, perhaps half past nine a. m., two of Sherman's brigades had vanished from the field. His first brigade, Colonel McDowell commanding, had not been engaged, and retained its organization for a while, when the Fortieth Illinois, Colonel Hicks commanding, was ordered to another part of the field. Colonel Hicks having made no report, I am unable to say what became of his regiment. The Sixth Iowa and Forty-sixth Ohio were moved to the left and connected with McClernand's right

—former left. McClernand had by this time brought his first and second brigades to the left of his third brigade, thus changing his front and facing nearly south.

General W. H. L. Wallace, who commanded the second division, and was camped near Pittsburg Landing, had sent under McArthur, commanding the Second Brigade, the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois of his own brigade, and the Fifteenth Illinois of Sweeney's brigade, to the right of Stuart. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth Missouri, and Eighty-first Ohio, second brigade, were sent to the right to support McClernand. His first brigade, under Colonel Tuttle, and the third brigade were moved out on the Corinth road and formed at about right angles with McClernand's line, nearly one mile in the rear of Shiloh Church, Sherman's center. These two brigades faced about southwest. General Hurlburt, commanding the Fourth Division, had sent Colonel Veatch's brigade to the support of Sherman, and moved his other two brigades to the left and front to support Prentiss, but meeting Prentiss' troops fleeing to the rear, he immediately formed line of battle, his left somewhat advanced. His right did not connect with Tuttle's brigade, but was about four hundred yards to the left and front of him.

McArthur's three regiments were placed somewhere between Hurlburt and Stuart. Prentiss had already formed the fragments of his command on the right of Hurlburt. Stuart was on the extreme left of the Union line, and somewhat in advance of Hurlburt and McArthur. This was the position of the Union forces at about ten a. m., and for the first time we had the semblance of a line of battle, although it faced to every point in the compass, and its wings extended nearly a mile in advance of its center, with several large openings between the different commands. The conflict now became general along our whole line.

Hardee and Ruggles, supported by Polk, pushed their victorious columns against our right, under Sherman and McClernand, which, from improper handling, although stubbornly

contending for every foot of ground, were gradually forced back, not, however, without inflicting great loss upon the enemy and suffering heavily in return. Sometimes regimental commanders, rallying their men, would force the enemy to retire, but, unable to hold the ground gained, would soon have to retreat, finding themselves at each repulse still further in the rear, with continually diminishing numbers; so, that with all their reinforcements, it is doubtful if our right contained as many troops at twelve m. as Sherman's and McClernand's divisions contained at the opening of the fight.

Owing to the confusion and mixed condition of the various commands on this part of the field, it is impossible to give a detailed account of the operations of our right, but the statement of General McClernand that he took up his eighth position at about four p. m. explains the whole subject. It means that he had been continuously changing from one position to another, and that no regular line was formed during the day excepting such as were formed by brigade and regimental commanders. It is a great wonder that they were able to maintain their ground as long and as well as they did.

No part of the field of Shiloh shows more tenacious and obstinate fighting than our right, and but from the fact that they were thrown into confusion by the unexpected attack on Sherman's and McClernand's left, thus to a greater or less extent demoralizing the balance of their commands, it is more than probable that the Purdy road would have been the limit of the advance of the Confederate left.

It was was different with our left. The Union commanders on that part of the field, more fully comprehending the state of affairs, moved deliberately to the front till, coming in sight of the enemy, they selected their ground and awaited his attack.

Stewart, on the extreme left, formed his line of battle early, but after one or two changes took up a good position one-fourth of a mile in rear of his camps.

Hurlburt, moving up to the support of Prentiss with two brigades (Lauman's and Williams'), meeting Prentiss' troops fleeing to the rear, immediately formed line of battle in a good position and was ready to receive the enemy. Tuttle, commanding First Brigade, Second Division, moving out on the Corinth road, had ample time to select his position and form his lines before the enemy attacked him. The fight at this time, about ten a. m., had fairly opened on the left.

The commander of the Confederate army, leaving the balance of the field to his subordinates, in accordance with his plan of battle determined to drive back our left and force it away from the river on to Owl Creek, where he hoped to capture or destroy our whole army. Directing General Withers to push Chalmers and Jackson against Stuart and McArthur, he took command of Bowen's brigade in person, with orders to Statham and Adams to move forward against Hurlburt's right under Lauman. He drove Bowen directly against Hurlburt's left, forcing it back about one hundred yards. Here, Hurlburt taking a strong position, the fight continued two hours. The Confederate forces, acting under the stimulus of fighting under the immediate personal leadership of the commanding general of the army, and understanding the prize for which they fought, the destruction or capture of the Union army, advanced again and again against Hurlburt's whole front, only to be hurled back with heavy loss by its deadly fire. Seeing his lines repulsed at every advance with greatly thinned ranks, General Johnson, placing himself at the head of Bowen's brigade, charged directly against Hurlburt's left flank, driving it back, but he paid dearly for his success. Johnson fell mortally wounded, and died at half past two p. m. In the meantime, General Withers had vigorously attacked Stuart and McArthur and, after a series of severe conflicts, by reason of his greatly superior numbers, at about three p. m., forced Stuart to fall back to the landing, thus exposing Hurlburt's left flank.

General Lauman, whose command had inflicted such fearful losses upon the enemy that he declined to advance upon him again, was now moved to the left to meet Jackson and Chalmers, who were about to attack Hurlburt in the flank. Hurlburt here continued the conflict till about four p. m., when his whole line gave way, and he fell back in support of the artillery posted above the landing. Prentiss, who had been joined by the Twenty-third Missouri about noon, and who was formed on the right of Lauman, found his left flank unprotected, and gradually making a backward wheel on his right, at the same time falling back toward the center, soon found himself facing to the rear of his original line and heavily attacked by the advancing Confederate forces. Prentiss, contesting the ground foot by foot, was pressed toward the rear of Tuttle's brigade, where after a short stand, being pressed on both flanks and in front, his lines broke and attempted to save themselves as best they could, some going one way and some another, but the Rebel lines had closed around them. Polk, advancing from our right, had connected with Bragg, who, after the fall of Johnson, commanded opposite our left.

Having traced — imperfectly, I admit — the operations of the wings of our army, I return to its center, Tuttle and Sweeny's brigades of W. H. L. Wallace's division. Sweeny, on the right, who was more or less connected with McClernand's division, held his position till about four p. m., when McClernand's division gave way, taking with them what remained of Sweeny's brigade except the Fifty-eighth Illinois and the Eighth Iowa, which had been moved to the left of Tuttle's brigade. Tuttle's brigade, getting into position about ten a. m., formed a line of battle with its right resting on the west Corinth road and its left extending along an old unused road in a southeasterly direction. A large clearing or field was in front of its right, and its left extended into the timber beyond the east Corinth road. In this position they were attacked by General Cheatham, a

battery of artillery playing upon them from the right. Cheatham was soon repulsed and moved to our left. Bragg then brought up Hindman's command and moved Shaver's brigade through the timber against Tuttle's left. Shaver was soon repulsed. After several efforts to drive Tuttle from his position, without avail, Bragg withdrew Hindman's command and brought up Gibson's brigade and threw him against Tuttle's left and Eighth Iowa, now on our left. After four different charges on the Twelfth, Fourteenth and Eighth Iowa, Gibson was forced to withdraw with heavy loss.

General Bragg, in speaking of these attacks, says:

"Here we met the most obstinate resistance of the day, the enemy being strongly posted with infantry and artillery on an eminence immediately behind a dense thicket. Hindman's command gallantly led to the attack, but recoiled under a murderous fire. The command soon returned to its work, but was unequal to the task. Leaving them to hold their position, I moved further to the right, brought up the First Brigade (Gibson's) of Ruggles' division, and threw them on the same point."

Colonel Gibson says:

"The brigade moved forward in fine style. * * * On the left a battery opened that raked our flank, while a steady fire of musketry extended along our entire front. Under this continued fire our line was broken and the troops fell back, but they soon returned and advanced to the contest. Four times the position was charged, and four times the assault proved unavailing."

I should have before stated that Welker had placed a section of his battery in the east Corinth road about the center of the Twelfth Iowa, and a section of the First Minnesota was placed in the center of the Fourteenth Iowa, whose very effective fire assisted greatly in defending our position. General Bragg finally withdrew Gibson about three p. m. At this time Colonel

Geddes (Eighth Iowa), who had suffered very heavily, withdrew to the left and rear. Our front, however, was clear of the enemy's infantry, but we were still under a heavy fire of artillery, which did but little damage, as they shot too high. Up to this time Tuttle's brigade had suffered very little loss. Soon, however, McClernand having fallen back across Tillman Creek, the enemy, under Anderson, and the Crescent regiment of Pond's brigade advanced upon our right and left. The Fifty-eighth Illinois and Tuttle's right easily repulsed the enemy on our right, but Anderson moving his brigade to our left, supported by several batteries, made a very determined attack. He was repulsed with heavy loss. After McClernand had fallen back, Polk wheeled the Rebel left upon our center, and Bragg, driving Hurlburt toward our center and rear, followed closely after him and attacked Prentiss, who had faced to the left rear. Tuttle, seeing himself about to be surrounded, commenced moving from the position which he had so tenaciously held from morning to this time, about half past four p. m. Moving his right two regiments to the rear, and sending orders to the Twelfth and Fourteenth to follow, he passed between the closing lines of Polk and Bragg with the Second and Seventh Iowa, suffering heavily by the Rebel fire on both flanks.

In this fire, General Wallace, who was at the head of the column, was mortally wounded. Tuttle, having passed the Rebel lines, reformed his lines, and, being joined by Colonel Crocker (Thirteenth Iowa), with his regiment, held the enemy in check for some time, when he fell back to our line, then forming in support of our heavy artillery. The Twelfth and Fourteenth, not receiving the order to fall back in time, found themselves completely surrounded by the junction of the Confederate right and left wings in their rear. Here, after contesting the ground more than an hour, they, together with the Eighth Iowa and Fifty-eighth Illinois and what remained of Prentiss' command, were captured between five and six p. m.

This virtually closed the battle for the day, although there was a feeble attempt by a part of Bragg's command to storm our batteries at the landing, but night had come and the Confederate forces were withdrawn.

The Rebel forces, in their attack on our center, by moving on it with their flanks, had captured about fifteen hundred men, but in capturing them they had lost one and a half hours time, time to the Union forces invaluable, enabling them to reform to protect the landing and prevent the destruction of our whole army, for had the center given way when our right and left wings did under McClernand and Hurlburt, there was nothing to prevent the Confederate forces from marching directly to the river. The number of men captured did not exceed fifteen hundred, composed of the following commands: Eighteenth Missouri, sixty-five; Twenty-first Missouri, forty-six; Twenty-third Missouri, three hundred and thirty; Eighteenth Wisconsin, one hundred and six; Twelfth Michigan, sixty; total, six hundred and seven (these men belonged to Prentiss' command); Eighth Iowa, two hundred; Twelfth Iowa, three hundred and forty; Fourteenth Iowa, two hundred and twenty-five; Fifty-eighth Illinois, one hundred and eighty-six; total, nine hundred and fifty-one (these were W. H. L. Wallace's men). This probably exceeds the number by one hundred and sixty, as it is taken from a list furnished by the different commands to draw rations from the next morning, and from their anxiety to get as much as possible they no doubt reported their number somewhat larger than it really was.

I am aware that General Prentiss reports the number captured at two thousand two hundred, leaving the reader to infer that they belonged to his command, but as General Prentiss was taken directly to General Beauregard he had no means of knowing the exact number captured. But I was with the men, and the next morning I had each command make a return to me, as ranking officer among the prisoners, of their numbers, which

I gave to Lieutenant Dorr, quartermaster Twelfth Iowa, to draw rations from.

The Rebel officers also report the number from two thousand to three thousand. This estimate they no doubt had received from General Prentiss, and together with their natural inclination to magnify the importance of the capture will account for their estimate. By referring to page 105 it will be seen that the total of captured and missing of the five divisions in both days fighting was two thousand eight hundred and thirty. Of this number it would be a low estimate to say one fourth were among the missing, not captured, and the balance can be accounted for by those captured from other commands than those of Prentiss and Wallace.

There is another matter that perhaps attention should be called to. General Grant, in his article in the *Century Magazine*, speaks of the great number of the enemy's dead in front of Sherman's lines. Colonel Buckland, commanding Sherman's center brigade, mentions the same matter in the following extract, page 267:

"The enemy's loss was very heavy in front of this brigade. Eighty-five bodies of the enemy were counted along and at the foot of the ravine flanked by the Seventy-second Regiment, among which was the body of Colonel Mouton, of the Eighteenth Louisana Regiment. * * * Large numbers of dead bodies were found on the enemy's line opposite our front, to the left of the Eighty-fifth, in the ravine. I think I may safely put the number killed by my brigade in that action at two hundred."

This was in Sherman's first action in the morning. Let us see how this agrees with the Confederate description of that part of the fight.

By referring to the Rebel order of battle, it will be seen that Pond's brigade was on the left of their line, and consequently opposite our right. The Crescent Regiment and Thirty-eighth

Tennessee, Colonel Loony commanding, were sent to the left to guard the Owl Creek road to prevent their forces being flanked in their attack on Prentiss.

Marshall J. Smith, commanding the Crescent Regiment, says, page 522–3:

"In obedience to your order, on the morning of the 6th, I took position, with my regiment, on the right of Colonel Loony's Thirty-eighth Tennessee Regiment, the left of the latter resting on Owl Creek, to guard the road leading to the enemy's camp and to prevent their turning our left, supported by two pieces from Ketchum's Battery. We remained in this position till about half past one p. m. when we received orders, through Colonel Beard, aide to General Bragg, to come to the front."

It certainly could not have been any of Smith's or Loony's men that were killed, yet they were undoubtedly in front of Sherman's in the morning.

Colonel Mouton (Eighteenth Louisiana), who was next on the right of Smith, says, page 521:

"Early on the 6th I was ordered to take position facing the enemy in an eligible position and await the arrival of the balance of the brigade. I advanced opposite to the enemy's camp and halted on a field about four hundred yards distant therefrom. My skirmishers ascended the slope of the hill and exchanged shots with the enemy for about fifteen minutes, when the latter withdrew. I then pushed forward and perceived about five hundred of the enemy in retreat." (This undoubtedly was the first attack on Appler.) "Anxious to intercept them, I rushed on at double quick, but, unfortunately, our troops on the right mistook us for the enemy, owing, I presume, to the blue uniforms of a large number of my men, and opened on us with cannon and musketry. * * * Thence we moved onward to a deep ravine under cover from the enemy's shells, notwithstanding. Company F had one private killed and another wounded."

Here we find Colonel Mouton (Eighteenth Louisiana), whom Colonel Buckland reports having been killed with eighty-five of his men, reports that he lost one man killed and one wounded, and says nothing about himself being killed. And yet all the fighting done in front of Appler and Buckland was undoubtedly done by Pond's brigade. Major Gober, commanding the regiment (Sixteenth Louisiana) next to the right of Mouton, says, page 520:

"The participation of the regiment in the action of the 6th, though it was frequently exposed to the fire of the enemy during the morning and was subjected to occasional losses in consequence of its exposure, was not, perhaps, sufficiently important to justify a special notice of its movements till in the afternoon."

Now if we follow the reports of the Confederate commanders, we shall see that no other troops could have been in front of Buckland and McDowell in their first position in the morning than Pond's brigade, and none of his regiments claim to have received any loss till after noon. The question will naturally be asked: "Were the dead bodies here, or did General Grant and Colonel Buckland create them out of their own imagination?" The question is easily answered. This portion of the battlefield was General Beauregard's headquarters on Sunday night. It was near a church, a suitable place for burial. The dead from all parts of the field had been collected there, either for burial or identification by their friends, many of the regiments having been raised in the adjoining neighborhood in Mississippi and Tennessee. I myself passed over the ground Sunday about dusk and saw them bringing the bodies in from all directions and laying them side by side, heads all one way. I recollect one row in particular that must have had more than fifty in it side by side, shoulders touching, their faces turned directly toward us as we marched along the road, and I have no doubt there are five hundred men now living who will recollect the same sight. Again, the question will be asked:

"Did Sherman make no fight on his first line?" I say he did not of any consequence. There is nothing in the Confederate reports to indicate that he did. McDowell does not claim that he was to any extent engaged. Colonel Buckland claims to have held his ground for two hours, but time is very uncertain and deceiving, especially the first time a command is under fire, and his own report would seem to contradict his statement that it was two hours. It is generally admitted that Sherman's left gave way at the first attack.

Colonel Raith (Forty-third Illinois), which was the second regiment from McClernand's left, and the first regiment to form and about the first to receive the enemy's attack after Sherman while forming to receive the enemy, says, page 143:

"At this time large numbers of our own troops belonging to the divisions (Sherman's and Prentiss') hitherto in front of us retired through our lines. * * * Being here compelled to give way by the enemy passing beyond our right and left flanks."

Now, admitting that Hildebrand gave way soon after he was attacked, ten minutes would have been ample time for his fleeing troops to reach the Purdy road, less than one-fourth of a mile to the rear.

Colonel Buckland says, page 267:

"We formed line again on the Purdy road, but the fleeing masses from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd."

Thus we see that Buckland must have fallen back about the same time that Hildebrand did, or before, as his men were on the Purdy road when Hildebrand's fleeing troops reached there.

CHAMPION'S HILL.

BY SERGEANT CHARLES L. LONGLEY.

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS: This subject has been selected simply because Champion's Hill was *the* battle of the regiment in which my lot was cast in the sense that it was the summit, the climax, the fiery crater, of our actual experience. It transpired on Saturday, May 16, 1863. General Grant had thirty-two thousand men near at hand and General Pemberton, twenty-three thousand; but the fight was practically between Stephenson's and Bowen's divisions, with seventeen thousand combatants on one side, and Hovey, Logan and Crocker, with not exceeding fifteen thousand men, on the other — the former standing upon the defensive in a familiar and favorable position, while the latter attacked over rough and uneven ground. The Confederate losses were three thousand, eight hundred and thirty-nine — two thousand of whom were captured, while Grant's casualities aggregated two thousand, four hundred and eight — all but one hundred and seventy-four of them being killed and wounded. Of these, one thousand, two hundred and two, or almost exactly half the total loss, fell out of the ranks of Hovey's division; and two hundred and one of them, or very nearly fifty per cent of the men in line in its nine companies present that day, belonged to the Twenty-fourth Iowa.

Even though commensurate importance has not usually been attached thereto, Champion's Hill has yet a proud place in the history of the War, as well as in the memory of the participants — being, according to the Count of Paris and other authorities, the most complete defeat sustained by the Confed-

eracy in the field from the commencement of the War up to that time, and far more potent in its results than any of the great hecatombs of the East, from Fair Oaks to Chancellorsville.

But it is not of the battle as a military success, nor as a historical event, that I shall try briefly to speak. Any individual view of such a struggle is necessarily very limited, and each of you will prefer to scan history for himself.

However, the mind of every participant in a hotly contested and deathdealing battle must, I think, hold a picture of its own — a picture taken under the sublimated light of intense excitement, and then softened by passing years into a strangely remote and yet vivid memory, almost as of some former state of existence. Upon such a canvas there can be no time table, no points of the compass, and no scale of distances. But it is such a one that I am to present to you, hoping that, while few of the incidents or impressions will be definitely remembered, the general effect may be familiar. And, as introductory, let me read you a part of a letter dated on the Vicksburg & Jackson Railroad, two miles from Bolton Station, Friday, May 15, 1863. It was written on paper and enclosed in an envelope borrowed from a Port Gibson business man, bearing his printed card, and runs as follows:

"*Dear Mother*,—I have been silent longer than I could wish, but have not been idle. Received two letters from you night before last, and read them by firelight at ten p. m. * * * Our forces have been in Jackson since five p. m. yesterday. Our division was in line of battle all the forenoon the day before, skirmishing and firing artillery while other divisions were making all speed for Jackson. We left our mock battleground just after noon and went several miles toward Jackson on quick time, and then camped in a cornfield — and, oh, how it rained! We lay all night between the corn rows, and I don't think I ever slept more soundly in my life. *Reveille* came at

three o'clock, and we started at daybreak and marched twelve miles. It rained all the time, and the mud and water was actually knee deep on low grounds. Had a good camp, got dried out, and were quite comfortable—the only drawback being that the hardtack ran out. We have had none since, but expect some before long. Up again at three o'clock this morning; started at four-thirty, and marched four miles on the Jackson road to the railroad at Clinton. We thought we were bound for Jackson, but at Clinton we took the direct Vicksburg road, and they shoved us along seven miles before noon, when skirmishing began, and we went into line of battle, where we are now resting. * * * I have just been reading a copy of the Jackson *Appeal*, which teems with mourning about a troop of fifteen hundred Federal cavalry which had made a raid clear from Corinth to Baton Rouge, almost without being fired on. They deemed it a blot on their 'hitherto untarnished escutcheon' that could only be removed by 'exact retaliation.' Speaking about their 'escutcheon' reminds me that we got hold of a letter the other day from a Reb. lady to her uncle. She said the cavalry were taking all the men as conscripts, and hunted those who took to the woods with negro dogs. The dogs were certainly troubling those fellows more than their 'untarnished escutcheons.' * * * There, I have had my supper—some 'Secesh' bacon, fried in a half canteen, and a very few very dirty crumbs of cracker. We stay here tonight. Before it gets quite dark, Scott and I will spread a rubber blanket on the ground—after knocking off a few of the sharpest knobs—put a wool and another rubber over us, and sleep like good fellows until they roll us out in the morning—which I hope will not be as early as for a week past. I hear the boys all around wishing for 'a loaf of mother's bread,' 'a few minutes in the cellar at home,' etc. I would like to take supper with you just as well as any of them with their mothers, I guess. What I have just eaten would not prevent my doing

full justice to it. My, how the boys are rolling into camp with chickens, bacon, sugar, molasses, drugs, clothing, etc.! They get dishes of all kinds to bring off the plunder — which is usually something to eat — and then leave them on the ground. But it is too dark to write longer."

The scene in that camp will recall itself to your minds, companions, better than I can describe it to your ears. Look back and it will rise before you like a picture on canvass. The wooded slope, the friendly and frequent fires about which the blue-clad groups are parching corn, frying ham, or making candy — utilizing their only commissary stores, which are constantly being brought in by the provident foragers of the various companies in all sorts of receptacles. See the flitting forms, recall the busy hum, the growing quiet and the bed among the roots with a rubber blanket for a mattress and a woolen one between the sleeper and the stars, the sound through oft-turning slumber, the too early *reveille*, and the beginning of another and a pregnant day. Then the hasty and slender breakfast, and you move out and on — hurriedly, and yet with frequent haltings. The long morning only covers for you a few miles, and was not half done when each turned to his fellow and whispered, "Did you hear that?" Each of you will know what "that" was, and what, under like circumstances, you thought. The regiment halts and rests at will along a little gully at the bottom of a ravine, and spends two solemn hours — long ones, as the moments passed, but brief as you looked toward the impending and well appreciated crisis. How were they passed? Who knows? There were jokes and laughter — no one is going to blanch and advertise it — but the jokes were not ablebodied nor the laughter natural. There were prayers, I ween, and mental promises of amendment — a giving of conditional messages and writing little notes or memoranda in pathetically covert terms, so that, if possible, they might be saved from the ridiculous in case the future did not permit

them to be tragic. Once the imperturbable face of the great commander appears, and a welcome though brief diversion is afforded as General Grant takes a look, asks a question, and moves on. All this time the grim chorus of battle has been nearing, rising and swelling on the air until its angry roar seems to have filled the earth; then, at a little after twelve comes the dreaded and impatiently expected command, "Fall in." Action at such a time is welcome in itself, and the lines are formed and dressed with an absolute sense of relief. See them now, stretching away to the length of nine companies of about forty-five men each, and prolonged by the rest of the brigade on the right. Now we are advancing over rough ground, but steadily touching elbows, while the warming blood begins to be felt bounding through the veins and throbbing at the temples. Now we pass through the first brigade, lying at the foot of the long wooded hill, and for the first time begin to hear the wicked *zipping* of the hostile lead. Soon it tells its errand — the first man falls. Each of you doubtless remembers the first one he saw fall as I remember the lurch, the stagger and collapse with which Corporal Neely left Company C to close up the first vacant place — alas! not the last one. Onward and upward you go; thicker and faster falls the hissing hail. At last the timber grows larger and you begin to locate the flaming line from whence the trouble comes. Suddenly the added elevation brings into view a battery, and at the same instant the horrid howling of grape and cannister is about us. A halt is made and the Enfields of the Twenty-fourth add their clamor to the hell of sound, and their missles to the many that make the very air writhe. The more accustomed eye now detects here and there a gray-clad enemy marking their line at but a few rods distant. You note one, perhaps, striving to find shelter behind a slender tree — he is reloading, and hastily withdrawing his rammer, uncovers the upper part of his body — instantly you aim and fire, and when he falls backward, throwing the useless gun over

his head, you forget that other bullets than your own have sped and scream aloud in the very frenzy of self congratulation. At this moment, while every human instinct is carried away by a torrent of passion, while kill, *kill*, KILL, seems to fill your heart and be written over the face of all nature — at this instant you hear a command (it may have come from the clouds above, you know not), to "Fix bayonets, forward, charge!" and away you go with a wild yell in which all mouths join.

See! From the sunken road along the ridge, and now almost at your feet, there arises a line of gray. Look out! No, their backs are toward you — they fly — the line becomes a crowd — you pause only to fire — from one end of the regiment to the other the leaden hail converges upon that fated band; you see them plunging down in all directions, and shout with unnatural glee. They pass through the rebel battery, and that too is swept with the besom of destruction. As it runs parallel with the line, a full artillery team catches the eye just long enough to see a leader fall and the six horses almost stand on end as they go over and down in struggling confusion — now the battery itself is ours, and fairly won, and cheer follows cheer!

What next? Alas, there is no leader. Wilds is wounded, and so is Wright. You did not know it? No, you had seen no one fall but enemies since your own work began. But so it is; they, with brave Carbee, Johnson, Lawrence, and many more. Confusion reigns. Some eager souls have pursued the enemy to and even into the field where the big gate posts stand. Others are scattered among the guns of the captured battery, and the few brief moments of respite are not improved by even a company formation. And look! There comes a new line of grey. Its head of column is already in our rear. See that orderly sergeant in advance making the ins and outs of the fence he is following. Shoot at him? Yes; and all the rest while you may, for now they halt, front and enfilade that

road with a fire that patters in the dust like the big drops of a summer shower and makes the wounded wretches lying there writhe again in impotent agony and terror. But this is not all it does — it sweeps that hill, and while its occupants, late so full of conquering zeal, make all the resistance in their power, they are assailed upon the other side by the remnant of their earlier foes. They leave those guns with desperate reluctance — alas! many never leave them; but leave they must who can, and in thirty minutes the battle of Champion's Hill has ended, so far as one regiment, as a military organization, is concerned.

It is true that many brave souls halt at the very first shadow of an opportunity, and singly, in squads, or with other regiments, they still do valiant deeds — do all that man has ever done — lay down their lives; but the regiment, as such, is there no more.

But one more scene, and I have done. It is after the clamor has ceased, and when the nine small groups are gradually, but slowly, oh, too slowly, assembling about the colors. How each new arrival is welcomed and each missing one is mourned. The report of those present finally cuts off the hope that any more will come that night, and the roll is called. The orderly's memory is too true. Name after name is called to which there is no response save the saddened look with which each one marks and emphasises the silence. Listen! According to custom, Captain Martin is having prayer after roll call, and as the members of other companies gather about, the reverent attention testifies the fitness of remembering God when Death is near. The sun is gone. The fading tints of twilight touch pitifully the features drawn with pain, and make more ghastly the upturned faces of the dead — for the words of General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," "Hovey's divison" (meaning to us the living, the wounded and the dead) "remained on the field where they had fought so bravely and bled so freely."

GENERALS CURTIS AND CROCKER.

BY HON. GEORGE G. WRIGHT.

Said an English statesman: "Bring me a novel to read. Bring me something that is true. Don't bring me history, for I know that is a *lie.*"

Standing tonight in this presence, when the "hoof beats have died away, and swords are quiet in their scabbards," and turning back to April, 1861, when the "proud buyers and sellers of men" had struck down the flag of the fathers—following the troops from Iowa and elsewhere, the work done by the loyal States, not for themselves alone, but rather for the integrity and oneness of the Nation—when I think of the peace then long obtaining, how unaccustomed we were to the "pomp and circumstance of war," the weakness and, by the order of traitorous officials, scattered condition of our army and navy—the utter inability of the loyal people to believe that a conflict would or could come upon grounds so causeless, for reasons so utterly absurd and untenable, then at the bitter conflict of years, the baptism of blood through which we passed, and the plain men, humble men, those from farms and stores and shops and offices, who made for themselves names which shall live forever, I say, looking at these four years history, I have often asked, Is there more of the real in fiction, or more fiction and romance in the real? Is it not true that you may take the days and years of the Rebellion and follow the humblest soldier or most distinguished officer, with his marches, advances, retreats, defeats and victories, his prison and hospital life, his sufferings and sacrifices, those who left all the comforts of home, wife, children, father, mother, all unused to arms, in a land for years

the most favored of heaven, the most prosperous of earth, that there stood brother against brother, father against son, friend against friend, with a fervent patriotism without parallel on one side, and a senseless devotion to an abstraction, exciting pity if not admiration, on the other, that in such a causeless contest thousands of lives were lost and millions of treasure squandered, I say it is not true, that if you had not been witnesses of and actors in such a drama, and only knew or received it from the pen of novelist or historian, you would be led to say, "as history it is a lie; as a romance, it is or may be true?"

Suppose a century hence, for illustration, the historian should write that in 1831 there was born in very humble life, in the wilds of the then West, a child who in a few years was carried by his father to the almost untrodden prairies of Illinois and thence to Iowa, beyond schools or the advantages of education; who, by the favor of friends, was given a brief term at the National Military Academy, which, however, he was compelled to leave long before graduation, by reason of failing health and the demands of a widowed mother and orphaned brothers and sisters; who, without means, labored and sacrificed as few others for their comfort and support, a sufferer every day from disease which no skill could arrest and no prescription remove, confronting him at morning's sun and evening's shade with the sad conviction that its grasp was never to be relaxed; who read law, was admitted to the bar, soon attaining distinction therein, and at the age of thirty, when the first war drum was heard, left a lucrative business and a loving family, and although still an invalid cared more for his country than ease, for the National life than his own; who in less than a year was captain, major, colonel, brigadier-general, commanding companies, regiments, brigades, assisting in winning battle after battle, revered and respected by his soldiers, brother officers, and superiors — with complimentary mention without number from all and every branch of the service — of whom the Great Commander said,

"He was qualified to command an independent army"; temporarily relieved by the voluntary order of that commander; home on sick furlough; transferred to a new command, with the hope that relief to health might thereby come; then called to the National Capital, and there yielding up his life, surrounded by the gallant and brave and those most distinguished in civil and military life; his remains returned to his home under an escort at the expense and direction of his great Government, laid to rest with all the pomp and ceremony accorded the kings of earth, and his deeds heralded the Nation and the world over. And suppose it was told, as it would be in truth, that this man, Marcellus M. Crocker, became thus distinguished, thus suffered and died, because a few ambitious and treasonable men, with most of whom he had agreed in matters of a party or political nature, and out of which the contest largely grew, sought in this good and free land to assert and erect State or individual supremacy over National power and authority, is it not probable, I ask, that the reader of such a book would say, "As a romance, this may be true; as history, it is a lie. Bring me a novel"?

Or suppose, in further illustration, even fifty years hence some intelligent reader, of foreign birth and residence — having a just conception of the spirit of our institutions from the foundation of the Goverment, the catholicity of our laws, the wisdom of the founders, the beneficence of its rule and the happiness and prosperity of the people — suppose he should take up what purported to be the biography of a man born in the wilds of New York in 1807, while the family by wagon train were moving from their New England home to the then sought for land, Ohio; who in time was also a graduate of the National Military Academy; superintendent and engineer of the largest and most important public works in the State, almost of his birth, as also in Missouri, Illinois and Iowa; an able lawyer, three times elected a member of Congress; the real promotor,

author and father of the first trans-Atlantic railway of this wonderful land; as also colonel, brigadier and major-general in the armies of the Nation; a soldier in every step, and an officer by nature and perfected by education; and that he too periled all, leaving his seat in the Commons of the Nation to do battle in the field, and died respected for his gallantry, honored for his bravery, and that than him no monarch ever had more loyal homage at the hands of a loving and royal people. Would not the reader of such a book lay it aside also and say, "This is not biography; this is not history. It may be true as fiction; is not real; bring me what is labeled a novel"? And yet this would be but an epitome, as we know, of the life of Samuel Ryan Curtis, the second colonel, first general officer appointed in the State, our first and oldest major-general, and perhaps more generaly known than any other officer sent from Iowa.

And so, I repeat, may I not ask, Is there more of the real in fiction, or more of romance in the real? And especially so since these illustrations, from actual history, are not by any means exceptional. For we know of a truth that whether we trace the lifework and heroic services of Samuel A. Rice from his life on a flatboat on the Ohio to his law office in Oskaloosa, to the time when, leading gallantly, he received his death wound at Jenkins Ferry; or that of another, from the Pine Tree State to his schoolteaching life in Kentucky, through Mexico, at Buena Vista, and all the contest with a neighboring Republic — the work of the Fourteenth Iowa, and he at its head, at Donelson, Shiloh, and elsewhere — a man who was as brave as he was indifferent to praise, and as fearless in expressing his opinions in the plainest and most energetic Saxon as he was true to every demand of his country, and as the plain and bluff old colonel (Shaw) will ever be revered by comrades and people alike; or if we trace that first volunteer from Davis county — Colonel Baker — through his captaincy of the Second Iowa, that of

lieutenant-colonel and colonel, to the moment when he received his death wound at Corinth, falling from his horse exclaiming, "Thank God, I fell while my regiment was victoriously charging"; or follow that gallant young officer of the Twenty-third — William H. Kinsman — of foreign birth, coming to Council Bluffs in 1858, crossing the state on foot, without money, teaching school, in the gold excitement of '59 going to Denver, also on foot, returning wiser and poorer, volunteering at the outbreak of the Rebellion, in the service until the Vicksburg campaign, and at Big Black River bridge placing himself in front of his regiment cried, "Captains, lead your companies, and I will lead you," struck by a bullet said, "They have not killed me yet," urging his men on, struck again, shouting to his regiment as it passed, "Go on, go on, I cannot go with you farther," and dying his last words were, "Bury me on the battlefield and tell my friends I did not falter," and who died for a cause not his by inheritance, for a country not his by birth, but only by choice; or still another, of the Second Iowa (Tuttle), a man who cared but little for public *eclat*, in and for whom and the country the war doubtless developed, as it did for others, latent powers which otherwise would have remained dormant, who at Donelson said to General Smith, "Support me promptly and in twenty minutes I will go in," and with Corporal Twombly as color bearer "did go in" — I say if we thus trace these lives, and they might be multiplied from ranks and officers, we see it again verified that the real is more marvelous, more invested with what may be styled the improbable, and especially so when we think of the antecedents of these men and their utter unpreparedness for such scenes and achievements, than all of fiction or what comes to us from the pen of poet or novelist.

Now, how is it that these things are real, and yet so out of the way of our common experience and expectation? Why were Curtis and Crocker, to say nothing of others, able to so

distinguish themselves? Why, upon the mere call of their country, not more to them, however, than to others — no compulsion, no demand exacting instant obedience—taken by suprise, and unwilling to believe that the dread arbitrament of the sword was to settle a controversy born of treason, and not of wrongs either perpetrated or probable — why and how was it that in a few short months, as it were, they could and did successfully command brigades and divisions, and their names become household words in every hamlet of the land, then and for all time?

According to my conception of the contest, without personal knowledge of the methods of these men and their compeers in camp, on the march or battlefield (and it is not my purpose to there follow them), but generally, and speaking of them as men having like endowments with others, my answer is, always keeping in mind as the great and important factor that they had behind, around and ever with them, a soldiery never excelled nor approached in courage, intelligence, or skill, those without whom neither victories were possible nor distinction to these officers to be even approached; I say, never forgetting this great controling factor, I answer that they succeeded:

First. Because they, as I believe, in the true spirit of loftiest patriotism, took in, if not at once, certainly very soon, all that the great contest involved, not for the Nation alone, but for civilization the world over. Had the causes leading to the contest been more evenly balanced, from a moral standpoint, I have at times doubted, even in defense of the Union, whether enlistments would have been so prompt, sacrifices so readily made, or men and and officers have so rapidly developed the metal which made veterans of the one, and Grants, Shermans, Curtises, and Crockers of the other.

Second. The very nature, spirit, and genius of our institutions all imperceptibly make heroes of our people when occasion may demand. Founded upon the great principle that this

is the people's goverment, that as it secures their rights, so it is theirs to protect and defend, that there is no sovereign power except as vested in them, that as knowledge and intelligence increase and the magnitude of the trust committed to their hands, and which they gladly assume, becomes more and more apparent—I say, under such circumstances it is not strange, but rather a logical conclusion, that from the ranks of the people should spring promptly, and almost ready panoplied, the men with ability and genius which shall be equal to a trust so great, and the greater the danger the more complete and perfect the fitness. There cannot, by any rule of political logic, be a good and educated people at home, a people proud, and justly so, of their government, and a great government as it is; a constituency every day under obligations to that goverment for protection, prosperity, and happiness, who would not, in an emergency, with alacrity, patriotism, zeal, and ability equal to the occasion, lay aside all that peace sanctifies and enshrines, and rush to the front of the contest and to death itself in defense of home, family, and country. Bad goverments may have a fairly brave if mercenary soldiery. Good and great governments have them because they love that which they defend, because in serving the country they also save those institutions which not only conserve their own interests but tend to the Nation's integrity and the world's improvement and advancement. Nor finally on this point must we forget the great fact "that behind each American citizen (soldier) America is standing, and he knows it, and is the man (soldier) that he is because he knows it." * * * A great Nation makes great men; a small Nation makes little men.

If I should state a third reason, very briefly, it would be that our people are not devoid of love for military life, and that hence the officer and soldier impelled to activity and emulous of fame, not alone from the attractiveness of the camp and field to himself personally, but inspired thereto by an earnest,

energetic, and somewhat military loving people at home, are the more likely to advance rapidly and achieve the greater and more certain distinction. This has been and perhaps always will be, however great our advancement in culture and refinement, a striking characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. I believe it to be inherent, natural. Nor do I argue therefrom weakness, but rather strength and safety to people and Nation. Physical courage and love of those scenes, where on the open battlefield "fame is supposed to lurk in the cannon's mouth," and contests for National honor and National principles are to be settled by prowess and death, are not, if these things must needs come, by any means to be thought of lightly nor treated as unworthy our admiration. But whatever our differences as to the propriety or necessity of its existence, the fact remains that this characteristic does obtain with us as a people. For, conceding all you may to the influence of love of country, can you from that alone, and aside from this love of the heroic and the life of the soldier, explain how and why it was that your companies and regiments, and all alike, were, before leaving home, so *feted* and lionized — that no "gallant knight ever departed for the Holy Land" with louder or more enthusiastic plaudits, that you left amid cheers, the waving of flags, and salvos of all artillery obtainable, that the drum and fife were at every corner and by every wayside, and that patriotic and loving mothers and sisters with their loyal hands unfurled and waved the flags, and with their own deft fingers willingly and gladly aided in making better the uniforms of the "boys in blue" or providing for their needed clothing in camp and hospital — I say, in view of such scenes, so vividly remembered by all, can you doubt that we have within us as a people, dormant, it may be, needing only the occasion for its expression, a love of military life and glory which will and does assert itself, and hence makes more successful soldiers, and leads to the marvellous achievements which are more of the romantic than the real?

You will say, however, and perhaps not without reason, what has all this to do with the officers of whom I am to speak? I answer, as already intimated, it is not my purpose to dwell upon their lives in the field, of which so much has been written and with which you are all so familiar. Indeed, as you know, Mr. Commander, the object in selecting these names for this paper was not so much to speak of their military records as of their characteristics as men, their relations to and influence upon the state, the public, and society as individuals. And yet, logically enough, as it seems to me, the deductions made from the character of our people and the nature of our institutions are most pertinent as showing how necessarily, reasonably, and naturally these men should and did have in them the metal of which the true soldier and the material of which gallant and and able officers are made. And now, in perfect line with this suggestion, we may consider them as citizens and men, some of their characteristics, and thereby see of their worth to the state, and also therefrom their greater value as soldiers, as well as further reasons for their success.

They were both manly men. Both had an innate love of country which no claims of party could modify, qualify, or extinguish, and which burned with intenser zeal as the unity or welfare of that country was in danger. If there never had been a West Point Academy, if they never had received its instruction, in my opinion they would have been just as prompt in responding to their country's call, and though with less of ability to at once instruct in tactics and prepare their men for the step and detail of military exercise, they were so of the class of born leaders and soldiers that advancement and promotion would as certainly come as the occasion furnished the opportunity. For I do not, I think, say too much when I state that each had a natural, if not intense, love of military life — had a genius for the tactics of the field — an ability seldom equaled to control and lead men, and a readiness well

attested to comprehend the relations of contending forces, and so marshal and manœuvre those under their command as to achieve victory if at all reasonably attainable.

At home they impressed themselves upon the public, and in affairs of state in ways somewhat, perhaps I should say, quite differently. General Curtis was an ambitious man, fond of political and public life, and had the kind of mental grasp or possible love of distinction, not in the least improper either in its existence or manifestation, which made him prominent in great enterprises. And not only so, but this characteristic led him into new paths of the utmost ultimate practical importance. If it be said he was vain, this would not be in the least to his discredit, for all men ought to think enough of themselves, too much rather than too little. Beyond question, he was one of the ablest and most learned practical and scientific engineers in the West, as his work in the largest internal improvement enterprises in several States abundantly testify. He loved Congressional honors, however, possibly better than the labor and engagements of engineer or lawyer, whether in office, field, or court room. But, as we have seen, he laid down all political honors for the perilous life of the soldier, all the dangers and hardships of camp and battle. His was a pioneering mind also, not alone in his love or preference for new lands and scenes, but, as already suggested, in searching for, intelligently considering, and boldly advancing new schemes and methods for the development of the highest interests of the Nation, enterprises none the less clear or practical to him, however great the opposition or apparently overwhelming the proof of their chimerical nature or impracticability. As a consequence, against opposition apparently the most formidable, in the face of report after report condemning the practicability or possibility even of the first great Pacific Railway, he moved forward, undeterred and unshaken, not in the least discouraged, even leaving the army by permission, after he had secured, before going to the

field, the needed legislation, to see that proper steps were taken by the board organized to carry out the great work, almost the greatest of the century, of which he was father and founder. And hence, if Samuel R. Curtis had never followed his country's flag under Taylor in Mexico, nor distinguished himself as a lawyer and legislator, nor acquired a National reputation in engineering and building the great St. Louis harbor, had not driven Price out of Missouri, fought the battle of Pea Ridge, had not on many fields acquitted himself as few others in the War of the Rebellion, it would still be true that his successful advocacy of this great enterprise, in which others had so little confidence at the time, and those, too, of recognized ability, a work so full of benefit to the Nation and the world, would alone entitle him to the highest honors of his country, the undivided praise and admiration of all succeeding generations. Only a great mind could have conceived, in all its length and breadth, as he did, an enterprise so vast, and only one of his courage and tenacity hold to it until, against all opposition, the victory was his.

He loved and had confidence in the West. Few men were ever more loyal to Iowa, or labored more faithfully in setting forth its advantages or aiding in its settlement. With him, to see Iowa — and he needed no further evidence, as he often said, than to once pass over and survey the valley from Keokuk to Des Moines — I say, for him to see Iowa was to make him an enthusiastic friend and admirer of all its broad and beautiful acres and its every interest, public or private. It would, even at this late day, be of no little interest to know how many families, how many young men, among the most valuable and desirable to the upbuilding of this State, he was instrumental in leading to this land, and who, from following his example, have impressed themselves upon our institutions. And yet, not in this way alone, but by his investments, his speeches, letters, and by words of truth and earnestness wherever he went and

whenever opportunity offered, he was the friend of Iowa, and promoter of its interest at all times and under all circumstances.

Of him it has been written by one most familiar with his every day life that "than whom few men have rendered more honest or successful service to their country. In many respects he was a remarkable man — a man of commanding presence in size and deportment, of pure habits, full of self-confidence, and yet of amiable disposition. Ambitious because he felt that he was competent to fill any position without any of the qualities to capture the massses, his popularity was alone the respect of the people for his high moral character and honesty of purpose." And without, in all respects, concurring in the details of this estimate, I only add that he was grave and dignified, sedate, and yet sociable—easily approached, and had a kind and generous heart. He was neat in person and dress, and always disposed to comply scrupulously with all army regulations, had good judgment, excellent executive ability, and few men were more loved by those under his command. We had, perhaps, those more brilliant, but few, if any, who responded more promptly to the first call of the Nation, or more earnest and able in his work. And, finally, it has been recorded, and with justice, that "none led armies and fought battles with more uniform success." In my opinion, Samuel R. Curtis was among our ablest officers, whether from Iowa or elsewhere.

Unlike Curtis, Crocker lived and died poor. As one near him has said, he had the least possible conception of money. To him a dollar was never more than fifty cents. He could and did make money, but he could and did spend and give away more than he made. And yet, though for most of the time in debt, his nature was so genial, his honesty so unquestioned, he was so generally admired and loved, that no creditor, it is believed, ever complained of his failure to meet his promises, knowing and appreciating that goodness of heart and

not a purpose to injure or to withhold unjustly what was due led to his defaults. He was like and unlike Mr. Greeley, for if his poverty did not "educate to fertility of resources," and though not with him always "the spur of ambition," it was, as in the case of the great editor, of the kind that "neither discouraged nor degraded." For Crocker was "a prince of the royal blood," and even in tatters and rags belonged to the nobility of mankind.

His was not a commanding person nor presence, as you casually met him. He had piercing black eyes, and it was said that a look from him had power to transform the meanest soldier into a hero. Endowed with heroic courage and a most unyielding constancy of purpose, he was of a kind to surround himself with followers and admirers, and he hence had within him the ability to control and lead those who were not unfrequently stronger at the bar or in the affairs of life than himself. This grew further out of his happy, genial nature, already mentioned, as also his power of reading and discerning the mainsprings of human action and moulding those with whom he was brought into contact to his plans and purposes. Bold and fearless, and yet not offensively dogmatic, but rather apparently conciliatory and ready to surrender to your views, but still tenacious, he had that power over men which such characteristics always invariably command.

And yet, though for the most part a man of popular habits and a favorite of the people, he was not ambitious of political preferment. In this respect also, it would seem, he and Curtis were unlike. This characteristic is well illustrated, according to apparently well authenticated history, that, being at home on sick furlough, in 1863, he entered the hall where the Republican State Convention was being held, and was received in a manner most flattering, with an enthusiasm seldom equaled. Solicited to take the nomination for governor, he answered — and it was so characteristic in words and sentiment

of the man that I can well believe it: "If a soldier is worth anything, he cannot be spared from the field, and if he is worthless, he will not make a good governor." The argument seemed to be unanswerable, and his name was dropped. Others just as good and true might, and quite as logically perhaps, reason and act otherwise. But this was Crocker's view of the question, and no man could state it in crisper language nor more conclusive force.

He was, while not especially strong and able as a lawyer, still among the most successful practitioners of his circuit. And this, not because he was so profoundly versed in the law or could make an argument so eloquent and able, as because he had that vigorous common sense which enabled him to seize the very strongest points of his case; ability, beforehand, often to know much of his adversary's side as well as his own — to be on better terms with adverse witnesses, to have more the confidence and friendship of the jury, and by a pleasant and winning manner, or at times, unequalled earnestness and an overpowering terrorizing course, achieve victories where stronger men would fail.

As will be readily inferred, he was a man of infinite humor and the life of every professional or social circle. Few men ever lived in Iowa, and especially in view of his continued ill health, who will longer be remembered for his ability to well tell and graphically delineate whatever the humorous and jolly mind might suggest, who more thoroughtly enjoyed a side-splitting story or fun-provoking incident, nor one who in any contest, whether at the bar or elsewhere, or however bitter or personal it might be, carried away lesss malice or ill-feeling. Wit the keenest, repartee the quickest and sharpest, and yet it may in truth be said of him as of another,

> Whose wit in the combat as gentle, as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart stain away on his blade.

At times, too, he had the great merit of reticence and silence. He knew quite well when to speak and when to hold his peace. If his was the silent mood, be assured he was at the time no less the thinker. What the result in such cases no one could predict, for

> Stout Rutherford right little said,
> But bit his glove and shooked his head.

If he loved his country sincerely and earnestly — with the fullest devotion of a patriot — so he did his family with the sincerest affection of a husband and father. Wherever placed, in whatever engaged, however pressing his duties, his heart always turned to home and the loved ones there, who followed him with an equal affection and devotion. It is said, by those most familiar with his home and army life, that he never wrote to any one on matters of even a purely business nature, or otherwise, that he did not, even in the most pressing hours of the camp and field, and however limited his time, wind up with a word for his family, expressing anxiety for their welfare and the hope that his friends and neighbors would see that their wants were supplied and each member made as happy and comfortable as possible. Than in him this bright, uplifting, soul educating and character building trait was never stronger in husband or father. Thus organized and thus feeling for home and family, Marcellus M. Crocker could not be other than a good soldier, good officer, good and great man, wedded to and ambitious for the welfare and success of his country. To love home is to love country.

He was by nature and education a more than usually strict disciplinarian. Or, as one has said, his mode, in this respect was severe and uncompromising. In this was one great secret of his success. And yet this strictness was not for show, not to assert his power, nor because he did not willingly and gladly, on all proper occasions consult the ease and comfort of his soldiers, but rather from a sincere conviction and an absolute

knowledge that such discipline was essential to the *morale* of his forces, among the certain aids to health in camp and on the march and victory in the field. Doubtless there were those, and not a few, who condemned his modes in this respect, who esteened him not only a martinet but a tyrant, and complained without stint and in language not the most churchly, of his ten hours daily drill for weeks, of the required observance of all the *minutia* of the regulations, but who, amid the roar of cannon at Shiloh and the flying of bullets at Corinth and on other fields and in other emergencies, thanked him for the strictness of his rule, the efficiency of his discipline, appreciating the motives prompting and the value of his before apparently harsh rules, as they did his genial nature and big soul, and that if at times irritable, showing passion, and indulging in the plainest words, still that his was a heart among the kindest that ever beat.

And finally, the greatness of this man, is shown in this summary of his home and army life. For years an invalid, and to such an extent as to drive one of less hope and courage to despondency and surrender — frail and weak, of slight form, but little more than able to be heard in command, or sit his horse when leaving home — no law of country, no demand of emergency, no possible charge of want of courage or patriotic zeal, none of these nor any consideration of duty required or exacted the sacrifice—family poor and needing his every hour for their support, if not absolute needs — a Democrat all his life, surrounded at times in those exciting days, as he doubtless was, by those who it may be from friendly and personal, if not other motives, occasionally dissuaded and discouraged him from entering the service — a fairly good practice at the bar and that increasing — death almost a certainty from the exposures of the march, and the hardships of the campaign, to say nothing of the possibly greater dangers of the field — leaving a family loved and almost idolized, and yet against all opposition — with, it would seem, every consideration against it except the supreme

one of love of country and devotion to its institutions, he willingly, promptly, and with trembling hand and consumptive voice took the oath required, and left all and imperiled all, that by his heroic efforts, in part, his country might live — its integrity might be preserved. It almost seemed that like the "true Moslem he believed that Paradise was to be found in the shadow of crossing swords." If a nobler or rarer instance of true heroism and personal sacrifice be found in all our country, I know it not. If so, however many, with Crocker, they should have and are entitled to the martyr's and patriot's crown.

But I talk too long. You have my estimate of these men — fair types of the Iowa soldier — well representing the volunteer officer. If my estimate is just, I shall be satisfied. If unjust, my regrets will be most sincere. Such as it is, I submit it for your consideration. Of neither of them, nor of any of their State compeers, can it be said, as too often of others, that we killed them by censure while living and now worship them dead. Living and dead they were and are entitled to and have our praise and admiration. They were worshiped, are worshiped, and will be by our children. They made their own monuments, and it is ours to see that no stone shall be taken therefrom, but rather that they shall be built higher and higher. And of them, finally, how truly may it be said — and this for the satisfaction of their families, the encouragement of those in middle life, those younger, and those to follow — in exciting a still more thorough devotion to the Union, that "examples live forever, that men die, but the world moves on." The examples of Curtis and Crocker followed, the world will not only move onward, but upward.

LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. RIGBY.

When Abraham Lincoln, by virtue of his office, became Commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the Nation he was made responsible for military operations and was compelled to a close study of the military problem. This problem, briefly stated, is, how to beat your adversary — a definition that may be modified by adding, with the least possible loss of men and material. But the essential problem still is, how to win the victory — and to this every other consideration must be subordinated. That the president did not at first realize the magnitude of the task laid upon him, is well known. He but shared the common misapprehension of the time as to the temper and intentions of the Rebel leaders. The first call for seventy-five thousand men seems now, in the light of subsequent events, absurdly inadequate; but it was a greater number than he was able promptly to arm, equip, and put in the field — a greater number than he could, when making the call, know would be promptly furnished. For it must be remembered that the magnificent uprising of the North in response to that call and to the guns of Sumter, is one of the miracles of history, and could not have been anticipated by human foresight. No prophecy of it was given by Congress, or people during the dreary months preceding, whose dismal record of cowardly efforts for conciliation and compromise make one of the strangest pages of our history. During the anxious days following the call to arms he kept the coolest head and carried the stoutest heart in Washington. By the nature of the situation he

was both inclined and compelled to lean on his military advisers. But those advisers soon learned that he did his own thinking and reached conclusions for himself in military as well as other matters.

After the disaster of Bull Run, he called General McClellan to Washington and imposed upon him the task of reorganizing the army. His relations with General McClellan were perhaps more intimate — they were certainly more perplexing to the president — than his relations with any other general officer; and as they have also given rise to much controversy, they are entitled to careful consideration. Especially is this the case since the publication of "McClellan's Own Story," in which, written as his editor says after 1881, the general reopens the entire controversy by the astounding charges he makes against the administration. That I may do no injustice, I quote from his book, page 49:

"The real object of the radical leaders was not the restoration of the Union, but the permanent ascendency of their party; and to this they were ready to sacrifice the Union if necessary."

On page 150: "They therefore determined to *ruin me in any event and by any means*; first, by endeavoring to force me into premature movements, knowing that a failure would probably end my military career; afterward, by withholding the means necessary to achieve success."

On page 151: "As a further proof that the administration did not intend the Peninsular Campaign to be sucessful, may be cited the fact that on the 3d of April, 1862, there was issued General Order No. 23, closing all the recruiting depots for volunteers and stopping all recruiting."

Also on page 151: "From the light since thrown on Stanton's character I am satisfied that from an early date he was in this *treasonable conspiracy*."

These were the deliberate utterances of General McClellan, written after 1881, and given to the world after his death in

1885, by an editor who fully indorses them. They are certainly grave charges and they fairly force upon us the entire subject of General McClellan's character, military achievements and relations with the administration of President Lincoln. The charges are two in number. Let us examine them separately, carefully, and in the light of facts well known in 1881, after which time they were made.

As to the first charge, viz., that an effort was made to force him into premature movements, its justness and unjustness must depend upon the size an efficiency of General McClellan's army as compared with that of his adversary. What are the facts? I quote from the "History of the Civil War in America," by the Count of Paris — authorized American edition, published in 1875, six years before McClellan began to write his own story — volume 1, page 401:

"During three months the great Nation which looked to him for safety, thought of nothing but how to aid him in his efforts, and to place in his hands the most powerful means of action, without embarrassing by a single criticism or word of impatience the work of organization to which he had entirely devoted himself. Never, perhaps, was a citizen of a free state entrusted with such a complete *carte blanche*. No coöperation was refused him. President Lincoln delighted in those days in going to talk strategy with him. His superior officer, General Scott, who regarded him as his pupil, thwarted him in nothing. His inferiors unanimously submitted to his authority without a murmur, while McDowell considered it an honor to serve under his orders."

On page 407: "On the 15th of October, these troops, including the garrisons of Baltimore and Annapolis, presented a total force of one hundred and fifty-two thousand and fifty-four men. After deducting those sick and unfit for service there remained one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and one ready for active service, with two hundred

and twenty-eight field pieces. General McClellan deemed it expedient to leave thirty-five thousand men and forty cannon in Washington, ten thousand men and twelve cannon in Baltimore and Annapolis, five thousand men and twelve cannon on the upper Potomac, and eight thousand men with twenty-four cannon on the lower Potomac. He found himself therefore, at the head of a perfectly available force of seventy-five thousand men and one hundred and forty guns. These troops were thoroughly equipped, well armed, and provided with sufficient means of transportation. Unfortunately, General McClellan singularly overrated the strength and discipline of Johnston's troops. He had given to that army a total force of one hundred and fifty thousand men, whereas in reality, on the 31st of October it only numbered sixty-six thousand, two hundred and forty-three men, of whom only forty-four thousand, one hundred and thirty-one were present in the field. One third of this army was composed of non-combatants, sick men disabled by change of climate, and especially absentees without leave. The number of these last mentioned was sufficient to show that the Federal general was equally mistaken in regard to the discipline of his adversaries, who submitted with great reluctance to the regular life and monotonous duties of the camp."

The Count of Paris, from whose history these extracts are made, was a member of McClellan's staff and his warm personal friend. He cannot therefore be accused of partisanship or of prejudice against the General. The sum of it is then, that because McClellan, with an effective army nearly three times that of his adversary, after months of waiting, was urged by the Commander-in-chief, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Treasury, to take the field and strike a blow, therefore the administration was "determined to ruin him" by forcing him into premature movements. One of Napoleon's Marshals once reported to him, "I am unable to ascertain the force and intention of the enemy." "Attack him and you

will find out," was the answer he received. General McClellan's admirers have called him the young Napoleon. The real Napoleon was young indeed when he would have allowed an enemy one-third his strengh to menace him, almost to besiege him, for months without attacking to find out.

It is strange enough that General McClellan was at the time so thoroughly mistaken in regard to the strength of his adversary. It is stranger still that twenty years afterward, when his mistake had been fully shown by his friends, he should totally ignore the fact and content himself with charging a "treasonable conspiracy" against himself by the members of the administration. The matter is made worse for General McClellan when we consider his quarrel with General Scott. This began almost as soon as the former reached Washington. July 27, 1861, he was assigned to duty there. The following are pertinent extracts from letters written to his wife under the dates given:

August 8th — "Was pestered to death with Senators, etc., and a row with General Scott 'till about four o'clock. If Beauregard does not attack tonight I shall look upon it as a dispensation of Providence. I am leaving nothing undone to increase my force, but the old General always comes in the way. He understands nothing, appreciates nothing!"

Midnight, 15th — "I am almost tired out. I cannot get one minute's rest during the day and sleep with one eye open looking out sharply for Beauregard, who, I think, has some notion of making a dash in this direction. General Scott is the most dangerous antagonist I have. Our ideas are so widely different that it is impossible for us to work together much longer."

Washington, 16th — "I am in a terrible place. The enemy have from three to four times my force. The president, the old general, cannot or will not see the true state of affairs. If my men will only fight I think can thrash him notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. I am weary of all this. I have no

ambition in the present affairs, only wish to save my country and find the incapables around me will not permit it."

We know now the cause of the row. The old general did not agree with McClellan as to the numbers of the enemy nor share his fears of an attack. We know, too, that the old general was right and McClellan wrong. When General Wilson visited General Sherman, then in camp near Atlanta, and about to begin the march to the sea, the latter said to him: "I'll tell you where Grant beats the world. He don't care a damn for what the enemy does that he can't see, while it scares me like Hell." If this was true of Sherman, what words can describe the terror that must have possessed McClellan as he wrote the lines I have quoted and anxiously revolved in his mind what Beauregard *might* be doing that he couldn't see.

To fully appreciate the situation at this time we must recall the fact that the enemy, with an army but little more than one-third the size of McClellan's, was able to make detachments to inflict the disaster at Ball's Bluffs, only forty miles distant from Washington, to erect batteries on the lower Potomac and close the river for months against unarmed vessels and also to hold for a time our direct line of communication with the West, the Baltimore & Ohio railway. It must be remembered, too, that while Johnston's numbers remained substantially as above given during the fall and winter and up to the time he evacuated Manassas, McClellan's army was largely increased by the arrival of additional regiments. Thus, November 30th, his total present was, one hundred and sixty-two thousand, seven hundred and thirty-seven, while December 31st it was one hundred and eighty-three thousand, five hundred and seven. Johnston's effective force at the end of October was forty-one thousand men. His effective force at no time while at Manassas exceeded fifty thousand men. Yet the precious months of the fall passed and nothing was done. But the Commander-in-chief had now come to have opinions of his own as to military matters. He

was unquestionably and with good reason chafing at the inactivity of General McClellan, and about December 1, 1861, he suggested to him a plan of campaign now well known and recognized as sagacious. It contemplated a direct advance on the enemy by the way of Centerville, and in connection with this an advance on the Alexandria and Richmond road toward the crossing of the Occoquan; also an advance by a third force from the mouth of the Occoquan on the south side of that river to the same crossing.

McClellan's figures as to the number of men available for such a movement were one hundred and four thousand. He estimated that the enemy could meet him with an equal number, but Johnston reports his effective total as forty-seven thousand. Needless to say that nothing was done. Small wonder then, that the president found his patience exhausted, and that, on January 27, 1862, he issued General War Order No. 1, directing a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces on the 22d day of February, 1862. Four days later this was followed by Special War Order No. 1, directed to General McClellan and ordering an advancement of the Army of the Potomac. This order has been much criticised on the ground that the cold weather at that season of the year made the movement impossible. In answer to these criticisms it is only necessary to recall the fact that Fort Donelson surrendered to Grant February 16th of this year. The men of New England are as hardy as the men of Illinois, and Fort Donelson has a more rigorous climate than Manassas. This order was followed, February 3d, by a letter from the president to the general, as to the comparative merits of a direct advance and an advance by the way of Chesapeake Bay. Whoever reads the direct and concise letter of the president, and the long, rambling, and selfgratulatory answer of the general, must be convinced that the former had the better comprehension of the military situation. As before, nothing

came of it all; and on March 9th Johnston surprised both president and general by evacuating Manassas and taking his army leisurely behind the Rappahannock. His own account of his withdrawal shows that he had long considered his position untenable; that he knew of McClellan's immense superiority, expected him to advance by the line indicated by the president and he did not propose to risk everything by resisting him there. On the 5th of March he gave his final orders, and on the 7th began to move. The mighty army, so long feared, goes away from the formidable earthworks so much dreaded, because it recognizes its inferiority in numbers, regards the position as untenable and apprehends an advance of our army. In the *Century Magazine* for February, 1888, General Sherman says: "I am convinced that McClellan's mistake was in the choice of his line of operations in the spring of 1862." This is the highest authority and by it the judgment of the president as to the best line of operation is sustained.

But, though all of General McClellan's apprehensions are shown by Johnston's withdrawal to have been groundless and his calculations wrong, and though his plan has since been condemned by the highest military authority, he still had his way. The advance by the Chesapeake route was ordered and we now reach his second charge, viz.: That the means necessary to achieve success were withheld from him. His specifications are that the navy did not coöperate with him in the reduction of Yorktown, and that McDowell's corps was withheld from him. As to the first complaint, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox and Admiral Goldsborough have both stated that they never understood that the navy was expected to coöperate in the attack on Yorktown, and that wooden vessels could not have attacked the batteries there with any chance of success. The truth as to this controversy seems to be that General McClellan understood one thing by coöperation and the Navy another thing. It is quite sure the Navy supposed at the time it was

doing all it could to assist the general and all it was expected by him to do. It is true that General McDowell's corps was for a time withheld from him, but for the reason that he had left a force for the defence of Washington smaller than the president had ordered retained there. If we admit that the proper place for an army defending Washington was at that time in the army about to attack Richmond — and this would probably have been true with an active and aggressive commander at the head of that army — yet this in no way changes the fact that the general violated the definite orders of the president in regard to the number of men he left at the capital, and that McDowell's corps was retained there by order of the president to make good the number. But it is again the question of the relative forces of the contending armies that is important. If McClellan's army at all times during the Peninsular Campaign was larger than the army opposed to it, all the contention about the want of coöperation by the navy, and about the holding back of McDowell's corps ceases to have either interest or importance; and the failure of that campaign can be ascribed only to the inability of the commanding general to use the means at his disposal.

McClellan, according to his own report, had fifty-eight thousand effectives ready to move on April 3d. With this force he next morning began to march toward Richmond. Nothing of importance happened that day. But on the 5th Keyes, who, being on the left, was ordered to push on to the half-way house in the rear of Yorktown, was stopped at Lee's Mill on the Warwick River. It is worth noting that while McClellan expected Magruder to make a stand at Yorktown, the orders issued show that he did not expect him to defend a continuous line from the York to the James but counted on marching unopposed to Magruder's rear and thus surrounding him in the works at Yorktown. A commanding general who makes a mistake of that character at the opening of his campaign need

not go abroad to find explanations of his failure. Why should Magruder make a stand at all if he did not intend to dispute the progress of McClellan's army at any and every point across the peninsula? This "unexpected obstacle" seems to have paralyzed the general, though on leaving Yorktown he himself estimated Magruder's force at but fifteen thousand men. It was in fact but eleven thousand, and received no reinforcement until the 10th. So that for five days at least an army now swelled to more than seventy-five thousand men, was checked by one of eleven thousand, extended along a front of thirteen miles. Comment on such a fact is superfluous, but it may be mentioned as throwing light on the sort of "obstacle" presented by the Warwick River, and on the kind of energy with which the advance was pressed, that on the 16th Lieutenant Noyes waded the river below dam number one, finding the water about waist deep. In consequence of this discovery, four companies of the Third Vermont dashed through the stream to determine, as General Brooks, commanding the Vermont brigade, says, "the true state of affairs on the other side." They drove the enemy out of their rifle-pits, occupied and held them for half an hour. Speaking of this affair General Webb says: "Thus a fair opportunity to break the Warwick line was missed. Had the same effort been made when the army first reached the line, there can be little doubt but that success would have attended it." This, on the 16th, eleven days after the army reached the line, and seven days after President Lincoln had written General McClellan telling him why McDowell's corps had been retained, and adding: "I suppose the whole force which has gone forward, is with you by this time. If so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. And once more let me tell you it is indispensable that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. The country will not fail to note — is now noting — that the present hesitation to move upon an entrenched enemy is but the story of

Manassas repeated. I beg to assure you that I have never written to you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you so far as in my most anxious judgment I consistently can. But *you must act!*"

These words should have put heart and decision into the most irresolute commander. A general commanding an army in the field, on reading such a letter from the commander-in-chief, has but two manly courses open to him: Either he should resign his command, or, at the earliest possible moment, he should attack with all his force and personally push the fighting. If McClellan had done the latter, how quickly and how easily the line of the Warwick would have been passed. His official morning report of the 13th of April — three days later than the date of the president's letter — gives the number of troops composing the Army of the Potomac after its disembarkment on the Peninsula, as follows: "Present for duty, one hundred thousand nine hundred and seventy; total aggregate, one hundred and seventeen thousand seven hundred and twenty-one." On that day Johnston had not yet arrived at Yorktown and Magruder had opposed to McClellan the eleven thousand men of his own command, D. H. Hill's and possibly one other division. Johnston arrived on the 17th and took command, but his army, after all reinforcements came up, did not exceed fifty thousand men. Do we need believe there was a conspiracy against General McClellan to account for the failure of the Peninsular Campaign? All this time he was asking for more troops. In response to his appeals, Franklin's large division of McDowell's corps was sent to him, arriving on the 20th. The men remained on the transports that brought them for two weeks. They disembarked on the day before the Confederates left Yorktown, only to go aboard again as soon as this fact was known. What shall we say of a general who, having an army more than twice as large as that of his adversary, calls loudly

for more men and when they are sent him, can make no better use of them than was here made of Franklin's division? I shall not speak of the siege of Yorktown. It was not in fact a siege, as there was never a possibility of surrounding the Confederate army and compelling its surrender. Johnston's only object in remaining was to delay McClellan, and in this he greatly succeded. In going, he chose his own time, and before the formidable guns planted against him had a chance to fire he deliberately walked away. At Williamsburg, General Hooker overtook him, and with a soldier's instinct at once attacked and fought a stiff battle against superior forces. This battle again seems to have been a surprise to General McClellan. He was not at the front for hours after it began. At its close he tells the War Department that Johnston is in front of him with a force probably a good deal greater than his own. Says he will run the risk of at least holding him in check, and adds: "My entire force is undoubtedly inferior to that of the Rebels, who will fight well."

McClellan had at Yorktown the morning of the evacuation, and the day before the battle of Williamsburg, one hundred and twelve thousand, three hundred and ninty-two men present for duty, and a total aggregate of one hundred and thirty thousand, three hundred and seventy eight. Johnston took away from Yorktown about fifty thousand men. The night after the battle of Williamsburg he again walked away. This was the evening of the 6th of May. The road was now open to the fortifications of Richmond, and the great army slowly marched in that direction. But on the 10th, General McClellan tells the War Department, "If I am not reinforced it is probable I will be compelled to fight nearly double my numbers, strongly intrenched." On the 14th he telegraphed that he would be compelled to fight one hundred and sixty thousand Rebels in front of Richmond, and asked that "all the disposable troops — every man" that could be mustered be sent to him. It

is a good time here to ask what Johnston and Lee are doing, that we may compare their conduct with that of General McClellan. On the 8th of May, two days after the battle of Williamsburg, we find Jackson at McDowell where he attacked and beat General Milroy. Moving eastward from here he asked and obtained permission to attack the Federal forces in the Shenandoah Valley. On May 23d he attacked and beat Banks at Port Royal, fought and beat him again at Winchester two days later. Then, turning back on June 1st, he barely escaped Fremont at Strasburg, and on June 8th and 9th fought Shields at Cross Keyes and at Port Republic. It seems that Johnston and Lee were not anxious that "every man" should hasten to Richmond. We see, too, that with a commander like McClellan at the head of the army operating against that place, the president was right in retaining two divisions of McDowell's corps in the vicinity of Washington.

Resuming the account of General McClellan's operation: On May 26th, with his army astride the Chickahominy, he reports that he is "quietly closing in on the enemy preparatory to the final struggle." A struggle was indeed impending, but the incitive invitation was not to come from General McClellan. On May 31st, General Johnston, whose force numbered about sixty thousand men in twenty-eight brigades, threw twenty-two of these brigades against McClellan's left wing, on the right bank of the river. This wing consisted of two corps of Heintzleman and Keyes. These troops were outnumbered of course. They fought well, but Keyes' corps on the left was gradually driven back a mile; about one-half of Heintzleman's corps was sent to reinforce Keyes and shared his reverse. On the right, matters were better. The enemy's attack there was later and the prompt arrival of Sedgwick's division of the Second Corps from the other side of the river, enabled that part of the line to maintain itself. Darkness put an end to the fighting and the Confederate plan had failed; this was something, but it was

all that came of that bloody battle. It should be said that General McClellan was not well that day; if he had been in his usual health, and if he had been on the battle-field, he might have seen what we now know, that the road to Richmond was open to him Sunday evening, June 1st, at the close of the second day's fight. Not one-half of his army had been engaged, while nearly all of Johnston's army had been put in, was badly whipped and almost demoralized. We need not look to Washington for the explanation of this failure to secure the best results from the victory so hardly won by one wing of his army. The mistake was made by the general commanding that army. What General McClellan did do was to go on calling for reinforcements. Though unable to use one-half his army when assaulted by his adversary, and though that smaller part of his army had dealt the foe a staggering blow, he still asks for more men. In response to his demand, McCall's division of ten thousand men and five batteries was sent him — the last regiments arriving on the 13th of June. On the 7th, he had written the president, "I shall be in perfect readiness to move forward and take Richmond the moment McCall reaches here and the ground will admit the passage of artillery." On the 12th he reported the weather good; on the 15th, White Oak Swamp was so dried up as to be fordable in many places. But General McClellan could not bring himself to give battle. With the exception of Antietam and the fight at Williamsburg — brought on by the impetuous Hooker — his battles were forced on him by his more energetic adversary.

General Jackson was now about to join Lee, bringing the combined Confederate Army up to eighty thousand men. General McClellan's report for June 20th gives one hundred and fourteen thousand six hundred and ninety-one present for duty, equipped as his force, though General Webb gives ninety-five thousand five hundred as McClellan's effective force. General Lee did not hesitate to divide his inferior army. Leaving

fifteen thousand men under Magruder in the fortifications of Richmond, with Longstreet and the two Hill's, he fell fiercely on our right at Beaver Dam Creek, held by part of McCall's division now attached to Porter's corps. On the Confederate side ten thousand men were actively engaged. General McCall's force was five thousand, and though the enemy fought desperately under the eyes of General Lee and President Davis, he was repulsed at all points, losing two thousand men. That evening General McClellan visited Porter on the battlefield; the latter proposed to hold his own at Beaver Dam Creek if slightly reinforced and urged McClellan to move the main body of his army on Richmond. Had he done so, the story of the War would have been very different. But he hesitated, and the general who hesitates is lost. It took him most of the night to make up his mind, but about three or four o'clock next morning he ordered Porter to retire to the position since known as Gaines' Mill. There, on the 27th, was fought one of the most stubborn — and for Porter and his brave men, one of the most glorious — battles of the War. Porter's force consisted of Morrell's, Sykes', and McCall's divisions. Late in the day, Slocum was sent to him, making the entire force engaged on our side twenty-seven thousand men. Opposed to him was almost the entire Confederate Army — sixty-five thousand men; yet he almost held his own. Only after sundown was his line forced back at any point. With one more division he would have held his ground as firmly as did McCall at Beaver Dam Creek the day before. Why was it not sent him? Why was this handful of brave men permitted for seven hours to stand up unaided against the assault of almost the entire Confederate Army? If they were not to be reinforced why was not advantage taken of their valor and their sacrifice, to throw the seventy thousand men on the Richmond side of the river into that city, thereby securing by a blow, the prize of the campaign? This is what Porter and his brave men were assured

would be done. They trusted the promise of their chief, counted on this reward of their valor and thus took heart for the bloody work assigned them. They were cruelly disappointed. Their heroic devotion secured no results. Their blood was shed in vain. Twenty years later the general whose irresolution that day caused their useless sacrifice, who had not the heart to accept the battle thus fairly thrust upon him, writing his own story in the light of all the facts as to the strength of the opposing armies, offers no explanation of his failure to sieze the opportunity there given by his reckless and insolent adversary. He contents himself by asserting that the administration did not intend the Peninsular Campaign to be successful. That night, by order of General McClellan, Porter did that which Lee's army could not force him to do. He crossed the Chickahominy and burned the bridges behind him. The retreat to the James was begun; it was admirably planned by the general and skillfully conducted by his lieutenants. Nowhere was there a failure; at no point was the line broken. The men were enthusiastic for their general; they believed his skill was delivering them from the toils of an enemy much stronger than themselves. But if they had known they were turning their backs on a foe weaker than themselves; a foe that had insolently come out into the open to attack them, and whom Porter alone had almost beaten, both at Gaines' Mill and Beaver Dam Creek; if they had known how easily an energetic commander could that day have either crushed the army opposed to Porter, or could have gone into Richmond by simply striking hard in either direction, would they then have tossed their ready caps in air at sight of General McClellan? Would not his reception by his army have been more like that accorded to General Banks on the retreat from the Red River Campaign?

It is said that opportunity comes but once to man. General McClellan was a favorite of fortune. To him opportunity came not once, but many times. The evening of July 1st, at

the close of the bloody day of Malvern, Lee's army was again at his mercy. The road to Richmond was again open to him. But before the battle began he had already determined to retreat, and that night the army again turned its back on a weaker and badly beaten and demoralized enemy. The Peninsular Campaign against Richmond was at an end. Its history, in the words of General Webb, is "the history of a lamentable failure."

On June 28th, General McClellan sent to Secretary Stanton the memorable dispatch in which he said: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly, I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." The figures as to the strength of the two armies then grappling with each other is all the comment this statement requires. In answer to this querulous and insolent dispatch the president wrote: "Save your army at all events; will send reinforcements as fast as we can. Neither you nor the goverment are to blame." During all the time his army remained at Harrison's Landing, General McClellan's dispatches to the Secretary of War and to the president, were filled with complaints, and with demands for reinforcements. His private correspondence of the same period discloses the same spirit. In the *Century Magazine* for February, 1888, General Sherman, speaking of this says: "During his stay at Harrison's Landing, the temper of his correspondence, official and private, was indicative of a spirit not consistent with the duty of the commanding general of a great army." To show the temper of the president, I extract a sentence from his letter of July 2d to General McClellan: "If in your frequent mention of responsibility you have the impression that I blame you for not doing more than you can, please be relieved of such impression. I only beg that in like manner you will not ask impossibilities of me."

It is useless to follow the discussion as to whether the army should have been withdrawn from Harrison's Landing or not.

The question was virtually decided by Lee. He did not hesitate to again divide his greatly inferior force. About August 1st, he sent Jackson to confront Pope on the Rappahannock. Nor is it necessary to follow Pope's disastrous campaign. He was undoubtedly out-generaled by Jackson at every point, and for days groped in a fog of doubt and uncertainty that a keener eye than his would have easily penetrated. Nor is it our purpose to go into the controversy as to whether McClellan's army came as promptly as possible to his relief. The point in which we are interested is that Pope's defeat gave McClellan another opportunity. September 2d President Lincoln himself placed the defenses of Washington, and the command of the troops as they arrived from the front, in the hands of General McClellan. He has been much criticised, and I think justly, for doing so. But it must be remembered that the defeat of Pope's army looked much worse at Washington than at the front, where only the day before it had sturdily repulsed Jackson at Chantilly. It must be remembered too, that on August 31st, late in the evening, when the fight was over, Halleck had broken down and had requested McClellan to assist him in this crisis with his abilility and experience. Secretary of the Treasury Chase records in his diary, commenting on this action of the president: "It is indeed humiliating, but prompted, I believe, by a sincere desire to serve the country." The president himself in speaking of it at the time gives also his estimate of the general. "If he cannot fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight," was one of his comments.

It is worth while to notice briefly General McClellan's statement in the *Century Magazine* for May, 1886, that "the president said he regarded Washington as lost." This statement was not made until after Halleck's death — he being the only one present at the interview between the president and General McClellan. It is plainly contradicted by the tone of the order of September 3d, the following day, and could, if

necessary, be contradicted by a score of witnesses, say Nicolay and Hay.

August 31st, McClellan wrote his wife: "I do not regard Washington as safe against the Rebels. If I can slip over there I will send your silver off." As to the statement of General McClellan that he went to Antietam with a halter around his neck — meaning that he was acting without orders — its absurdity can be shown from his own story.

September 7th he wrote his wife, "I leave here to take command of the troops in the field. The feeling of the government toward me I am sure is kind and trusting." I have thought the situation easily explained. General McClellan was placed in command of the troops as they came from the front. When these troops were required to repel Lee's invasion into Maryland, he was their commander, and naturally the duty of leading them was his without an order specifically assigning him to it. That he should think of making a point against the government because one was not issued shows his exceeding facility at finding causes of complaint. As a result of Lee's invasion of Maryland, the magnificent Army of the Potomac is again in the field with McClellan as its leader. He has yet opportunity to make for himself a great name, and that he might not fail to do so, fortune put in his hands September 13th, Lee's Special Order of the 9th. From this he learns that his adversary's force is divided into three parts: one part is in camp near Boonsboro; another part is on the left bank of the Potomac beleaguering Harper's Ferry; the third part is also besieging Harper's Ferry, but is on the right bank of the Potomac.

General Palfrey says: "The finding of this paper was a piece of rare good fortune; it placed the Army of Northern Virginia at the mercy of McClellan. The case called for the utmost exertion and the utmost speed. It cannot be said that he did not act with considerable energy, but he did not act with

sufficient." That is, he made no use whatever of his good fortune. Harper's Ferry was not relieved. It surrendered the morning of the 15th, with eleven thousand men and seventy-three pieces of artillery. Lee's army was not beaten in detail. Before McClellan was ready to strike, that army was reunited behind Antietam — the last division, A. P. Hill's, arriving on the field at half past two o'clock on the 17th — the day of the battle, and just in time to checkmate Burnside's attack on the Confederate right. Of that bloody fight, what shall I say? What Abraham Lincoln said in 1863 is still true: "It is hard to say that any thing has been done braver and better than at Antietam." To my mind, the Army of the Potomac never better showed the stuff of which it was made than on that day about the Dunker Church and the east and west woods. There are not many finer things in story than Sumner's charge that day with Sedgwick's division. It was not good tactics, it was unsuccessful, but it was heroic! It was glorious, and every man who boldly held up his head in those lines that day is a hero. Living or dying, I would like to have been in it. But this praise of Antietam is for the bravery of the army, not for the skill or conduct of the commanding general there displayed. From first to last, the battle on his part, was a succession of errors. It should have been fought on the 16th, before Anderson and McLaws came up. By his movements of troops on the 16th, McClellan showed Lee where his heavest blows were to fall, and thus gave him time to prepare for them. Then, by his orders to Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, as to their crossing of the Antietam, he arranged for the successive and disconnected attacks of these generals on the morning of the 17th, Hooker being fought out before Mansfield came on the ground; Mansfield, in turn, being used up before Sumner struck a blow. Then if Burnside was slow on the left, whose fault was it? If the commanding general does not require and secure prompt and concurrent action from his lieutenants, of what

avail is his presence on the field? The entire field of Antietam was under General McClellan's eye. He surveyed it from the Fry house with the aid of glasses strapped to the fence. Of the magnificent enthusiasm of his troops for him, he made no use whatever. Palfrey says: "Of McClellan's conduct of this battle there is little to be said in the way of praise beyond the fact that he did fight it voluntarily, without having it forced upon him." Had he struck hard the next day we know that Lee's army would, in all probability, have been crushed. But for his failure to do this I cannot blame him severely. Parts of his army had suffered terribly; that fact was before his eyes and he had not Grant's ability to realize that the enemy had suffered just a severely, nor had he Grant's grim resolution to fight it out on this line. The 18th passed quietly, and that night Lee withdrew into Virginia.

It is a characteristic of McClellan that on the 18th he telegraphed Halleck, "Send all the troops you can by the most expeditious route."

Lee's army at the Antietam numbered forty thousand men according to General Palfrey. McClellan's numbers, from his own report, were eighty-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-four. But of these the Fifth and Sixth Corps and the cavalry division were hardly used at all, so that considering the advantage of position, the fighting between those actually engaged was about even. But on September 23d the general begins his old plaint for reinforcements. He states that Sumner occupies Harper's Ferry with his own and Williams' corps. "I think he will be able to hold his position 'till reinforcements arrive," is his cheerful statement of the situation. September 30th the morning report of the Army of the Potomac showed a total present and absent of three hundred and three thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine, of which twenty-eight thousand were absent on special duty, seventy-three thousand present for duty with Banks in Washington, one hundred thousand absent,

and one hundred thousand present for duty with General McClellan. President Lincoln visited it at this time, remained several days and urged upon General McClellan the need of immediate action. It was here that, looking upon this great army, he said to a friend, "Do you know what that is?" Being told "It is the Army of the Potomac," he answered, "No, that is a mistake; it is General McClellan's body guard." October 6th, the president gave an order directing McClellan to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy and drive him south. This order having no effect, on October 13th he wrote the general a long letter, not only telling him what to do, but also instructing him how to do it. The plan of campaign there outlined is so sensible and practical that it has been claimed by the general's friends as his, and as furnishing proof of his skill in his profession. At last, on October 25th, the army began crossing, and November 1st it was all over the Potomac. The president's plan, as outlined in his letter of October 13th, contemplated interposing the Army of the Potomac between Richmond and General Lee — thus compelling the latter to give battle. When he learned that this had not been done he relieved General McClellan of his command, directing him to report for orders at Trenton, New Jersey.

That General McClellan rendered valuable service to his country, at a time of great need, is undisputed. Those services would have been thankfully and gratefully remembered, but for his act in giving to the world his own story. But when he there attempts to account for his failure by charging a conspiracy against him to prevent his success, it is necessary to examine his achievements in the light of the facts of history. His friends cannot complain if his reputation suffers thereby. He created the magnificent Army of the Potomac, thanks partly to him, largely to the material he had to work upon. But having fashioned that army into an implement of war almost ideally perfect, he was unable to use it effectively. The

sword he had forged was too heavy for his hand. He could not strike quick, telling blows with it. His constant exaggeration of the force opposed to him must always remain a mystery. But it is a greater mystery, that he could write his own story, after the facts had been given to the world, by friends who were members of his staff, and, ignoring entirely their statements, account for his failures by charging a "treasonable conspiracy" against himself upon the part of the administration. His editor has furnished the only possible explanation of his silence as to facts, and of his charges against the administration. It is given by the extracts from his private correspondence. These show an inordinate self-conceit, that, towards the close of his life and after long brooding over his wasted opportunities, might have blinded his eyes and have unsettled his judgment. These letters must be difficult reading for his old comrades in arms. They reveal a man very different from the chivalric ideal those comrades once followed and worshipped.

Shall I say of Abraham Lincoln, he was the most persuasive, the wisest and greatest leader the world has yet seen? Such is my opinion, and it is confirmed by all my study of his wonderful character and career. I close this paper with a quotation from Lowell:

"On the day of his death, this simple western attorney who, according to one party, was a vulgar joker and whom the doctrinaires among his own supporters accused of wanting every element of statesmanship, was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all, for it appeared that he had drawn the great majority, not only of his fellow citizens, but of mankind also, to his side. So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness, without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment to help it. A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, and no skill in the lower

technicalities of meanness, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if, with him, a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was a funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman."

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

In Memoriam.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. GATCH.

William Tecumseh Sherman died February 14, 1891, in the city of New York.

To the Commander and Companions of the Iowa Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States:

In the death of General William Tecumseh Sherman the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States has lost a greatly loved and honored companion, and the Nation a distinguished citizen, a world renowned general, and a typical patriot. He has been mustered out of that Grand Army of the Republic on whose muster rolls, companions, our names, too, are borne, and to have belonged to which is the proudest fact of our lives. An admiring and devoted people mourns his loss and lingers with heart tribute at his grave. The Iowa Commandery bows submissively, but sadly, to the bereavement. After only a brief separation, he has rejoined his illustrious military compeers, Generals Grant and Sheridan, with whom, and that grand army of the dead who were his compatriots in arms on his country's battlefields, he will sleep the sleep "that shall ne'er know waking" until the final *reveille* "shall awake him to glory again." When he passed into rest it was a shining light that went out, a brave and loyal heart that ceased to beat, and a most illustrious career that was ended. Many and great were his virtues and achievements, and rare and diversified his attainments and accomplishments. History will contain few

brighter pages than those on which his name and deeds are recorded. The most eloquent tribute to his memory would be the simplest statement possible of the great facts of his great life, and a faithful portrayal of his matchless character. In private and social life he was everywhere the entertaining and agreeable gentleman, polite in manners, and rarely gifted in conversation. As a writer, his talent was of a high order. His letters have all the grace and charm of his conversation, and his "Memoirs" have been favorably compared with that master piece of literature, Cæsar's Commentaries. As an after dinner speaker he had no superiors, and on the platform was always equal to the occasion, often displaying rare gifts of eloquence and oratory. At the banquet, "wherever he sat was the head of the table." At the campfire he was unequaled in anecdote and story.

As a citizen he was the very soul of loyalty and patriotism. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, "Alone,"—to use his own words—"in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs," he "resolved to stand by the government as long as a fragment of it survived on which to cling," and emphasized his resolve with the memorable words, "On no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old government of the United States."

"His fidelity," as beautifully expressed by one who was his enemy in war, but his friend in peace, "was the true and simple faith of an American to his convictions of duty." He was greater than his ambition. While the pathway to the presidency is strewn with the wrecks of great men who aspired to this dangerous eminence, he was great enough not to desire it. The best qualities of a citizen and soldier combined to fit him preeminently for military leadership on the side of his country in the defense of the Union. Inspired by the highest motives of patriotism, his faith never faltered and his courage was invincible. Ever bold and confident himself, all under him were

inspired with the same faith and courage, never doubting when following him that they were following to victory. As a military commander he was sagacious and brilliant, bold and dashing, determined and persevering — never wavering, and never despondent. In the field, with the responsibility of a great army upon him, and the fate of the Nation trembling in the balance, while in his heart he loved, and, in all his hardships and sufferings, tenderly sympathized with the soldier in the ranks, he nevertheless exacted of him the whole duty of a soldier. Loyal and obedient to his superiors, he expected and exacted equal loyalty and obedience from his subordinates. As a master of the art of war, he knew the imperative necessity of the most rigid discipline. Four years of battles and victories, from Shiloh to Goldsboro, won for him an imperishable name and fame. Rising rank by rank from the grade of colonel in the regular army, at the commencement of the war, to that of major-general, also in the regular army, before its close, and after its close to the supreme rank of general, his measure of military honors was full. Measured by his deeds and masterful character, he must forever rank among the world's great men and heroes. But with the courage and decision of character, the brave heart and will, firm as fate, that made him a military hero, there was united a gentleness and simplicity of character that made his private life as serene and beautiful as his military life was rugged and severe.

> "His mien, his speech,
> Were sweetly simple —
> But, when the matter matched his mighty mind,
> Up rose the hero; on his piercing eye
> Sat observation; on each glance of thought
> Decision followed."

Let us, as his surviving companions, cherish in our minds and hearts the many glorious memories that cluster about his name and splendid career, that when we, too, shall pass from the

diminishing ranks of the minority on this side to join the fast increasing majority on the other shore, we may transmit them to those who shall come after us as a priceless legacy and inspiration to virtue, loyalty, and heroism.

C. H. Gatch,
J. C. Shrader,
Geo. G. Wright,
Committee.

April 14, 1891.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS: General Sherman was born in Ohio, on February 8, 1820, and died in the city of New York on the 14th of February, 1891. He was appointed by Hon. Thomas Ewing to the military academy at West Point, and graduated in 1840. This national military school then, as now, imparted the best attainable military instruction.

General Sherman's great career, and his real title to fame and to the gratitude of his country, rests upon his military achievements. His career as a young officer was, in many respects, an eventful one, serving in Florida, and at Mobile and Charleston.

At the outbreak of the war with Mexico, he was ordered to California, and participated in its conquest, and in the preliminary struggles which ended in the annexation to the United States of California, and the other territory acquired from Mexico. His own memoirs disclose, in a graphic way, the incidents and scenes occurring after the discovery of gold. This narrative is as attractive to the student of our history as any romance.

Returning from California, in 1850, he was soon after appointed a captain in the commissary department, and served at St. Louis and at New Orleans. This, although a promotion, offered little opportunity for advancement, and he soon resigned and left the army with a view to become the managing agent of an important banking firm in San Francisco, thus returning to

California. He remained there until 1857, when he again returned East, and for a brief time resided in New York city as the agent of the bank he had served in California. This bank, having closed its affairs in New York city, General Sherman moved to the young State of Kansas, and began the practice of law at Leavenworth. The law, however, soon became irksome to him, and receiving a flattering offer from Louisiana to become the superintendent of the military institute of that State, he accepted, and immediately entered upon the work. Here he was surrounded by the influential men who dominated public opinion in Louisiana.

Very soon after the election of Mr. Lincoln, in 1860, General Sherman saw that Louisiana and all the cotton States would follow South Carolina into rebellion, and, at that time he believed the separation would lead to war, involving the two sections of the Union, requiring large armies and great expenditures. He decided that in such a contest his duty was plain, and that his country should have his best and most faithful services. He promptly tendered his resignation as superintendent of the institute to the governing authorities, and asked its immediate acceptance, frankly stating the reason for doing so, that he must fight for, and not against, the Union. After the acceptance of his resignation, he made a brief visit to New Orleans before starting northward on his journey to Lancaster, Ohio. This visit to New Orleans, and the long journey northward, confirmed him in the view that war was inevitable. He found the people of the slave States practically united for separation, even though it should involve a long and bloody struggle. The impressions thus received, on the threshold of the contest, exerted a marked influence upon his judgment as the War progressed. After spending a few days in Ohio with his family, he visited Washington, on the request of his brother, John Sherman, then, as now, a senator from the State of Ohio. He was not satisfied with what he saw at Washington. Realizing

from his journey northward that the whole South was in active preparation for war, there was no visible sign of preparation on the part of the government at Washington. He made a brief visit to President Lincoln, but had no opportunity of impressing upon him the situation in the South. He left Washington with the feeling that those in authority did not fully realize the true condition of affairs, and with every disposition to serve the government, he saw, at the moment, no opportunity to do so.

Being offered a civilian position of some importance and fair emolument in St. Louis, by some of his old friends, he accepted, and immediately entered upon this employment. On his arrival at St. Louis, about the 1st of April, he found the city practically divided into two hostile camps, the governor of the State and the dominant political power of the State were on the side of the Rebellion, without concealment. Frank Blair, Gratz Brown, Henry T. Blow, and other influential citizens, were in full sympathy with the goverment, and earnestly for its preservation at any and every cost.

These lines, well understood, were not openly hostile, both sides apparently awaiting events. They did not wait long. On the 14th of April, Fort Sumter, with its small garrison, surrendered to the Rebels, and the American flag was forced down in the harbor of Charleston, and for it was substituted the flag of Rebellion. In an instant, the country was on fire as in a conflagration. In the North there was an instantaneous uprising of the people. Demand was made for the most active and thorough preparation for war, for the preservation of the Union. For the time being, party lines were forgotten in the flow of patriotism throughout the North. The heart of the South, too, was elated by this success at Charleston, and State after State followed the extreme South into the Rebellion through secession ordinances, and kindred devices, and, in a few days, Rebellion threatened the Capitol itself. The Rebel flag could be seen from the steps of the Capitol, and Rebel guns could be

heard in the city. The danger then thoroughly appreciated, the most active preparations for war were entered upon; levies of troops were made by calls for volunteers; Congress was convened in extra session, to sanction the extraordinary steps taken.

General Sherman's education and experience entitled him at once to recognition. He was offered the chief clerkship of the War Department, with the promise of Assistant Secretary of War as soon as Congress should convene. This was declined on the ground that if he could be useful it would be in the field where fighting was to be done. On May 14, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry Regiment, regular army, one of the new regiments to be organized without delay, it being expected that Congress would pass the necessary law authorizing these new regiments when it convened in July. General Sherman signified his acceptance at once, gave up his employment at St. Louis, repaired to Washington, took the oath of office, and was assigned to duty on the staff of General Scott, then commander-in-chief of the army, and thus entered upon that active military career which so distinguished him in after years. He was assigned to the duty of organizing the new regiments now pouring into Washington, and which were transferred to Arlington Heights on the Virginia side. The Rebel government was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, and Rebel troops were being rapidly concentrated between Richmond and Washington.

General Sherman thus participated in the early organization of that magnificent army which four years later was triumphant at Appomattox, under the leadership of General Grant. The cry of "On to Richmond" was heard all through the early summer. But it was not until late in July that General McDowell ordered a forward movement, which so soon met with disaster at Bull Run — disaster because victory and not retreat was expected. In the first great battle of the War,

General Sherman commanded a brigade, which did splendid fighting. The failure of Bull Run was a great drawback to the Union cause, and greatly encouraged the Rebellion.

Congress, then in session, passed the necessary legislation authorizing war preparations on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the contest.

The Rebel lines extended from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and beyond; great armies were organizing for the conflict, on the Rebel side commanded and directed by the most experienced and ablest officers of the old army, such as Lee, the two Johnstons, Beauregard, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, and so on. Sherman was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and, at the request of General Robert Anderson, who was to command the Army of the Ohio, with headquarters at Louisville, was assigned to duty under the latter, who was in poor health, and greatly enfeebled by the strain at Sumter. This department embraced the region from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, covering a line in length of more than three hundred miles, with one-half the people immediately south of it in sympathy with the new Confederacy, all of which line required defense from the threatened incursions of General Zollicoffer from the southeast, and General Albert Sidney Johnston from the southwest, both of whom had armies organized ready to move northward with a veiw to concentrate in the heart of Kentucky, in the hope that thereby that State could be carried into the Confederacy. Owing to the ill health of General Anderson, the great labor of this long defensive line, as respects the organization of troops and their disposition, fell upon General Sherman, and a little later, the health of General Anderson failing wholly, General Sherman was placed in chief command, much against his wish. The president had promised both Generals Anderson and Sherman that as soon as General Buell could reach Kentucky, his native State, General Anderson should be relieved of responsibility, and General Buell should be placed

in command, and if Sherman remained it would only be as a subordinate. General Buell did not arrive until about the middle of November, and General Sherman was then relieved and ordered to report to General Halleck, in command of the Department of the Mississippi, embracing the States and Territories east and west of that great river, and bordering on its banks. General Sherman had performed most valuable service in Kentucky, during these three months, with inadequate forces and inadequate means for the equipment of an army. General Halleck assigned him to inspection duty for a few days in the interior. On his return, he found he was so wearied and worried with his great work in Kentucky that he needed a short absence for recuperation. Twenty days were allowed him, during which time he visited his family in Ohio, then, on his return, was placed in command of the organization of troops at Benton Barracks. At this time the whole North was a tented field; regiments were organizing in large numbers in every State. Those organized in the Western States were assigned chiefly to General Halleck, and as fast as they came were sent to Benton Barracks for arms, clothing, and other supplies necessary for active service. Here they were drilled, and, as soon as they were ready, sent to the front and assigned to the different armies in the field. General Halleck stated to General Sherman that, as soon as the spring campaign of 1862 should begin, he would be placed in command of a division in the Army of the Tennessee, then commanded by General Grant, who was operating actively about Cairo, Illinois, and Paducah, Kentucky. Soon after this, the brilliant success of the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson were achieved by General Grant. It was expected that these successes would be quickly followed by other aggressive operations southward, where the army of General Albert Sidney Johnston was operating. To this end General Sherman was ordered to Paducah, Kentucky, with a view to an early movement forward from that point, and, in

the meantime, to organize troops and forward supplies up the Tennessee wherever needed. At Paducah, General Sherman organized the division promised him by General Halleck, and soon moved with it up the Tennessee River.

General Sherman's first achievement in the field was at the hard fought battle of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. In this struggle the troops under his command bore the brunt of the battle. General Grant, in his report, said of him "that he was with his command during the entire two days of the action, and displayed great skill and judgment in the management of his men," and General Halleck declared "that General Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th, and contributed to the victory on the 7th."

General Sherman participated actively in all the scenes and incidents which followed the battle of Shiloh, and which preceded the hard fought battles in and about Vicksburg, and participated conspicuously and actively as a commander prior to the investment of Vicksburg by the armies under General Grant.

Many efforts had been made for the reduction of Vicksburg, all ineffectual. They all involved a long line of protection for the base of supplies, or an attack from the river with impregnable batteries on its shores. Finally, General Grant conceived the plan of cutting loose from his base of supplies, for a time, by moving the army south, on the west bank, and crossing below Vicksburg, expecting to capture or to drive the enemy into their intrenchments, and then secure a new base north of the city. This plan did not meet the approval of General Sherman, but when determined upon, received his hearty coöperation, and under General Grant, he was the most conspicuous figure in its execution. The plan and its execution disclosed great military genius, and resulted in the capture of this stronghold and the surrender of Pemberton's army on the 4th of July, 1863. With this capture, the Confederacy was divided, and the Mississippi "moved unvexed to the sea."

General Sherman, the next day after the capture, was dispatched with a large force after "Joe" Johnston, who was hovering about Jackson, and in the rear of General Grant, with about forty thousand men. These were dispersed after two or three severe conflicts. General Sherman's services in these movements were so conspicuous that in recognition of them he was made a brigadier-general in the regular army, and General Grant a major-general, then the highest rank authorized by law.

General Sherman's military genius, first conspicuous at Shiloh, and now demonstrated on so many hard fought fields about Vicksburg, had secured for him the absolute confidence of the officers and men under his command. This confidence he retained during the War. Two or three months of comparative quiet followed these achievements, when events forced General Sherman into increased activity and reponsibility.

After Chickamauga, Rosecrans and his army were practically shut up in Chattanooga, and Burnside was in great distress at Knoxville. General Grant ordered Sherman, with a large part of his command, to Chattanooga to the relief of Rosecrans, and General Halleck ordered Grant to Cairo, and thence to Louisville, where he met Secretary Stanton, who immediately placed General Grant in command of all the armies west of the Alleghenies, embracing the Departments of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tenneseee, including all the armies in the West except that of Banks, in Louisiana.

The first order made by General Grant, on assuming command of the Western Army, was to assign General Thomas to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, relieving General Rosecrans, and on reaching Chattanooga to assign General Sherman to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. General Sherman's rapid marches through the enemy's country, infested with roving cavalry and guerrilla bands and a hostile population, indicated his capacity to move

an army quickly and safely for a long distance, maintaining constant communication with his superior and his base of supplies.

General Bragg was fortified and entrenched on the ridges and mountains and in the valleys about Chattanooga with a large army only recently victorious, and by the time General Grant was ready for an aggressive movement General Sherman had moved his great army from West Tennessee, and, though jaded and worn with marching, plunged into the thickest of the fight, executing with alacrity and with complete success every detail order of the commanding general, the result being the complete rout of General Bragg and his army, and quick relief to General Burnside at Knoxville, General Sherman disclosing true military genius in the execution of the plans of his chief. This battle ended the active operations of General Sherman in the field during the years 1862 and 1863, replete with splendid victories for the cause of the Union. He was not wholly inactive during the winter of 1863–4, but was making preparations for the spring campaign.

On the 2d of March, 1864, Congress established the rank of lieutenant-general, providing, also, that the officer holding this rank should have command of all the armies of the field. This rank and command were conferred, by appointment of the president and confirmed by the Senate, upon General Grant, who immediately repaired to Weshington to assume the duties of this exalted position. Upon their assumption, he appointed General Sherman to the command of all the troops in the field west of the Alleganies formerly under his own immediate command, still embracing the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Ohio, and, indeed, all the troops in the West and Southwest, except those under the immediate command of General Banks, in Louisiana. That this command was worthily bestowed appeared, during that year, by the great success achieved by General Sherman in his

movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta, in the very heart of the Confederacy, having then under his immediate command about one hundred thousand men as against about sixty-five thousand men under General "Joe" Johnston, who occupied a strong interior line entrenched at every step of attempted progress by the attacking army. After a series of battles and flank movements without a parallel during the War, except the movements of General Grant himself in front of Richmond, he captured Atlanta early in September, thus again severing the Confederacy.

An incident occurred between General Grant and General Meade, illustrating their view of General Sherman, on the occasion of General Grant's first visit to the Army of the Potomac, when General Meade said to him: "I take it for granted that you will wish to have General Sherman command the Army of the Potomac, and I desire to say that if that is your wish, I will gladly relieve you from any embarrassment in making the change," thus showing that the achievements of General Sherman had been such, up to that hour, as to indicate in the mind of this veteran officer that General Sherman was fitted to command the Army of the Potomac, and would be selected for that command. General Grant said, "No, I wish you to continue at the head of the Army of the Potomac, as I have other and equally important work for General Sherman in the West." And, afterward, in making recommendations for the promotion of General Sherman and General Meade to the rank of major-general in the regular army, as a reason for this promotion he said, "Of all the generals under my command, these two are best fitted for the command of large armies in the field."

After the capture of Atlanta, General Sherman believed that he could leave a portion of his army under General Thomas to take care of General Hood and of the Southwest, and with the remainder he could march directly from Atlanta to the sea,

and by this means destroy the power of the Confederacy in all the intervening region. General Grant consented to this expedition, and early in November, General Sherman, with sixty-five thousand veterans, ably officered and well equipped, started upon his celebrated "March to the Sea," relying wholly upon the country for subsistence and support, and on Christmas Day, after a series of successful marches and conflicts, he telegraphed to President Lincoln that the city of Savannah had surrendered and was in possession of his army, this splendid body of men having made this unexampled march of three hundred miles in the enemy's country without serious casualties or losses. General Grant, at this time, was closely investing General Lee and his army about Petersburg and Richmond. He suggested to General Sherman that it would be wise to leave a sufficient garrison at Savannah, place his army on transports, and bring them by sea to some point in the North where he could directly coöperate with the Army of the Potomac; but General Sherman suggested that, instead of embarking his army at Savanah, it would be wiser and better for him to march northward directly through Georgia, and North and South Carolina, dealing blows as he marched, and, in that way, prevent reinforcements from reaching General Lee at Richmond.

General Grant at once yielded to this plan, and General Sherman marched his army northward from Savannah. In North Carolina he was reinforced by General Schofield with about twenty-five thousand men, and by General Terry with seven or eight thousand more, and thus had under his immediate command and control nearly eighty thousand men in North Carolina, where he was again confronted with General "Joe" Johnston, who had been placed in chief command of all the Confederate troops in that region. He was in active preparation to destory Johnston's army, when the news reached him that Lee had surrendered with his army at Appomatox, and that the capital of the Confederacy was in General Grant's

possession, and Jefferson Davis, with the chief officers of the Confederacy, was fleeing to the Southwest. General Johnston, at this juncture, sent a flag of truce to General Sherman with a view to surrender. In an interview immediately following, General Sherman, to avoid the further shedding of blood, proposed to General Johnston that he should surrender upon substantially the same terms as those imposed upon General Lee at Appomattox.

This proposal led to two or three interviews, wherein Johnston suggested to him that if assurances could be given with respect to the civil rights of those in rebellion, he would surrender all the armies of the Rebellion which had not been surrendered by General Lee. General Sherman asked him if he had authority to make such surrender, and he said he had not absolute authority, but could procure authority by next morning (they parting to meet again on the next day). The next day General Johnston assured him that he had authority to surrender all the armies in the field if proper conditions could be secured. General Sherman, from recent conversations with General Grant and with President Lincoln, at City Point, believed that President Lincoln would be willing to yield any reasonable terms that would secure the absolute integrity of the Union and the recognition of the abolition of slavery, and he had just seen in the newspapers, although afterward it proved to be incorrect, that President Lincoln had, after the surrender of Lee, authorized the assembling of the Rebel legislature of Virginia at Richmond; he also believed that it was important to secure the surrender of all the armies in an authoritative way, in order that peace might be absolutely restored rather than that the army of the United States should be compelled to pursue bands of Confederates, engaged in predatory warfare, all over the South. Thereupon, subject to the approval of the authorities at Washington, he entered into a cartel or agreement with General Johnston for the surrender

of all the armies of the Confederacy in the field, and pending the approval of these terms, at Washington, all active movements in the army were to cease — not to be renewed, in case of disapproval, for forty-eight hours.

It is impossible for me, in the brief time allotted, to even recite the details of this agreement. I need only say that it gave rise to an angry controversy afterward and was totally repudiated by President Johnson, he then having come into power by reason of the assassination of President Lincoln. General Grant was sent from Washington to North Carolina to supersede General Sherman and to demand the surrender of Johnston and his army; that failing, to immediately renew hostilities. Generals Grant and Sherman were close friends, and in the execution of this order, General Grant did not even disclose to General Sherman the full extent of his authority, but communicated that his arrangement with Johnston had been repudiated by the president and the secretary of war, and that the surrender on substantially the same terms given to Lee should be offered, and in case of failure to accept, notice should be given for the renewal of hostilities on the expiration of the forty-eight hours. Upon this demand made by General Sherman, General Johnston's army was surrendered on the same terms as those upon which General Lee had surrendered, which practically ended the War.

Afterward, this great army was marched through the interior of the country to a point opposite Washington, and participated in the great review at the Capitol on the 23d and 24th of May, 1865, and it was noted that a more splendid army in its steady step and discipline, in its *personnel* and in its command, had not been witnessed for many generations of time than passed in review on those two days, numbering in all nearly two hundred thousand men, sixty-five thousand of whom had marched more than two thousand miles under General Sherman. After this review, the active military career

of General Sherman ended. He took leave of his army a few days afterwards in a general order.

General Grant, in 1866, was promoted to the rank of general, and General Sherman to the rank of lieutenant-general, and when General Grant became president, General Sherman was promoted to the rank of general; and in this rank and with this honor General Sherman continued until the day of his death, except that at the age of sixty-four he was retired from active service with full pay.

I have, in this imperfect recital, followed General Sherman through the years of the War, giving only the salient points in his great career. It is a story familiar to you all, and deeply imbedded in the memories of many of you who served with him and under him. I have assumed that you desire this recapitulation of the story of his life, wherein his great deeds and great achievements endear his memory to his comrades and to his country now, and which latter will be cherished by the generations that come after, who can only know of these deeds as they are told in story and song, and in the more enduring form of impartial history of the period, in which he bore so conspicuous and honorable a part.

The student of the history of this time, in the study of General Sherman's character and services, will find much of it written by himself, as he was a ready, graphic, and most interesting writer, as will appear from his voluminous and luminous reports of his marches and battles, and will also find his opinions freely and plainly expressed respecting current events. As an illustration of this faculty, I point you to a letter written by him to General Halleck in the fall of 1863, and first published in his own memoirs, wherein he discusses in a statesmanlike way the treatment that should be extended to Rebels and Rebel States during the War. He believed, with General Grant, that the only way to secure permanent peace was to conquer the Rebel Armies in the field, and until the War should

end only military government should appear in any of the conquered States.

In this active and responsible participation in the War of four years, almost without a leave of absence, and for three years in most responsible commands, it would be strange if General Sherman had made no mistakes. It was the great Marshall Turenné who said: "Show me the commander who has never made mistakes, and you will show me one who has never made war."

Yet, in all this great career of General Sherman, I cannot recall but two or three mistakes. He was not always successful in the execution of orders, but he always did the best possible under the circumstances. He was mistaken in his judgment as to the success of the final movement of General Grant at Vicksburg, but none was so ready to acknowledge this success and give credit to the military genuis of General Grant, who conceived it, and under whose orders in detail the success was achieved.

There were but two instances in his great career wherein he was severely criticised, and in both instances these criticisms were unjust to him.

I have recited the story of his command in Kentucky during a portion of the first year of the War. In August or September, of 1861, General Simon Cameron, then secretary of war, hearing many criticisms of the conduct of General Frémont, at St. Louis, made a visit to him, and, on his return to Washington, telegraphed General Sherman that he would like to see him on the return journey at Louisville, Kentucky, or Jeffersonville, Indiana, opposite. Secretary Cameron came to Louisville, and, in a conversation which was stated to be wholly private, although in the presence of five or six persons, General Sherman recounted to the secretary of war the situation in Kentucky, and what would be necessary to maintain from successful invasion these three hundred miles of frontier,

then menaced by Albert Sidney Johnston on the one side, and General Buckner on the other. They both were concentrating large armies, with a view to unite their forces in the heart of Kentucky. He complained, if complaint it could be called, that all the soldiers organizing in the Northern States were being sent either to Frémont, at St. Louis, or to General McClellan, at Washington.

Thereupon, Secretary Cameron asked him what he thought would be necessary in his command, and he said that he should have at least sixty thousand men to defend his lines, and if active aggressive operations were to be begun from this central position, that a force of two hundred thousand men would be required to successfully take the aggressive against the armies then organizing in Southern Kentucky and Tennessee and in all the Southwest. General Lorenzo Thomas, then adjutant-general of the army, was present, and made minutes of this interview for the secretary, who, on his return to Washington, in transcribing these minutes, among other things, said that General Sherman had made an insane demand for two hundred thousand men to operate on the lines within his command, and the same interpretation of this conversation appeared almost simultaneously in the New York *Tribune* and other Eastern papers, which was soon converted into a declaration that General Sherman had become insane. This, for a time, greatly diminished the usefulness of General Sherman as an officer in command, and it was not until the battle of Shiloh that the public were disabused of this great injustice to him, although General Halleck and the officers about him and above him knew of this injustice.

His true vindication, however, was in the fact that in the spring of 1863, about eighteen months after this conversation, he succeeded General Grant in the command of the forces embraced within the Armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tennessee. These armies, at the time, having borne upon their

aggregate rolls three hundred and fifty thousand men, and in General Sherman's immediate army for the campaign against Atlanta, there were one hundred thousand men, all, or nearly all, veterans of many well fought fields, with this command he destroyed absolutely the power of the Confederacy in the valley of the Mississippi, and afterward, with sixty-five thousand of them, effected an easy march to the sea, and then to the capitol, thus contributing more than any other commander, except General Grant, to the destruction of the armies of the Rebellion. It is no disparagement to the other great generals, such as Sheridan, Logan, Meade, and Hancock, that General Sherman received at the hands of his countrymen, and in the hearts of the people, and also in the judgment of military critics, the second place in the great conflict for the preservation of the Union.

The other criticism upon General Sherman's career was because of the terms of the agreement arranged between him and General Johnston. That this was a mistake on his part he acknowledged afterward. General Sherman was deeply grieved, not because of the rejection of the agreement, but because of the treatment he received from the secretary of war, who immediately made public the terms of the agreement and his own sharp criticism, very unfriendly to General Sherman, and because of the order issued by the secretary of war and by General Halleck relating to them, and he publicly resented this publicity and these orders as a personal insult to him, by refusing to take the proffered hand of the secretary on the reviewing stand on the 24th of May, and by a caustic letter written to the secretary in justification of his conduct, and in other ways he bitterly resented this treatment of himself. It is most gratifying to know that before the death of Secretary Stanton these two eminent men, who had done so much for, and who labored so faithfully in harmony for, the overthrow of the Rebellion, became reconciled to each other. I have no doubt General

Sherman acted in the best faith to his government and to his country, and believed the terms proposed by him would prevent further bloodshed, and, if executed in good faith, would secure a lasting peace and fraternal concord between the two sections of our country, then engaged in civil conflict. He had not been informed by the president, as General Grant had been, that military officers in the field were limited in their adjustments with surrendering Confederate forces to purely military arrangements, and that what should be done with the States in rebellion, and with the people who had rebelled, and with the institution of slavery, which had been the primal cause of the Rebellion, and the terms of restoration, should be left alone to the civil authorities after the Rebel armies had been conquered and peace restored.

The public judgment soon became clear that one who had served his country so faithfully and so well, and with such high distinction, deserved better treatment than General Sherman received at the time because of this mistake. But these two incidents in his career, both painful to him, one wholly without cause, and fully vindicated by subsequent events, and the other a mistake of judgment made with the best of motives, and for the highest purposes, were soon lost sight of in the presence of his great career and his great qualities as a soldier and as a man.

This plain and imperfect portrayal of mine outlines General Sherman's great career and his achievements. This outline, however, shows how warmly and how deeply his memory is cherished by those who shared these hardships and fought these battles with him, and with what lasting gratitude this generation cherishes, and the generations that are to come after will cherish, his memory and his services.

The armies of the Union aggregated in number more than two millions and a half of men. They were drawn from the fields, workshops, stores, and countinghouses, and were all,

with rare exceptions, in the flush of youth or in the vigor of manhood, all or nearly all intelligent, with a clear view of the nature of the struggle, and what was involved in sucess or failure. No better army was ever assembled. These great armies, as a rule, were officered and commanded by young men. Of those who achieved the greatest distinction, as their names now occur to me (without detracting from the great services of many I do not name), General Sherman was forty-one, the oldest, except General Halleck, who was forty-six, and Generals Meade and Thomas, who were forty-five. Grant was thirty-eight; Logan, thirty-five; Slocum, thirty-four; McPherson, thirty-three; Howard, thirty-one; Sheridan, Schofield, and our own General Dodge, thirty; Hooker, McDowell, and Hunter were much older, and for a time had important commands, and all rendered important service. In the great rivalry for supremacy on the battlefield, and in the movements of great armies, Sherman achieved the second place. Of all those I have named, only Slocum, Howard, Schofield, and Dodge survive. All those who survive, officers and soldiers, will soon join their comrades beyond the grave, but they will leave behind the rich fruitage of a country free, united, and happy, saved by their sacrifices and their valor — a country unexampled among the nations for its varied resources, its material strength, and for the virtue and intelligence of its people.

GENERAL GEORGE A. THOMAS.

BY MAJOR F. H. LORING.

COMPANIONS OF THE IOWA COMMANDERY:

When detailed to read a paper on this occasion, I felt that it was much like placing a raw recruit on veteran service. Feeling thus, it is but natural to expect me to enter upon this duty with feelings akin to that timidity with which the recruit makes his first acquaintance with the skirmish line.

Understanding the object of this organization, in part, to be that of keeping alive the memories of the past by mutual reminiscences, the mind reverts quickly into that channel of thought which turns the scroll backward a quarter of a century. I am aware that during that period historians have been busy, and we have but to look at the title pages of the volumes in our libraries to be assured that, on the subject nearest our hearts tonight, the facts of which are held most retentively in memory's storehouse, the world is full of the written story, and the people about us are as familiar with the facts as are those who, as actors, figured in the great drama that makes this meeting a possibility.

And yet it is a pleasure to know that, although so often told, the story loses none of its freshness by the telling. The time has not yet come that sees the lover of his country tire while listening to the tale of those days of anxiety and sacrifice, or to a delineation of those representative characters who led us out of the wilderness and placed our Nation on the highway to its present and prospective greatness. From the aged parents who gave their first born to the sacrifice, who, faintly hearing

and with dimmed vision, still linger on the hither shore, to the little children sitting at their mother's knee, to one and all the story grows more interesting as the years go by. Thus will it be while there remains a living actor in the Great Rebellion, lingering, waiting, for the bugle call to come up higher.

It is not strange that on this occasion our thoughts drift toward questions purely military, nor that military characters command our first attention.

Aside from the commanding importance of the issues involved, no closer friendships can be formed, no stronger ties cemented, than those formed and cemented by the incidents of camp or march, or amid the stormy scenes of battle. Time will not weaken them, misfortune only strengthen them. So it is with unfailing pleasure we meet and greet with a feeling none others may know.

In paying a feeble tribute to the memory of General George H. Thomas, I am happy in the thought that I am not called upon to discuss a mooted question. Whatever may be the feelings or opinions of my companions around this table as to their own favorite commanders or comrades in arms, I am persuaded that none will withhold a fair share of credit to the commander of the old Army of the Cumberland. It is conceded that the three greatest of our commanders, the three whose record for grand achievement will perhaps go farther down the ages than all others, are the three who bore the highest title which our government confers.

It is conceded that of all the multitude of Americans who stepped forth from 1861 to 1865, and offered themselves for use or sacrifice to protect the flag and save the integrity of the Nation, these three characters will ever appear on the page of history most conspicuously, their fitness most remarkable, their successes most phenomenal. Not that they possessed more courage, more love of country, or a more devoted patriotism than did the individual soldier of that mighty host, upon whose

devotion and patriotism they were enabled to build their reputation and win their glory, but that in directing and manipulating armies they developed a more comprehensive grasp of the situation, and greater ability to control events, thus securing more rapid and brilliant results. There is a standard of patriotism, the outgrowth of American civilization, upon the peculiar construction of which rests the foundation of our governmental fabric. No patentee may lay claim to it for exclusive ownership; nor man nor men monopolize its glory.

It is the heritage of the citizen, and to it every citizen may claim an inalienable right; to it every citizen should prove his right by an intense devotion and unqualified support of those well defined principles which constitute civil liberty and a representative form of government. Every true soldier proved his claim, but he alone is greatest among us who can gather together the diverse fragments of humanity, impelled by such patriotism, and mold and direct them into one common, harmonious, effective force; who can direct or lead the multitude into one channel of great achievement and success. In that power of controlling men; in that great personality which enables one man to bend a multitude to his will, to fill that multitude with enthusiasm to his own akin, filling each and all with an unwavering faith in him and his methods, each of the three, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, excelled to a degree so remarkable that none for a moment will presume to question their well earned fame, and history will record it so long as the story of American freedom shall find a place upon her pages.

When repeating the story of our country's peril, and citing the listener to the struggles and sacrifices for her redemption, with pride and with one accord we point to those three heroes as the most brilliant beacon lights that served to guide us out of the terrrible nightmare and gloom of the Great Rebellion. The onlooking world sees and approves the estimate we place upon them. All people unite in giving these three men the

highest place in the military annals of that great struggle, but no one, not even their most devoted admirers, will claim that they were faultless. They all made mistakes. As has been well said by a recent writer: "He who made no mistakes, made no war."

But we now approach the point at which our paths diverge. Personal recollections bias and divide us. Personal experiences necessarily color our opinions, and personal friendships influence our judgments and control our estimates of men and results. We would speak of those who in a less marked degree, but with no less devotion, and with fully as exalted a patriotism, gave all they had and all they were upon the altar of our common country. Their work as well done, their fealty to the flag as true, their sacrifices as great, and their followers inspired with as exalted zeal, yet more circumscribed in their field of action, they may not have exhibited such brilliancy of execution, nor have had so extensive an influence. These filled the place assigned them with as much credit as did those already mentioned. To such you and I had nearer access, knew them better, could more nearly measure their influence, and more intelligently appreciate their successes. So may I with equal truth assert of all the corps commanders throughout all the armies. We differ when we come to measure our corps commanders as we do those of inferior grades of command, you giving your best tribute to yours, and I to mine.

You soldiers of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps will never forget that greatest of all volunteer soldiers, John A. Logan.

You feel your very fingers tingle as you hear his name; the vision of the past rises before you as a reality, and memory carries you back in imagination to the scenes of Atlanta, amid that fearful struggle where McPherson fell. You never *can*, you never will *wish* to, forget him as you saw him in that supreme hour of his glory. You love and admire him not

more for what he was and what he did, than for that common bond of comradeship that binds us all into a close communion guild. You will not wonder that we of the old Fourteenth Corps remember with equal love and admiration our corps commander. I invite you to a short retrospective view of the character and military life of General George H. Thomas, not only as an individual around whose brow the splendor of military glory shines, but as a representative character, illustrating a large class of heroes whose lives were offered, many of whom were sacrificed, for us and those who follow us.

If General Garfield could say, with his intimate acquaintance and long service under General Thomas, that he felt himself inadequate to do him even "approximate justice," well might I hesitate to speak; and were it not that I speak of a class of which he is a grand representative, rather than for the individual man, who needs no eulogy, I might well refrain. It seems passing strange that such meager material exists from which to learn of General Thomas' early life, and yet we find that in youth he was distinguished as one who was successful in what he undertook.

A native of Virginia, he early imbibed the martial spirit for which citizens of the Old Dominion had a peculiar fondness. Seeking an appointment as a cadet, he entered West Point in 1836, at the age of twenty, from which he graduated with honor in 1840, and entered at once on military life as second lieutenant of artillery, receiving his commision the day of his graduation. His active experience in war was first in Florida, and next in Mexico, during both of which wars he drew from his superiors always unqualified commendation. Rising rapidly in rank, he was breveted three times for gallantry in action prior to the close of the Mexican War, receiving from the cautious and severe criticism of General Wool most complimentary mention. Blest with perfect health, he was always present with his command and never off duty. After passing through

the Florida War, begun in 1840, he was stationed in command of forts and barracks in Texas until the advent of the Mexican War, after the close of which he was on the frontier and skirmishing with the Indians, where, having been wounded in 1860, he went East on leave. When thus off duty he watched with painful apprehension the proceedings of Congress, and the great strife of opinion among the people, which culminated in the conflict of arms.

He was a careful student of all the matters pertaining to his profession, thoroughly educated as to military and international law, and at all times subordinated the military to the civil power, a firm believer in the constitution of the country and the principles which constitute the foundation on which the government rests. Sustained by a strong character and a thoroughly patriotic education, he failed not when the hour came to decide for or against the flag. The first mutterings of the storm of treason alarmed him, for, like Sherman, he knew too well the stuff out of which traitors were being made. Born in a Southern home, he was by birth, by education, by inheritance, and by every association a thorough Southern man: in feeling, opinions, and in practices a Virginian of the Virginians. Of Welsh and Huguenot stock, his ancestors had resided in Southeast Virginia for several generations, and were well equipped with the good things of earth, fine gentlefolk, with strong prejudices all in harmony with the political and social status of those who precipitated the Rebellion, all of which had their influence in the makeup of our hero's character.

As a rule, army experience only lends strength to such an education and training; the "divine institution," whose atmosphere he had breathed from infancy to manhood, was always a strong factor in coloring the thought and opinion of its votaries. It was but natural to expect that one stirred by such strong influences might drift away from his moorings and follow, if not lead, the hotheads of Virginia into the vortex of

rebellion toward which they were rushing with such amazing unanimity. It is recorded of Thomas that he was in advance of his Southern associates in that he read the signs of the times clearly enought to discern that the doom of slavery was sealed, hence he advocated gradual emancipation. As in that, so in the questions of international law he had a clearer vision than Southern men generally, and while Robert E. Lee yielded to the mad elements which, in their frenzy, forced Virginia into rebellion, Thomas stood firm and read between the lines the duty of a patriot, plainly discerning that in the maintenance of the Union only could peace and prosperity come to his people. As he said: "I never for a moment doubted in which course my duty lay."

It is a well authenticated fact that in the early days of the War, when chaos ruled the hour, it was with great hesitation that General Scott placed General, then Major, Thomas in an important command. The men in authority knew full well the great pressure directed toward army officers to draw them away. They knew that Virginians regarded the mother State as entitled to their first love and obedience; they knew that almost at the point of the bayonet the Constitutional Convention declared for separation, which act cut the Gordion knot, and her people went in droves into rebellion, General R. E. Lee leading the procession. Virginians then spelled Virginia with a big *V*, and Nation with a little *n*. Therefore we need not express surprise that at first General Scott knew not whom to trust, nor that a shadow for the moment fell on Thomas. But equally as well may we with joy behold him, along with that host of noble men whom as a class he represents, who by their courage and true devotion proved their loyalty second to no patriot north of Mason and Dixon's line.

It is with the highest degree of satisfaction that this man's admirers read history and note with what alacrity he chose the better part in the Great Struggle. Not a moment did he

hesitate as to what course to pursue. Although on leave when General Twiggs surrendered his regiment in Texas, the moment it arrived within our lines he broke his leave and joined it, and as junior major was ordered to its command, when renewing his allegiance, so basely betrayed by Twiggs, he at once entered into the conflict. R. E. Lee, his colonel, resigned on the 20th of April, 1861, three days after Virginia adopted the ordinance of Secession. Twenty-four others went with him, and all confidently expected Thomas to follow. But for once they "counted without their host." His patriotism was made of sterner stuff. Striking at the life of the Nation had no charm for him.

Having thus far made service in the army his life work, having met every emergeney with alacrity and success, occupying high rank, to which he had risen through efficiency and gallantry, he now gives evidence of his strong manhood, disappointing his Southern admirers, many of whom had been his life long associates and friends, who bitterly manifested their chagrin, yet in as marked a manner completely and happily surprising the doubters and croakers at Washington. Breaking away from his social ties he declared unreservedly for the flag, and entered at once into the ranks of his country's defenders, and took up the line of march as faithfully, as cheerfully, as did any of his compeers, North or elsewhere. For that exhibition of true loyalty to the flag the tongue of slander attacked him, and would have plucked the laurels from his brow that a quarter of a century of stainless service and unexcelled success had placed there. The disappointed men who had sold their birthright for less than a "mess of pottage" would have dragged him down to their own degraded level by insinuating that he dallied with the old harlot of secession. But his grand character and consistent obedience to duty, together with indisputable evidence furnished by his defamers, branded the effort as a base slander, which died with having had only half an existence.

Beginning the work at once, he was ordered to his native State, where he won first honors by defeating Stonewall Jackson, the pride of Virginia and of great fame in the Confederacy. But the necessities of the West soon called him to Kentucky, where he destroyed Zollicoffer and his army, and began those preparations which finally culminated in the organization of the Army of the Cumberland. It has been said that General Thomas was a slow man, but follow him from the time he secured an independent command, and we find him ever ready to meet the enemy, never caught napping, making few mistakes. He won the confidence and devotion of his soldiers because he had a heart that could feel for them, careful, cautious, mindful of their comfort and safety, yet always on the alert, never surprised, his soldiers caught from him the same qualities and always cheerfully responded to the demands he made upon them.

By dint of successful organization, this man brought the Army of the Cumberland up to its remarkable standard of excellence, by which, with his personal influence with the Fourteenth Corps, he was enabled to snatch victory from defeat at Stone River, and later on with the same command to save Rosecrans' army from annihilation on the bloody field of Chickamauga.

It has been said by military critics, learned in the art of war, that no commander of any army ever exhibited more sublime heroism, or inspired in his soldiers a more glorious reproduction of his own skill and courage, than did General Thomas in the last act of that fearful tragedy at Chickamauga. To appreciate Chickamauga, we must remember the situation, which no doubt some of you do. Thomas was a subordinate in command of a little more than half of the army. On the 19th of September the battle in reality was in full activity. By noon of the 20th disaster had come to the right. The commanding general, with the other corps commanders, had left the field, and the

battle was left to Thomas and the Fourteenth Corps. He received no orders nor information from the commanding general; could not know of the disaster on the right until developed by the uncovering of Bragg's left; could not anticipate emergencies, but must conquer as they developed. No one not of the strongest and most versatile military ability could have succeeded at so critical a time.

To command the whole Army of the Cumberland against equal numbers was no trifling matter; but to take a little more than half that army, and with it make a successful resistance against the tremendous force which had been so concentrated to annihilate it, and that without cavalry, no lines connected, the rest of the army and all the cavalry in rapid retreat, the now victorious enemy in superior numbers rushing with savage fury upon the shattered lines, was an achievment worthy of any hour of peril which any portion of our army experienced. When the emergency came, Thomas rose successfully to the demands of the situation. He demonstrated with his fragment of the army what might have been easily done by the whole intact, had his advice been taken. But seeing the Fourteenth Corps left to stand the shock alone, the overconfident enemy pressing on all sides, the time for the crucial test had arrived, and he was equal to it.

To Turchin, on the left, he said: "Break that line." To Steadman: "Check that advance on the right, and I will take care of the center." Finding willing officers and soldiers to follow, he and they with one accord grappled with the foe, and with a determination never excelled they met that charge, broke the lines, drove the enemy back, and victory was theirs. No single act of any commander deserves a higher place in the annals of war than does that of General Thomas in saving the Army of the Cumberland on that day, not retreating until ordered by the commanding general. But for his skill in commanding and his heroism in battle, the whole of that grand army

would have been driven into the Tennessee River, scattered in the Tennessee mountains, or prisoners of war. Well might Grant telegraph him (ignoring the commanding general) to hold Chattanooga at all hazards; and most appropriate was the answer: "We'll hold it till we starve."

General Grant was moved to write in his Memoirs that he "appreciated the force of that dispatch later when he witnessed the condition of affairs which prompted it. It looked, indeed, as if but two courses were open; one to starve, the other surrender or be captured." He held the place without reinforcements; held it until Grant, with the combined power of the Government at his command, opened communication and fed the army. History will preserve the record of that successful defense and its results so long as this Government lives. By the saving of this army, Grant was enabled to win his glory at Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge. It made the campaign to Atlanta and the March to the Sea possible, and contributed largely to crushing the life out of the Rebellion.

Volumes without number have been written of the War; Chickamauga has been a prominent theme in all; civilian and soldier have compared it with other great battles, each in turn placing different estimates upon it. But to my mind, General Hill, of Confederate fame, states it most succinctly and truly when he says: "That barren victory destroyed the *elan* of the Southern Confederates. It was never afterward apparent."

The sequel to Chickamauga, during the approach of starvation, and prior to the start for Atlanta, cannot be expressed in terms of too high commendation of the then commander of the Army of the Cumberland. So eager had the boys become to drive Bragg away from Missionary Ridge, that no quicker was the order given than did they move on the rebel lines, and accomplish two days ahead of time the first advance directed by General Grant. They did on the 23d what he thought they would accomplish only by the 25th. You are all familiar with

the story of that advance up Missionary Ridge, and that transcending of orders when Thomas' boys took the first line of works on top of the hill, under pretense that such was meant in Grant's order to take the line at the bottom. Sheridan's evasive answer on that day to Grant's staff officer has been placed on the historic page, to remain there.

There is a mystery connected with General Grant on that occasion that will never be solved. General Thomas had uniformly succeeded from the beginning of the War. By his acknowledged generalship he had saved that army, had held Chattanooga against overpowering numbers, which General Grant himself deemed nearly impossible. When the time for the battle came, the Army of the Cumberland anticipated orders all along to victory, excepting one short delay of an hour, caused by waiting Hooker's advance, which was delayed five hours, all in obediance to orders, and yet General Grant, almost with his dying breath, gave reluctant credit to General Thomas, while Sheridan, for the same success, won his stars. As the soldiers said to General Thomas, on the hill, when he gently chided them for transcending orders: "Why, general, you have been training us nine weeks for this very thing."

We now follow the general through the preparations for the Atlanta campaign, having been placed in command of the Army of the Cumberland, occupying the center of Sherman's army to the end. During that one hundred and forty days of constant battle, there was no surer sign of the success of the movement than that Thomas approved it. The assault on Kenesaw, described by General Logan so vividly, which was such a dismal failure, was attempted against Thomas' positive protest. As the general commanding said: "Thomas shook his head, as usual." Far better had his advice been taken, as usual. Knowing that, as we lay waiting and expecting to go to the aid of the brave boys who fell there like leaves before an autumn blast, it was no encouraging prospect that opened before us. But it

was a comfort to know that his prudent caution and superior wisdom saved us against a repetition of such useless assaults and the sacrifice of many noble comrades.

The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps fought perhaps the most sanguinary battles on that campaign. They were on the wings of the army, and were marched back and forth as the occasion demanded. There Johnson, and afterward Hood, each made his most determined attacks. It has been thought that the center had an easy time, yet true soldiers, as were the boys of the Army of Ohio and Tennessee, will not claim that any doubt obtained as to the ability or courage of Thomas or his army. You called us Thomas' pets, especially the Fourteenth Corps. You will admit, however, that the center of an army is always to be held. It is the rallying point, and must be intact. It was the want of that precaution that so nearly lost us Chickamauga. Break the center, and the day is lost. If pets, they must have won the favor of the general by some deserving conduct in the past, and, if not worthy of the favor, they would have been sorry material with which to hold a center on such a campaign. Thomas was not unaware of the jesting at our expense, but once only was known to allude to it. After the battle of Jonesboro he sent word to Howard that "Thomas' *pets* have several guns with Howard's mark on them," adding that "He can have them now, having probably loaned them to Hood, who has returned them."

The list of killed and wounded during a campaign is generally accepted as a true test of the work done. By comparing that of the three armies engaged in the Atlanta campaign, we find that in killed and wounded, the Army of Ohio lost sixteen per cent; the Army of the Tennessee, twenty-six per cent; the Army of the Cumberland, thirty-two per cent.

The March to the Sea was about to begin. The thought was that Hood, who was driving north with the whole of his army, must be looked after; and who must be sent to command

against him? Thomas was placed on that duty. It was the department heretofore occupied by the Army of the Cumberland, and in which Thomas had achieved his most brilliant successes.

Taking from him the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps to accompany Sherman to the sea, he was left with only one organized corps of his old army, to cope single handed with Hood and the whole of the magnificent Rebel forces, that had disputed inch by inch the long line of defenses from Chattanooga to Atlanta so stubbornly that our average progress was only one mile a day. To fully understand the position of our army at this time and place, it is necessary to remember that it was supposed that Hood would change front, follow and harrass Sherman; but, instead, he now turned his whole force against Thomas, who, with the Fourth Corps as a nucleus, was obliged to reorganize an army in the face of an enemy greatly his superior in numbers, who, being in possession of the railroads, had the power to delay the concentration of the scattered troops which, during the Atlanta campaign, had been detached to protect and defend important points all through the department. Grant says Thomas' infantry outnumbered Hood's, but that Hood's cavalry was far superior to Thomas', because Sherman had transferred the cavalry to the East and South.

But it must be borne in mind that he also says the infantry was in small detachments; that they had to be gathered in over long distances and bad roads during the rainy season. All of this made delay unavoidable, and while Grant and the men at Washington were impatient that an advance was not begun earlier, and urged and harrassed him because he did not move, Thomas, who possessed some of Grant's own bulldog nature, would not move until he had Hood where he wanted him, and his own army ready. When he moved, he scored the most successful movement, when measured by results, that was made during the whole War; Hood's army was destroyed and did

not appear again as an organized force. General Thomas' own words in his dispatch to Halleck describe best the results at Nashville. He says: "I fought the battles of the 15th and 16th of December with troops but partially equipped, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the partial equipment, have been enabled to drive the enemy beyond two rivers, and that without pontoons and with but little transportation for supplies. Too much must not be expected of troops that have to be reorganized, especially when they have the task before them of destroying a force in a winter campaign which was enabled to make an obstinate resistance to twice its numbers in spring and summer."

This is the only protest that this noble soldier has left on record against the severe criticism made upon him previous to that battle, and repeated since his death. He felt, as he said, that history would do him justice, and was satisfied that the country would award him due credit in accordance with his merits and in harmony with results. The importance of that last great battle in the West cannot be overestimated. Nashville was the only battle in that War that annihilated an army. Hood crossed the Tennessee late in November with fifty-seven thousand soldiers, the finest army in the Confederacy. In less than thirty days, twenty-five thousand of them were killed, wounded or captured, thousands more had deserted, and the balance were broken into fragments. Nothing but a disorganized rabble followed him south, never more to appear as an army.

The Nation by this time was ready to recognize the merits of General Thomas. The people had learned to know that solely by his own abilities, without influence from powerful friends, he had attained a position second to none in the estimation of the country and in the affection of his soldiers. Honors and rewards were pressed upon him, but with a quiet dignity of character he declined them all, satisfied with having done his duty

as a soldier. Considering the military importance of General Thomas' victories, it is remarkable that the commanding general could find it in his heart to place on the historic page such criticism of his methods as we find there. It has been surmised that he could not have accomplished the campaign to Atlanta. Possibly not. But the fact remains that all along that march what Thomas approved was successful; what he "shook his head at" failed.

It was said that at Nashville he was slow. But while the commanding general was restless, and the men at Washington were anxious, General Logan said, "Hands off; Thomas is right." When the proper time came he moved, and General Grant in his last general order put it on record that he was a grand success and the people would sustain him.

General Thomas with all his attainment was of a conservative and retiring nature. The government at Washington learned to appreciate him, and early in the War offered him the position of commander-in-chief of the army, which he declined. Although not offensively ambitious, he was sensitive and guarded well his dignity as an officer. If an attempt was made to supersede him with his inferiors, he quickly entered protest, but never "sulked in his tent." Instead, he always, as he said at Nashville, would submit and serve where assigned, without a murmur.

In rehearsing the principal acts of the Great Drama from its inception to its close, we find no brighter page of its record than that which tells the story of the part enacted by General George H. Thomas. From his first act, when his friend, Senator Mason, at Washington, said to him on his way to West Point: "Young man, our congressional district never had a cadet graduate from West Point; if you do not, I never wish to see you again," to the time he fell at his post in San Francisco, no one has been found to utter one word derogatory to his character, save the one bitter falsehood of disappointed

enemies, which fell to earth as harmless as it was silly in its inception. No shaft of envy can beat successfully against his character; no criticism dim his fame; no record be found to blur his reputation. From the beginning of time historians have written and poets have sung the praises of the successful soldier, and still the refrain goes on. The story of the War of 1861 to 1865 will contribute its share of human history. Conspicuous in it all will be the part enacted by our hero.

General Thomas never lost a battle, but what will characteristically distinguish him most was the result of the battle of Nashville. As the hero of Nashville he will ever be known. His patience before the battle, while his superiors were clamoring for the advance, was not less remarkable than his tactics on the field when he was ready and the conflict raged. His victory there was the most complete victory of the War. And when peace came, with all the power and influence he could command, he entered into the restoration of the civil government with earnestness and zeal, and did all he could to allay the animosities engendered by the War.

Less than five years elapsed in which he was permitted to aid in repairing the ravages of war. March 28, 1870, he fell at the post of duty with his harness on — to us, seemingly too soon; yet he had filled up the measure of a true life, and like as the ripened shock of grain gathered into the garner, so he, the faithful soldier, christian gentleman, true man, was gathered to his fathers; and so long as there remains a soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, so long will there be a comrade to drop a tear of fond recollection to his memory.

SIX MONTHS IN THE THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION UNDER CUSTER.

BY COMPANION W. G. CUMMINGS.

Everyone who has attended encampments or reunions of old soldiers in the West for the last twenty years has heard (as I have) a hundred times that side-splitting, mirth-provoking conundrum, "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" followed by a horse laugh. I have held all night sessions with myself several times trying to learn where the funny point came in. Was it the lack of a dead cavalryman, or a lack of the most rudimentary knowledge of the history of the War? It would have been very funny indeed if our cavalry had come out unscathed, from the numerous and sanguinary engagements in which it participated during the War. Such unpardonable ignorance of the service of the different branches of our army ought to provoke the risibles of a "sawhorse." G. L. Kilmer, a correspondent of some of the patent inside papers in the West, in writing alleged battle scenes says: "Of course, the cavalry turned no batteries, captured no guns." Here we see illustrated the eternal fitness of all things mundane. A writer selects for a subject that of which he knows the least. Truly this is not without some compensation, for where one draws on his imagination for his facts, he has the advantage of not knowing but what some of his fancies may have been true.

Sheridan, writing of the battle of Opequon, says (second volume Memoirs, page 26): "The ground which Breckenridge was holding was open, and offered an opportunity such as seldom had been presented during the War for a mounted

attack. The instant Merritt's division could be formed for the charge, it went at Breckenridge's infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry with such momentum as to break the Confederates' left. Merritt's brigades, led by Custer, met from the start with pronounced success, and with sabre and pistol in hand, literally rode down a battery of five guns and captured about twelve hundred prisoners." It is well known how Merritt's division usually went in, and this was no exception; Custer leading with the old Michigan brigade. God bless them." Again, page 29, speaking of the results of this engagement, he says: "We captured five guns, nine battle flags, and about fifteen hundred prisoners." From the above it is easy to see how we came to have the prisoners and guns at least, and they were taken when they were hot, too. A captain of an Iowa regiment, who served in the Nineteenth Corps, gave me a description of this charge as he saw it. He said: "I heard a bugle, and looking to our right and rear saw a few horsemen, and in the woods, behind them a sheen of steel; then I witnessed the most inspiring scene of my life. Out of the woods came our cavalry in squadron columns, with their flags in the first squadron; the pace increased from a walk to a trot; a storm was approaching the enemy in our right front; first a breeze, then a gale, then a cyclone; the enemy's battery commenced firing rapidly; the dust rose and rolled so we could see nothing, but it kept coming faster and faster; now it enveloped the battery, which ceased firing, but on it went, on through the infantry and over the crest toward Winchester. We raised a shout and started in to help gather in the prisoners, but found them all secured by the cavalry before we got to them."

But to get down to our subject. The regiment that relieved us from picket near Dayton, Virginia, October 6, 1864, was responsible for a report that General Wilson had been relieved from, and General Custer assigned to, the command of our division. The news seemed almost too good to be true to us

who had served under General Custer in his old brigade, before it was taken from our division. This would mean rough riding and wicked fighting, but we would be commanded and led in battle by an officer whose bloody sabre no one in the division ever had to look over his shoulders to see.

The first engagement under our new division commander occurred October 9, 1864, at Tom's Hill, just six months before Appomattox. Sheridan had decided to take up a line further down the valley, and orders had been given to us on the 7th, to destroy all grain and forage, and drive all stock we could find along with us as we retired. The enemy's cavalry followed us, and some skirmishing had occurred between them and our rear guard. In the charging and countercharging we had captured some prisoners, from whom we, as well as Sheridan, had learned that Rosser, the Savior of the Valley, had been sent to General Early with his Laurel Brigade, to rid the valley of that vaunted Yankee cavalry. So it was no surprise to us when we turned around on the 9th, with sixty extra rounds of ammunition in our saddlebags, to settle the cavalry question. This engagement was about as clean and square a cavalry fight as we had during the War. Rosser, with three brigades, held Tom's Hill in front of our division of two brigades; while on our left was Merritt with the first division of three briggades, opposed by Lomax with two.

The battle raged for two hours with varying success, until our regiment, which had been supporting our battery, was ordered to charge theirs. Our commander put us on to the battery in columns of fours, in a narrow fenced road, and when the head of the first battalion had passed over the crest it was fused with canister and counter charged. The order, "Head of column to the right; tear down the fence!" saved my battalion from being carried back with the *debris*. Then, "Left into line!" brought us into shape. The rear battalion, thinking this was the order, formed in our rear, and the

first battalion behind it. With this formation we went on to the battery, the first volley of our carbines silencing their guns. Then commenced what is known among the citizens of the valley as the celebrated Woodstock races, in which Rosser, with his Laurel Brigade, broke the lowest twenty-six mile record ever made by cavalry. General Early is reported to have said to Rosser, when he next met him : "Rosser, had you not better change your badge from the laurel to the grape? The grape is a running vine, you know." The winnings of our division in these races comprised six guns and about three hundred prisoners.

Our division, in bivouac on the right of the Sixth Corps, was startled from sleep a little before daylight on the morning of October 19th by a rattle and roar of musketry, which induced each individual to sieze his saddle and blanket, and get them on his horse without regard to regulation times or motions. In half a minute most of the men were standing to horse, and with the command, "In each rank, count fours! Prepare to mount!" "Mount!" we started out to support our pickets, which were posted about two miles to our front, with no natural obstacle between them and the enemy, that had worked a brigade up close and opened on them with a volley, to create the impression that here was their main attack. As our first squadron struck the head of the enemy's column, who were encouraging our pickets in their efforts to get back to camp, they suddenly remembered a previous engagement they had made on the west side of Cedar Creek, and each one seemed most anxious to be the first at the rendezvous. The lesson taught at the "Woodstock races" had not been forgotten. While going to the aid of the pickets, a flash lighted up the horizon to our left, followed by a roar, mingled with the boom of artillery, which told only too plainly where the real attack was.

The battle of Cedar Creek was on, which, commencing with a complete surprise to us in the morning, resulted in a disas-

trous surprise to them at night. Our regiment was drawn back and deployed as skirmishers on the high ground in front of the division, which disappeared in the woods in our rear. From our position, as the day advanced, we could look down our line clear to the pike. Saw the Nineteenth Corps as it was flanked out of position. Saw the battle as it rolled along the front of the Sixth Corps toward its right. Saw the old Sixth stand up and fight till it was flanked on its left, when it too made almost a half wheel to the rear. Could trace the line with a glass where the Sixth had been fighting, by the dead and wounded. The right of the Sixth did not move back more than an eighth of a mile. We drew back the left of our line to keep our connection with it. The enemy, seeing this, commenced shelling us and feeling for the division, which they found sooner than they would a half hour earlier, as it had been withdrawn from our rear and sent to the left of the pike, where it charged on their infantry, causing it to halt and reform. Just now some of the Nineteenth Corps men came into our skirmish line, and told us the cheering we heard on the left was on account of Sheridan getting back; that he told them to pitch in and fight anywhere they could see a chance; that he was going to have them camp where they were this morning. All at once a band in our rear struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and out of the woods came our division in two-squadron columns. The enemy's battery turned their guns on them, and we took in at a glance that, as we were nearly a half mile nearer the guns than they, we could take the guns while the division got the shells; so blowing a rally at a gallop, we charged on the battery as foragers, but they pulled it away, and threw a regiment on to us, which dissolved in our front without crossing sabres. We were so far in their line that there was danger of their getting in our rear, but as our division was coming up furiously, we halted, counted off, and got each company in shape. This left us standing in line

when Custer came up. He ordered us to wheel by battalions to the left, and taking the Fifth New York from the rear of one of the brigades as it passed, he formed them in our rear. He had driven their cavalry from the left of their infantry, and this gave him a chance to charge the infantry line endwise, which he did with our six battalions in column. It rolled and whirled and doubled up on itself toward the pike, as we went at it. A battery in their line opened on us, and Custer said: "Now, men, we are going to take that battery. I want no man to say a word till we get through this hollow onto the next crest, and then every one to yell like the devil, and see who will get there first!" But when we got to the crest they had pulled their guns away. "Now turn to the right and cross the creek and get in their rear." This brought us among ten thousand infantry, all in a mass so no one could fire, and we rushed onto them, each one yelling, "Throw down your guns," and marching off as many prisoners as he could intimidate with his sabre. Those near us threw down their guns. About seventy-five of our regiment, who never went back with prisoners, advanced to a stone wall on the crest of the hill, where they could see a line of infantry forming with five stands of colors in it — the officers stopping the men in their retreat and facing them about. We kept up a rattling fire on this line with our carbines till we saw the Fifth New York coming up to us, when we got through the wall and mounted up, and as soon as the Fifth got even with us, we raised a yell and went at the infantry line, which we swept from the field, capturing the five stands of colors; then making a half wheel to the right, we charged a battery which had been trying to shell us, but could not without first hitting their own men. It proved an easy conquest. From this point through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill we made one mad rush, stopping guns, wagons and ambulances, which filled the pike the whole distance; nothing on wheels got beyond us. One of

the last vehicles was an ambulance containing the wounded General Ramseur. Our trophies consisted of five flags, forty-five guns, with numerous caissons, ambulances, wagons, and about a thousand prisoners. Twenty-four of the guns were those captured from the batteries with our infantry in the morning.

Of the cavalry fighting on the 11th and 12th of November in front of Camp Russell, as the enemy used no artillery, I will only say that it seemed then, and does now to a subordinate, that General Sheridan's incredulity got so much the advantage of his judgment, that he lost an opportunity to destroy Early's army, which to his dying day he never ceased to regret, and of which history has little to say. Our army retired from Cedar Creek, November 10th, to take up a new line near Winchester. Our regiment placed on picket that night was attacked at daylight the next morning, the 11th, but kept up the fight till the division came to its assistance. We only succeeded in driving them from the field by a charge of the whole division just at dark. While returning from this charge, Custer sent an order for me to place a regiment on picket on the line we had occupied that morning. I thought our regiment could be put on the line quicker in the darkness than one not acquainted with it, so took it. Captain Chandler, of our regiment, while returning from posting the picket line, hearing troops moving in his front, rode out to see who they were. He soon found himself in a regiment of the enemy's infantry, and to avoid suspicion and capture, he rode on through a division of their infantry massed in our front till he could strike around them to our lines again. I was so much impressed with what he told me that I sent him at once to Sheridan's headquarters to report what he had seen. The fate that met two of Major Young's scouts for bringing the same information took the conceit out of Chandler so completely that he did not convince anyone there was any of the enemy's infantry within a thousand miles.

Spies had informed Early that the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps had been sent to Grant at Petersburg, and the remnant of our army had been withdrawn to a line near Winchester. With his usual audacity, Early determined to strike the supposed remnant before it had a chance to get its lines established. Down he came with his whole horde, cavalry, infantry, and the artillery on which the wag had changed the labels at Staunton, but he got information in the action of the 12th which convinced him he could find much better winter quarters farther up the valley, so he started back that night. It was not till the night of the 12th that Sheridan became positive that the enemy was in force in his front. He advanced at daylight on the 13th with the army in line of battle, only to find that Early had a night's march the start of him for a race up the valley. Had this movement been made twenty-four hours sooner, it is difficult to see how Early's army could have escaped annihilation.

In reorganizing the cavalry for the spring campaign of 1865, a Third Brigade, Capehart's, was put in our division. On the 27th of February we started up the valley on a campaign which, through incessant rain and bottomless mud, was to land us at City Point, March 25th. Our division, having the advance on the 2d of March struck the outposts, near Waynesboro, of what was left of Early's army after he had sent Lee the greater part.

On developing the line, General Custer found Early's infantry intrenched on a ridge just west of town, with embrasures for his guns, but his left did not extend to the river, thus leaving a chance for an attack on his flank. Without waiting for the First Division to come up, he formed his command for an immediate assault by dismounting Pennington's brigade on our right to turn their left, and Capehart's in front of their works, while he held our brigade mounted to follow up the charge. The plan worked to perfection. The rattle of the carbines of

Pennington's brigade announced the opening of the battle. Capehart's men sprang to the assault with a rush and a yell which carried the enemy out of their works, distracted as they were by the attack on their flank and rear. Our brigade charged through them clear down to the river, cutting off everything, but Early with some fifteen officers and men got away by following the railroad through a tunnel. Our captures consisted of seventeen stands of colors, eleven guns, and nearly two thousand prisoners.

The action at Dinwiddie Court House, March 30th and 31st, which resulted in the battle of Five Forks, April 1st, opened rather ingloriously for our division. A severe rain storm had overtaken our column on the march which made the roads impassible for wagons and artillery, and we were left back to build corduroy road and get them along. We must have pitched into this bravely, as the writer was brevetted colonel for "gallantry in this action," but we got up on the night of the 31st in season to get on the line and give Picket's infantry, which had been crowding back the First Division with less regard to military order than speed, a taste of our Spencer carbines which they did not seem anxious to cultivate further. Next morning we easily crowded Picket's line back into their works at Five Forks. After Custer had put every regiment in our division on to their works but ours, he sent the band to play us "Garry Owen," and calling me up, said, "I am going to put you in now," pointing to a piece of woods which proved to be in front of the extreme right of their works; "I want you to take that point of woods. Move across the plateau, where the artillery will rake you, as rapidly as possible. If you get the woods, hold them, and I will be up with the whole division." We moved out by squadron, and when I thought we had got far enough to have the whole regiment in column, glancing to my left to see if the shells were causing any disorder, I saw Custer with his battle flag up even with the first

squadron. He put the division in so quickly that the Fifteenth New York ran through our regiment, and part of it followed me and part of ours followed Custer. We got the corner of woods, taking an infantry skirmish line at the edge and another when about half way through it, and rode up within a hundred and fifty yards of their works, and kept their heads down until we were out of ammunition. We then drew back and formed in the woods and sent for ammunition. While waiting and listening, the roar of battle kept rolling in nearer on our right. All at once the enemy in our front jumped from their works and started to the rear. We were on to their backs as soon as our horses could carry us, and scooped in every one in the opening, but those in the woods to our right got away. Their cavalry came down at us, and we crashed into them and they turned to the rear. It was getting dark, and as Custer was crowding their cavalry toward us we concluded to get out with the prisoners we had. In going back we saw our infantry advancing in a beautiful line, but as soon as they saw us they commenced firing at us. We halted, and a man sent to tell them it was our own cavalry had his horse shot and came back. I took out my handkerchief, and waving it rode down toward them, and seeing a flag carried by mounted men in their line, rode to it and found General Warren, who was carrying his own flag, told him he was firing on our own cavalry, and he sent an aide each way and stopped the firing.

Here I wish to introduce an episode of which history is silent. While I waited there for my command to come in, I heard one of General Warren's staff (who had been away with orders) say to another, "Sheridan did not carry Warren's colors across the line when the charge was made." "Yes, he did," was the reply. "I don't give a ——, but General Warren is just as brave a man as General Sheridan." "I know that," said he, "but it is going to sound —— bad." I could ask no questions there, but was so interested that I asked

General Custer next day what it meant. He knew nothing, but said, "General Warren has been relieved from the command of the Fifth Corps." While marching from Appomattox to Burksville Junction, after the surrender, I was introduced to Colonel Forsyth, of General Sheridan's staff, and rode with him some distance. He told me that order after order had been sent to General Warren to have him crowd his infantry into the fight, with no apparent results. At last General Sheridan rode over to Warren and said to him, "General Warren, take your flag in there. Don't let the cavalry sit on their horses in front of you." General Warren ignored the command and, turning round, addressed some remark to one of his staff who stood near. General Sheridan, exasperated beyond measure, wheeled his horse around and, seizing the colors out of the color sergeant's hands, rode out in front of the line and shouted: "Come on here, Fifth Corps, we will show the cavalry how to fight." They raised an exultant cheer and carried their charge across the enemy's works. I have examined the official reports of both Warren and Sheridan, which can be found in the reports of the Congressional committee on the conduct of the war, to find some account of this, with little satisfaction. General Sheridan, in his report, says: "I again found the Fifth Corps giving way when not exposed to a severe fire, from lack of confidence, and as General Warren was not trying to inspire them with that confidence, I relieved him." General Warren's report says the reason he did not put his men in sooner was that a cavalry officer came back and told him they were firing on our own men, making the time this occurred about half past four p. m. I think I was the officer who so reported, and it was after dark, and not a shot was fired by the Fifth Corps after I reported to General Warren. I found the first reference to this I had seen in print in a Chicago paper, just after General Sheridan's death. It was a dispatch from General Wesley Merritt, commander of the

Department of the Platte. He wrote: "General Sheridan possessed, in a degree amounting to highest genius, fertility of resource, readiness of device, personal courage, and a sympathetic power as a leader of men. No one who has not seen him in battle can appreciate the wonderful control of this great man. His action was not the bravado of the tinseled leader who makes a parade of his personal courage, taking the chances of life and death for the purpose of display. When he led men in battle it was with the will to accomplish an end, and with this will he moved an army into the fight as one man. At Cedar Creek and Five Forks he showed this supreme power in an eminent degree. In the latter battle he had to contend with a want of confidence of the infantry commander and a want of knowledge of the rank and file. After a first failure he assembled the general and field officers of the infantry and addressed them in a few but pointed phrases, giving them to understand that he meant to succeed, and as the men had not gone forward on being ordered, he demanded that the officers should lead them and show the way. He then ordered the advance, and, obeying the inspiration of the moment, seized the headquarter flag from the standard-bearer and rode grimly to the front, leading the charge. I recall seeing him in the enemy's intrenchments, after the enemy had given away at every point; he still had the headquarter flag in his hands; his eyes were ablaze, his figure erect, his whole frame thrilling with the excitement of that supreme moment of victory."

I also find mention of this affair in Nicolay & Hays' "Life of Lincoln," *Century Magazine*, Volume XVII, new series, page 144. They write: "Ayers' division was hardly strong enough for the work thus accidentally assigned them, and there might have been a serious check at that moment but for the providential presence of Sheridan himself, who with fury and vehemence founded on the soundest judgment personally led the troops in their attack on the

entrenchments, holding the colors in his hand, with face darkened with smoke and anger, and with sharp exhortations that rang like pistol shots he gathered up the faltering battalions of Ayers' and swept like a spring gust over Picket's breastworks. Meanwhile Warren was doing similar work on the right. He had at last succeeded in giving his other two divisions the right direction. At one moment, finding some hesitation in a part of Crawford's force, with corps flag in his hand, he led his troops across the field." This is evidently enlarged from General Humphrey's "Virginia Campaigns," as the writers quote him. He writes (see page 352): "A sharp fire was kept up until Warren, riding forward with corps flag in his hand, led his troops across the field." This is a very confusing and inaccurate statement of facts, as well as the position of the troops. Some one has got at the ear of the writers, and in order to administer a coat of whitewash has misstated the whole situation. Let me explain the position of our line. Sheridan had directed Warren to attack the enemy's extreme left where the works made the return. Warren formed his corps with Ayer's division on the left and Crawford's on the right, with Griffin following Crawford, intending to strike their line at the return of their works, and thus sweep along straddle of their line; but not knowing exactly where the return commenced, they got too far to the right, and the left of Ayers' division in passing the return works got a volley from them, and in making the assault while wheeling to the left was repulsed. It was just at this time that Sheridan rode over to Warren, and the assault which carried the line was made with Ayers' division, which they describe. "Meanwhile Warren was doing the same thing on the right." Can anyone tell me what object Warren had in riding with his corps flag in his hand away to the right of any enemy? Had they said on the enemy's right, they would have placed him exactly where I saw him with his colors in his hand some two hours

later, about two hundred yards in the rear of the enemy's return works on their right, and leading troops that had not fired a shot for an hour, to my certain knowledge.

But to resume. In the engagement at Namozine Church, April 3d, our division found the enemy strongly posted with a battery of the celebrated Washington Artillery at the cross-road, which we charged and captured; and getting General Barringer's brigade in a fenced road, we took him prisoner and run his brigade down, till there was not more than fifty men who got away. The battle of Sailor's Creek, occurring as it did April 6th, so near the final surrender of Lee, and when so many important events were transpiring, does not occupy in history the place which this savage engagement is justly entitled to. The concentration of Lee's army at Amelia Court House necessitated a battle, to allow time for the trains and troops to get in column again, and avoid us, who had more roads to march on. This duty fell on General Ewell, who had formed his corps on the west bank of Sailor's Creek. While General Sheridan was giving him all the amusement he cared for in his front with the Sixth Corps, General Custer, with two brigades of cavalry, came in on his right flank and rear; to provide against this new danger, Ewell formed a brigade at right angles with his main line, along the road to his rear. They piled the rails from both sides of the road in a line on the south side and laid down behind them. General Custer hurled his troopers on to this line and failed to carry it in his first attempt, but reforming his men under a sharp musketry fire he charged again; this time he not only carried this line, but swept along the rear of Ewell's entire line, capturing him and every general officer on the field — seven in all — thirty-seven stands of colors, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six thousand prisoners. Our division had been marching very fast on the 8th of April from daylight till nearly three o'clock p. m. About this hour I had worked my way up to the head of the

column, to see if I could learn what was going on. I had hardly got there before one of General Merritt's staff rode up to General Custer and said: "General Merritt sends his compliments and orders you to halt. Mass your division on the side of the road. You are out of your place. Today the First Division has the advance and the Second will pass before you take the road again." General Custer replied: "Give General Merritt my compliments, and tell him that the scouts have come in and reported that there are three trains of cars down here at Appomattox Station, loaded with provisions for Lee's army, and his reserve artillery is coming up; and I am going to push on and capture the trains before the artillery gets there unless I get further orders."

He started the column at a trot so it would be difficult to get further orders. I reined my horse out of the road to wait for our regiment to come up in anything but an amiable mood, till I heard, "Give way to the right. Give way to the right," and saw a general officer was getting by us with his staff. It was Sheridan, and my courage rose again as rapidly as it had fallen. "Ah! ha, General Merritt," thought I, "if we go on and get into a nasty fight with that artillery, and you do not get that First Division of yours up, won't you be liable to fare as General Warren did?" We kept up our pace till we were at each end of the switches at the station. The trains were ours. A call for engineers to dismount developed enough engineers in our division to have furnished a supply to the "Q" railway during their strike. We now turned our attention to the artillery, which had gone into line about half a mile from the station. The shell came toward us from right, left, or front, with no seeming partiality; the air was full of them, and when we got up near the guns we found they were not short of canister either. It was only by a third attempt that we broke through the line, and then we had a race back to the court house after

the guns and caissons that had sought safety in flight. We had a melee with their infantry in the court house square, and some men killed, among them Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, of the Fifteenth New York. We got back to the station about two a. m. with thirty pieces of artillery, five stands of colors, one hundred and fifty wagons and ambulances, and about a thousand prisoners, and went into bivouac to feed our horses and make coffee. I was much more anxious to know what daylight would have in store for us than for coffee. I knew Lee's infantry was at the court house; that we were across the road on which he would have to move, if he got away at all, and would our infantry get up in season to help us? The outlook was anything but cheering till my boy, who had been after water, brought the news that the infantry were coming up. I started out to the road to get confirmation. Yes, there were the infantry. "What do you belong to?" "The Twenty-fourth Corps." "Who commands your corps?" "General Ord." "Where is your corps?" "Oh, it's coming back there about half a mile." "Well, what are you going to do up here, anyway?" "Why, we are going to get a good place on the skirmish line before it is daylight." Here, for the first time during the war, I saw men straggling ahead of their colors to get into a fight. Soon General Ord came along, and the troops of his corps well closed up commenced passing. I returned to my command, satisfied that General Lee's time for getting away by this route had passed. The picket firing, which had been kept up all night, became more lively, and as soon as day began to break we mounted and moved to the front in a single squadron column through a division of the Twenty-fifth Corps (colored troops) to a skirmish line they had deployed to oppose one of the enemy which was advancing on them. We wheeled to the right and passed around the end of our skirmishers, then to the left and direct to Clover Hill, upon which the enemy trained twelve or fifteen guns; but their fire was more rapid than

accurate. From here one had a view of the whole battlefield; our lines formed almost a V, with the Appomattox River closing the opening. You could see away to the left the enemy giving away as the Twenty-fourth Corps rose up and went at them; nearer and connecting with them was the division of colored troops advancing, the enemy giving ground.

At the apex in our rear the Fifth Corps was coming up the hill, forming a line on the rights of regiments as they advanced — the batteries pulling out of the road with their drivers standing in their stirrups, lashing their horses into a gallop. Up to the right you could see the shell bursting as they came in from the Second Corps, and further to the right from the Sixth Corps. I would have given three years of my life for the privilege of stopping right there and seeing that battle fought out without a surrender, as everything then indicated it would be; but as we advanced toward their wagon trains, a white flag was seen approaching at right angles with the column which our flankers let through, and as it reached us we halted and I rode to General Custer, who was just to the right of our first squadron, and heard what was said. Colonel Lee, a son of Robert E. Lee, and ten or twelve officers and men comprised the party with the flag. Colonel Lee said, "General Gordon sends this flag and desires a cessation of hostilities to arrange terms for the surrender of our army." General Custer asked him, "What authority has General Gordon to send that flag in here? Is he commanding over there?" "No, General Lee is commanding, but he is executive officer. He is making the fight in your front." General Custer then said, "You tell General Gordon I am in his rear on his wagon train and shall not halt a moment, but you can take the flag to General Sheridan; he is with that flag there," pointing to the hill over which we had just passed. While we were halted they had put a regiment of engineers between the wagons and us. Custer ordered a charge, and we had just got through with the engineers when Colonel

Whitaker of General Custer's staff came dashing up, shouting, "Halt, halt. Put down those sabres. Stop firing; put down those carbines." I took my sabre by the tip and offering the hilt to Colonel Whitaker said, "Will you take my sabre, sir?" "Oh, no," said he, "but the war is over. You will not use it any more." A few days after this, but dated April 9th, 1865, General Custer issued to our division the following order:

CUSTER'S FAREWELL ORDER.

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION.
APPOMATTOX C. H. Va., April 9, 1865.

"*Soldiers of the Third Cavalry Division:*

"With profound gratitude toward the God of battles, by whose blessing our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your commanding general avails himself of this his first opportunity to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which today resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army. The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies.

"During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy in open battle one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle flags, and upward of ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers.

"Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured forty-five pieces of field artillery and thirty-seven battle flags.

"You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and have never been defeated, and notwithstanding the numerous engagements, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah,

you have captured every piece of artillery the enemy has dared to open upon you.

"The near approach of peace renders it improbable that you will be called upon again to undergo the fatigues of the toilsome march or the exposure of the battlefield, but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your sturdy arms, be required to hasten the coming of the glorious peace for which we have been so long contending, the general commanding is proudly confident that in the future, as in the past, every demand will meet with a hearty and willing response.

"Let us hope that our work is done, and that blessed with the comforts of peace, we may soon be permitted to return to the pleasures of home and friends.

"For our comrades who have fallen, let us cherish a grateful remembrance. To the wounded and those who languish in Southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathy be turned.

"And now, speaking for myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins; when those deeds which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, are inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history, I only ask that my name be written as the commander of the Third Cavalry Division.

"G. A. Custer, *Brevet Major-General.*

"Headquarters Second Brigade Third
"Cavalry Division, April 9, 1865.

"Official: J. S. Greene, *Assistant Adjutant General.*
"Official: J. J. McVein, *Assistant Adjutant General.*
"Certified copy, M. A. Stone,
"*Lieutenant and Adjutant First Vermont Cavalry.*"

I know of no better measure of services rendered the government by different bodies of troops than the trophies of their victories, and after the gibes and sneers we have been enter-

tained with so lavishly, I cannot resist the temptation to strike back, and state that there was not a corps of infantry in the Army of the Tennessee that captured in the open field, without a surrender, as many guns, flags, and prisoners in their entire term of service as this division of cavalry did in six months. I will state it stronger — the infantry in the whole Army of the Tennessee did not capture as many in the open field, without a surrender, in their term of service, and you may add the Army of the Cumberland to it, and both did not.

THE LOYAL LEGION.

RESPONSE NOVEMBER 29, 1887, BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. A. HANNAFORD.

Sacred to the spirit that swept armed treason from the National fields, it renews the joys, recounts the sorrows, and hands down through its companions the history of the trials and privations of the days of the Rebellion.

During the last months of the War of the Rebellion, a few officers serving with the army in front of Richmond were one day dining together in the quarters of one of their number. In the course of conversation that accompanied the gastronomic feature of the occasion, the idea of perpetuating, in some enduring form, the friendly, not to say affectionate, relations then existing among commissioned officers was discussed. It was urged that the common privations endured and dangers encountered, no less than the victories achieved, entitled the participants in the campaigns in defense of the honor and integrity of the Nation, to cherish the memories and perpetuate the associations of that critical period in the history of our country, so it was determined that a society composed of the commissioned officers of the army, navy, and marine corps of the United States should be formed, having these and kindred objects in view. The general plan was outlined, and the idea born at that little dinner party of congenial spirits soon culminated in the formation of the society now known as the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

The Order of the Cincinnati (a society composed of officers of the American Revolution), the United Service Club of England, and, I believe, the Legion of Honor of France, contributed

material for the plans of the new society, but the principles and objects, as enunciated in the organic law of the order, are purely American.

To quote from that instrument, this order acknowledges:

"*First.* A firm belief and trust in Almighty God; extolling Him under whose beneficent guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained, the honor of the Flag vindicated, and the blessings of civil liberty secured, established, and enlarged.

"*Second.* True allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the National Constitution and Laws, and manifested by discountenancing whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, to incite insurrection, treason or rebellion, or to impair in any manner the efficacy and permanency of our free institutions."

In furtherance of these principles, quoting again from the constitution, it is declared that "the objects of this order shall be to cherish the memories and associations of the war waged in defense of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed by companionship in arms; to advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States, especially of those associated as members of this order, and to extend all possible relief to their widows and children; to foster the cultivation of military and naval science; to enforce unqualified allegiance to the General Government, to protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and to maintain National honor, Union and Independence."

In order that the Loyal Legion should be made perpetual, the hereditary feature of the Order of the Cincinnati was adopted, the eldest male lineal descendants of original companions being eligible by inheritance to succeed them; and moreover, such heirs are eligible, upon reaching the age of twenty-one years, for membership as companions of the second

class during the life-time of the companions from whom they derive their eligibility.

Briefly, this is the history of the origin of the Loyal Legion, its principles, objects, and the character of its membership. The first commandery, that of the State of Pennsylvania, was instituted in the city of Philadelphia, April 15, 1865. There are now seventeen commanderies, Iowa being the last except Colorado, which was instituted in September of this year. The total living membership is about five thousand, and is steadily increasing.

It may not be uninteresting to traverse the interval of time that bounds the history of the Loyal Legion. At the close of the War the material that was eligible for membership was composed of men, for the most part, in the very prime of life, whose hearts were fresh, eyes keen and bright, hair untouched by the frosts of time, elastic step, and forms erect and full of vigor. Some, it is true, carried empty sleeves, or walked with the aid of cane or crutch, while others bore the marks of decay born of disease, induced or aggravated by the exposure and rigor of camp life, or by weary marches through the forests and swamps of an enemy's country. That *was* the picture. Now, when we look around in an assembly of companions of the Loyal Legion, we see an array of men whose whitening locks and waning visions proclaim that time has been busy with them. Looking upon *this* picture, companions, we are warned that we too are nearing the final muster out. At that thought our hearts grow warmer and tenderer toward each other, and we linger with growing pleasure over the memories of days of trial and danger shared together in the cause of our country. Why should we not renew the joys, if joys there were, of those unhappy days? Who shall deny us the melancholy privilege of recounting the sorrows of those days? Who has a better right to hand down the history of the trials and privations we suffered in suppressing an unholy rebellion against the best government the world ever saw?

These reflections beget another thought: Our duty to that government did not end when we doffed our uniforms and returned to the pursuits of peace. We fought to establish the principle that the United States is a Nation, and to the maintenance of that principle we are unequivocally pledged.

Attempts are being made to falsify the history we helped to make, and in some sections of our land the youth is taught that the reverse of certain events is true. The boldness of some assertions, controverting settled facts of history, is almost appalling in its effrontery.

The spirit of the martyred Lincoln appeals to us to muster again to fight this new born enemy of the tenets we struggled to establish. That mystic legion, bivouaced on the plains of the great beyond, summons us once more to vindicate the righteousness of the cause for which they died, and we cannot, in justice to their memory, ignore that appeal nor disobey that summons.

These lads, who are destined ere long to take our places, and who will then be called upon to carry out the principles and objects of the Loyal Legion, must be taught that patriotism which impelled their sires to offer their lives in defense of the government of the Union, and it is our duty to imbue their minds and hearts with that love of loyalty which makes the United States "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

In the discussion of these questions there can be no limit short of the boundaries of all the States and Territories; there can be no sectionalism, nor different grades of loyalty. Loyalty to the Union means fidelity to the government of all the Union. We recognize no sovereignty that does not emanate from *all* the people, and American citizenship is, and must be held, sacred in all parts of the country alike.

We fought for what we then believed and now know was right. It was right then; it is right now; always was, and always will be right; and it is the duty of companions of the

Loyal Legion, voluntarily assumed, to uphold that right and to so educate their successors that they, too, will uphold and defend it.

The questions now sought to be revived are not partisan, save as patriotism and loyalty are partisan. Nor can they truthfully be called political, and yet there are some who deprecate references to them because, forsooth, they revive old issues of "a sad interruption." Out upon that mental and moral cowardice that pleads for silence, when designing tongues assail the righteousness of a cause that cost hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and billions of treasure to maintain. Is no account to be taken of the long nights of anxious vigil, voluntarily endured by the wives and mothers whose prayers went with us into that awful struggle? Of the tears that were shed, of the hearts that were broken? Do the lives of our dead comrades count as nothing in considering the issues that were supposed to have been settled at Appomattox, but which some now assert are living questions, whose results are yet to be reversed by a new generation?

The companionship of the Loyal Legion is based upon the principle of loyalty to the government of our allegiance, and we are pledged to maintain the integrity of that allegiance no less against domestic than against foreign foes. If the time shall come, during the few years remaining to us, when it becomes necessary to reaffirm this doctrine, the Loyal Legion will be found in the forefront of the conflict; and if it shall come after we have been mustered with our companies on the other shore, our sons, remembering the earlier sacrifices of their fathers, will bear aloft the standard made sacred by the trials and sufferings, by deeds of valor and heroism, cherished as their paternal estate.

The spirit that swept armed treason from the National fields will not permit any kindred treason of the future to again occupy those fields.

We are admonished by the fleeting years that we will soon be summoned to join the silent majority, and when we shall have debarked on the shores of the great unknown, let us be prepared to give account to those who have preceeded us of the heritage with which we are endowed, so that they may greet us with the glorious acclaim, "Well done, faithful comrades and companions."

OUR ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

Response November 10, 1891, by Captain E. B. Soper.

Our Order of the Loyal Legion—Founded upon the grand principles of a firm belief in Almighty God, and a true allegiance to the United States of America, we can safely leave it as a rich heritage to our children.

Mr. Commander, Ladies and Companions:

On the 13th day of May, A. D. 1783, the Continental Army lay in cantonment about Newburgh. The War of the Revolution was ended, and it was about to be disbanded. For eight years fierce and bloody battles had been fought between the armies of the colonies and the mother country, and the sovereignty of the States had at last been established. Suffering, destitution, and want pervaded the army. An unorganized and insolvent government owed its soldiery large arrears of pay, which it was unable to satisfy. Large bodies of men never lack reckless and turbulent spirits, ever ready, by forming turmoils, to bring themselves into prominence. The Continental Army was no exception. Such began to busy their tongues with seditious mutterings, and with incendiary pens suggested schemes, the outgrowth of unbridled ambition. Want intensified the temptation that unscrupulous craft invented. At such a moment patriotic and loyal officers proposed an organization designed to counteract the evils of such treasonable and unprincipled cabals, and to knit more closely to the fortunes of the embryo Republic the men who had achieved its signal triumphs. The society was determined upon and its organization consummated at a meeting of the leading officers of the army held on

that day at the Verplanck homestead, on the east shore of the Hudson, about a mile above Fishkill, presided over by Major General the Baron de Stueben. It was called the Order of the Cincinnati, after the noble patrician agriculturist who, twice called from the plow to the dictatorship of Rome to save its army and the city from destruction, successfully led its armies, and, having signally triumphed, voluntarily laid down absolute power and returned to his farm.

It was composed exclusively of the officers of the American army, solemnly combined in the interest of the liberty they had established, and the union of the States. They resolved upon the pledge that shall bind, "by their sacred honor," the members to each other in unalterable devotion to the rights and liberty of human nature; to the union of the States and National honor; to a brotherly kindness and mutual charity.

Though encountering the fiercest oppositions on account of its hereditary membership, as tending to foster an aristocracy inimical to republicanism, lapse of time demonstrated the injustice of the opposition, and the order continued as it began — a band of patriots, ready to offer their lives for their country.

The Republic these patriots established grew and prospered, but fostered an institution that afterward threatened its very existence. When the votaries of this "peculiar institution" declared themselves no longer subject to the government of the Republic, war, more fierce and bloody than that of the Revolution, came upon us. The Civil War ended by the surrender of the Confederate armies. The principles for which our forefathers fought again triumphed. The Republic withstood the shock of battle, and overcame all organized armed opposition. But amid the shouts of victory, a pall fell over the Nation. The great Lincoln fell assassinated; the Sewards, wounded almost unto death; the other officers of the government were threatened, or their assassination attempted. No one knew the extent of the conspiracy, or what next to expect. A group of

officers of the Volunteer Army met in Philadelphia, possessed of the idea that the officers of the army which had saved the country should be banded together by ties of a fraternal nature, as had been those of the Revolutionary Army, by an organization of like character, and having like objects. The result was the organization, on April 15, 1865, of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

This order acknowledges as its fundamental principles:

"*First.* A firm belief and trust in Almighty God, extolling him under whose beneficient guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained; the honor of the flag vindicated, and the blessings of civil liberty secured, established and enlarged.

"*Second.* True allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the National constitution and laws, manifested by discountenancing whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or impair in any manner the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions."

The objects of the order, as set forth in its constitution, are to cherish the memories and associations of the War waged in defense of the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy, formed by companionship in arms; advance the best interests of the soldiers and sailors of the United States, especially of those associated as companions of this order, and extend all possible relief to their widows and children; foster the cultivation of military and naval science; enforce unqualified allegiance to the general government; protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and maintain National honor, union, and independence.

Grander principles or more worthy objects no society or order can have; shall we be true to them? If we are, can we not safely leave this society — this order, and the memories of

what we did in our country's need — as a rich heritage to our children, who will succeed to our membership?

With what pride the American of today wears the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati! If we are true to our order, with no less pride or honor will our sons and grandsons wear the button with the red, white and blue.

In May, 1883, a few scores, bearing distinguished names, many themselves of National reputation, met in the old Verplanck homestead, and in the same room that witnessed its orgainzation, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the Order of the Cincinnati.

In April, 1890, many thousands of its members met in Philadelphia to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Loyal Legion. May we not hope that when our hundredth anniversary comes, thousands may again meet to celebrate the patriotism and heroic deeds of the original members of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States?

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SHILOH.

BY CAPTAIN C. P. SEARLE.

On the west bank of the Tennesee River, three hundred miles from Paducah, where it mingles with the waters of the Ohio, and near the southern boundary of the State from which it derives its name, there is a landing place for steamboats which traffic on the river. For many years this has been the supply station for the little farming community adjacent, and extending back for twenty miles, as far as Corinth, Mississippi. It is also the shipping point for the cotton and other surplus products of that poor district.

At the time of which I write, there were no buildings at this landing, save two or three small log houses and a warehouse —a point of no interest whatever. It never had been named in history or geography. The place is as insignificant as the poor people inhabiting the woods surrounding it. The country back from this landing for several miles is quite heavily timbered, with here and there a small clearing. These small patches were cultivated in the most shiftless manner, being scratched over by a wooden plow, drawn by an ox, a cow or a mule, or possibly the cow and mule hitched together, both in appearance having belonged to Noah.

The plow, equally ancient, with one handle, was guided by some poor slave, man or woman, or by some long, lean, lank, yellow haired, cadaverous Southerner of lighter shade; possibly the wife of the last described individual, who was his complete match. She took the aforesaid animal (the mule, not the husband), and hitched it to the plow with rope or hickory

bark harness; holding the plow with one hand she carried in the other a stick about eight feet long, with a sharp spike in the end, with which to encourge the poor old mule. In her mouth was another stick, not quite so long, with one end "chawed" fine, then dipped in a bottle of yellow snuff. Thus equipped she would start out into the three acre clearing to scratch the ground between the stumps, while her husband would sit on the doorstep with three or four "yaller" dogs, smoking his pipe, guarding the house, and watching carefully the aforesaid team to see that it did not run away with the old lady. You may think this picture overdrawn, but I will call upon my comrades to back me in this statement. (I would consider that a comrade had turned traitor if he refused to back a campfire story, and tried himself to tell a bigger one.)

A small stream called Owl Creek empties into the Tennessee River about a mile below the landing. Ordinarily it is very diminutive, but at times, feeling its importance, swells up and defies the whole country. This creek extends back to the west and south, and along its course are low swamps and rugged bluffs. South of the landing about the same distance, Lick Creek empties into the river. This creek extends westerly toward Corinth, leaving the main road from the river to Corinth about midway between the two streams. Back from the river four or five miles this road runs through the bottoms and swamps, and is impassable in seasons of excessive rains. Now, very few places in the United States have a greater interest to the people, both North and South, than the place I have described, and Pittsburgh Landing, or the battlefield of Shiloh, has gone into history, and will go down through the ages, noted as the place where occurred one of the most deadly conflicts ever recorded in American history.

After the lapse of thirty years, I am asked to write of the battle of Shiloh. What shall I say? What *can* I say that has not already been said? If I were to give you a detailed and

graphic description of the battle of Shiloh, I would read that chapter in "Iowa in War Times," by Comrade Byers, which, to my mind, is the most correct and vivid account yet written; far better than I could describe it.

Probably no battle of the War of the Rebellion has been so much discussed, or about which there has been such a conflict of opinion.

I think nearly everyone who participated in that engagement and survived has given his views, and no two are alike. Now I am the last and the least. All that I can attempt is personal reminiscences, however distasteful it may be to a public audience for a speaker to be continually referring to himself. But when I remember that this is around the campfire, where all latitude is allowed, and the fellow who can tell the biggest story (and he always the hero) is the best fellow, it gives me courage. Therefore what I say will be chiefly confined to the Eighth Iowa Infantry, and what came under my own observation, hence a very small portion of the whole scene.

The first experience of the Eighth Iowa in the war was in the fall of 1861, chasing "Old Price," as he was called, through Missouri down to Springfield and Wilson's Creek, where the brave General Lyon fell, and the First Iowa Infantry fought its first great battle. Although we marched twenty-five to thirty miles a day, in heavy marching order, we could not overtake the Rebels. They had fled into Arkansas. So we faced about and started for Sedalia, Missouri, where we took up winter quarters, and occupied our time guarding Rebel citizens and their property, and chasing small squads of guerillas, who were prowling around over the country harrassing the Union forces. Just think of a war being conducted on the plan of guarding the persons and property of the enemy!

March 11, 1862, we broke camp at Sedalia, took the cars for St. Louis, then the boat down the river to Cairo, up the Ohio to Paducah, then up the Tennessee to Pittsburg Landing.

We arrived there about the 16th of March, having been fired into several times on our way up the river by the Rebel sharpshooters along the banks. Several of our soldiers were wounded.

Already quite an army had preceded us and were camped here and there through the woods. The Eighth Iowa established its camp about half a mile back from the landing in the edge of a wood, with an open field in front which we used for drill ground. More troops came each day, until the whole woods from the landing to Shiloh Church was a lively camp. "The woods were full of 'em." For three weeks we had done nothing but drill and go through the monotonous daily duties of camp life. The general understanding was that as soon as all the troops had come up, we would be marched to Corinth, twenty miles southwest, where the enemy were massing their forces and building strong fortifications. We were to capture them by assault, if possible; if not, to fall back and commence a seige, holding them till forced to surrender. At least this was the camp talk. It must be remembered, however, that the rank and file of an army, and even the line officers, know but little of the plans of the leaders. But of camp rumors there is never a lack.

It must also be borne in mind that many of the troops had never been in an engagement and knew nothing of field service. In fact, many had never cocked a cannon or loaded a rifle, and some had not yet been provided with arms.

The first days of April it was known through camp that the enemy's pickets were getting aggressive at our front, and were feeling the strength of our forces with considerable boldness; in fact, were becoming impudent. It was thought, however, to be only a ruse to give them more time to fortify at Corinth. There was a little more activity in the different camps, and a little stronger force sent to the front, simply to protect the outposts from any disaster to them. We never dreamed that there could be any danger back where we were camped, three miles or more from the outposts, or that the enemy would attack us.

Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, thirty years ago, was one of those beautiful spring mornings that brings life and cheer to every heart. I had been for some days following the surgeon's prescription of "quinine and light duty," but was convalescing. Tired of my rail bunk, as soon as it was light enough to see I crawled out of my tent, went down to Owl Creek bottom, took a seat on a log, and sat there enjoying the fresh morning air, listening to the sweet songs of the mocking birds and admiring the beauties of the wood, which was resplendent with the red bud and white thorn in full bloom. The place was most charming. It was a scene which can never be effaced from my memory. It was while I was engaged, thus surrounded, that I first heard the roar of cannon, followed by the still more startling sound of musketry. A shudder came over me as it flashed across my mind, "Is it possible we are being attacked at the front by the Rebel forces from Corinth?" Then I tried to console myself by saying "No, that cannot be. Our generals would certainly know and anticipate any move of that kind on the part of the enemy, and we should have received orders before this to prepare for battle."

The roar of artillery and rattle of musketry increased, and I became more interested in that direction than in the charming scenery that surrounded me. I started for camp as fast as my weak knees would allow. The faster I walked the louder the battle sounded and the weaker my knees grew. (The weak knees occasioned, of course, by the recent illness referred to.) Before I reached camp the long roll sounded, a sound which cannot be described, but must be heard to be appreciated. It is a call "to arms," and means business. Couriers had arrived from the front, announcing that our forces had been attacked at daylight, the pickets driven in, and a severe engagement was already begun with Generals Sherman and McClernand on the extreme right and front. We were ordered to fill cartridge boxes and forty rounds extra in haversacks; also one day's rations,

and be ready to march to the front at a moment's notice. About eight o'clock the order came to fall in and move to the line of battle. Then came the test of courage and the sifting process. There are always some in every command who are shirks — some cowards — and cannot help it. I remember one man of our regiment who at this time was so frightened that he could not stand up and was as white as death. Of course he was left to guard the camp.

Soon we filed out into the Corinth road, where a sight greeted us that beggars description. The road was filled with the dead and dying being borne on stretchers, or in ambulances and wagons, the blood of the heroes literally sprinkling the road. Occasionally we would meet a "skedaddler" getting back to a safe place, who would say to us: "Well, boys, you have a hard job before you. I pity you. My regiment is all cut to pieces; I'm the only one left." Probably he was the only one who had left. The groans of the wounded and dying, as we passed them, were heartrending in the extreme. Such scenes were constantly occurring for a distance of at least a mile.

The view was anything but encouraging or inspiring. We read of King Belshazzar being so frightened at seeing the hand that wrote upon the wall that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees smote one another. I wonder what his condition would have been if he had beheld the scene I have described? I assure you there were many weak kneed soldiers on that march, and I am free to acknowledge that I thought every joint in me was double back action, and more inclined to go backward than forward. It was pride, and not courage, that kept me to duty. I think that was the experience of many soldiers. A pride and desire to do their duty, not mere bravery, kept them up.

We were now nearing the enemy, and so closely that stray cannon balls howled through the air over our heads. We left the main road and filed to the left, along an old, abandoned

road which ran near the brow of a hill, and had been worn down so that it afforded natural breastworks. In this old road we formed our line of battle, immediately on the left of General Tuttle's brigade, composed, as I remember, of the Fourteenth, Twelfth, Seventh and Second Iowa Infantry, the first on our right. This location has been termed the "Hornet's Nest," and these regiments, with some others, the "Hornet's Nest Brigade."

We were scarcely in position when the enemy made a desperate charge on the whole line held by the Eighth, Fourteenth and Twelfth Regiments. They were hurled back, to come again and again with increased determination, only to meet destruction from the deadly line that stood like a wall of fire. It was in the first assault made upon us that my orderly sergeant, Robb, of Albia, fell, shot through the head, the first man in my company killed by a Rebel bullet.

Tired of assaulting and being repulsed, the enemy withdrew from our front, out of range of our rifles. A brief pause followed, when Colonel Geddes moved the regiment by the left flank, taking up a new position and joining General Prentiss' division on his right.

Here another severe contest ensued, lasting perhaps an hour, when General Prentiss sent a two gun battery in front of our center, with instructions to defend it to the very last. It was but a moment before these guns were getting in their deadly work, creating great havoc in the Rebel line. Their capture became an absolute necessity, and terrific charges were made for that purpose. In one of these desperate assaults the enemy charged up to the very mouth of the guns, causing for the moment the center of our line to waver and fall back, and the battery fell into the hands of the enemy. The crisis was upon us. Colonel Geddes, with his shrill voice, rode forward and called for volunteers to go and capture the guns. No urging was necessary. In an instant men, mostly from Companies

H and C, sprang forward, and after a short but desperate struggle the captured battery was retaken and sent safely to the rear. The struggle was fierce. The men on both sides fought like fiends. Almost every man and horse belonging to the battery was killed, and the Eighth Iowa lost one hundred men. Here Colonel Geddes had his horse shot under him and was himself slightly wounded. I want to pause here a moment to pay a tribute to our late and lamented General J. L. Geddes. No regiment from the state of Iowa was blessed with a braver or better leader than the Eighth Iowa Infantry. A Scotchman by birth, a soldier of rare ability, ever on the alert for the protection of his command, never manifesting the least fear or regarding personal danger where duty called, wise in planning, fearless in execution.

But the end was not yet. The mettle of the Eighth Iowa was to be further tried. It was now about four o'clock; we were completely surrounded and whipped, but did not know it. (A case where ignorance was bliss.) The Rebels had passed through the unguarded places in the Union line and were fighting Colonel Shaw and his command at least a mile to our rear.

The enemy, being encouraged by additional forces, made another frightful assault from three directions — front and flanks — pouring shot and shell into our ranks with fearful effect. Finally, with two hundred or more dead and wounded, and after ten hours of hard fighting, with very little cessation, seeing that we were surrounded, the order came to retire, but too late. We started from the high ground on which we had been fighting down a ravine, on the retreat, hoping to be able to cut through the Rebel lines, which were at our rear and had been for two hours. We started back under a most galling fire of grape and canister, seeming to come from every direction.

An incident here may not be uninteresting. Retreating on the double quick, with leaden and iron hail flying thick around us, a soldier a pace in front of me fell, and I was so close that

I fell over him. At the same time a spent ball struck my left arm and another went through my canteen. My arm tingled with pain, and the little water left in my canteen was warm and running over me as I fell to the ground. I thought it was my life blood. In fact, I was sure I was killed, but spying a "Reb" close by, coming with all speed, for they had us on the run, I made one grand, desperate effort to gain my feet, and, much to my surprise, succeeded without trouble. I assure you I was a pretty lively corpse, for I left old "Butternut" far in the rear, and did not even say "Good day."

The poor fellow that I stumbled over was not so fortunate. He had received his final discharge.

A short distance further on, who should I see but General Prentiss holding aloft the white flag. The day's work was done. Those able to travel received an urgent invitation to go South on a pleasure trip, at the expense of the Southern Confederacy. It appeared that they would not take "no" for an answer, and our experience in that "neck of the woods" had already convinced us that it was a very unhealthy place. This, together with other circumstances over which we had no control, influenced three thousand of us to accept the urgent invitation of the "chivalry" and take a trip into the sunny South. However, we were, like the Irishman, "compelled to volunteer."

I had expected to be killed, but it had not occurred to me that we were to be prisoners of war. When I got back where the congregation were assembling, I found that we were safe, and being strongly guarded and surrounded by those whom we had never seen before, but who were solicitous for our safety.

Those of our boys who had taken in the situation were busy wrapping their guns around trees, or putting them in such a condition that they could not be used against them or their comrades, which was done, of course, against the earnest protest of the Rebels. But, driven to desperation, the work went

on, and many a poor boy who, during the ten hours of rain of leaden hail, had escaped unharmed, was shot down in this last effort for his country.

Everything was in great confusion and hand to hand strife. Being slow of comprehension, it was some time before I fully realized our condition. You may imagine my feelings, but I cannot describe them.

My time had come to receive personal attention. A big, burly Rebel captain stepped up to me and said, "You d——d Yankee, give me your sword!" Oh, how I did want to give it to him point first. But discretion prevailed, and I gave it to him hilt first, which probably saved the burial squad two interments.

Much has been written as to the time when we were taken prisoners, which had varied from the capture in our tents before daylight to dark in the evening. I know whereof I affirm when I say that it was about six o'clock. The fact is, there was so much confusion just then, and not having a stop watch, I did not catch the *exact* time. When all were disarmed, we were placed in "two strings, like the regulars," and, under a strong escort, started toward Corinth. It was quite amusing to see how anxious they were to show us honor by being our guard. I suppose they were solicitous for our welfare, and fearful that we might get lost in the woods in the darkness that was coming on.

The first day's fight had ended, and such a day none of us had ever seen before, or will see again. That great field was literally strewn with the dead and dying of both armies, and one of the hardest things to bear, in our condition, was the thought that we could render no assistance that night in caring for the dead and wounded.

As we left the battlefield, a part of us were taken across the ground we had fought over, or at least a portion of it. I shall never forget the scene that met us as we came to a small

open field of five or six acres. Without any exaggeration, I can say that I could have walked across that field on dead Rebels, they were so thick, and all were as black as could be—a most sickening sight.

After marching back about five miles from the field, it grew dark, and we were corraled in a last year's cornfield, on a side hill. We were hungry, tired, begrimed with the smoke of battle, discouraged, sick, and mad. I never saw so many long faces in one crowd, or any so long. A barber could not have made anything shaving that crowd at twenty-five cents a head. However, some fellows will never be beaten, and were inclined from the first to make the best of it. They would strike up "Dixie," "I won't go home 'til morning," or "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," etc. As for myself, when we halted, I threw myself on the ground, entirely worn out. Our guardians thought we had been naughty boys, and sent us to bed without our suppers.

As we lay between the corn rows, too tired and out of sorts to sleep, our thoughts naturally went back to the loved ones at home, and I was thankful to the Almighty God that my wife was not left a widow, or my darling child an orphan; thankful, also, that they could not know my condition.

The day had been hot in more senses than one, but night was growing chilly, and we had no blankets or overcoats. Before midnight the dark clouds began to rise, the lightning to flash, and the thunder to roll, and it soon became evident that we were to have added to our discomforts that of a thorough drenching. Our anticipations were soon realized. The rain came down in torrents, and the intense darkness was relieved by the most vivid flashes of lightning, revealing for the instant a most weird spectacle of helpless human beings huddled together in little groups all over that black field, trying to get a little protection from the pitiless storm. In the glimmer of the lightning flashes I could see, on the hill above, our boys

carrying rails, and the thought struck me that they were building a shelter. But, to my surprise, in a few minutes there flashed out the light from a fire that some ingenious Yankee had started in that drenching rain. By the way, it is a cold, wet day when a Yankee soldier is cheated out of his rations, a way to cook them, or the comforts for camp life.

My friends, I wish I could take you all into prison, but I must forbear. I have already tried your patience. Suffice it to say that the clouds soon passed away, and the morning came at last, but it brought little cheer to our disconsolate hearts. A half of a hard tack and a small piece of the under part of the hog (when on its feet) composed our breakfast and dinner. After wading through mud to the tops of our boots all day, we reached Corinth after dark, and were loaded into cattle cars and started for Memphis. Then followed six and one-half months in Southern prisons, filled with hope, anxiety, and little cheer. Some amusing incidents could be related, but they are not of the battle of Shiloh, of which I was asked to write, and from which I have already digressed too far.

This story would be incomplete without a short description of the Pittsburgh Landing of today. It was my good fortune, just twenty-two years after the battle, to visit this memorable spot and go over that historic ground. The government has here established a National Cemetery, situated on a high hill overlooking the landing, and has expended much in beautifying the ground. It is a most lovely spot, where sleep three thousand five hundred and ninety of the loyal dead, being only part of those who, thirty years ago, gave up their lives that this Nation might live, and that you and I might enjoy that which we could never have had except by the shedding of blood — a free government.

Of this large number of our beloved dead who so peacefully sleep on the banks of the Tennessee, only one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine are known; two thousand three

hundred and sixty-one are unknown; but, nameless, each one is some one's husband, father, brother, or lover. In addition to this great number, as many more of the enemy lie scattered over the battlefield, with nothing to mark their resting place.

This spot, once so insignificant, is now visited by thousands every year. Can a place like that ever cease to have an interest, where fell, in killed and wounded, more than sixteen thousand brave men, the best blood of this Nation, and three thousand were taken to Southern prisons, many of them dying there? Such, my friends, is the Shiloh of today compared with thirty years ago.

If you will bear with me a few minutes longer, I desire to give my views with reference to the disputed question that has been asked a thousand times: "Were the Union forces surprised at the battle of Shiloh?" The masses of the people have never been satisfied on this point, and I am one of the people. What I may say cannot change the facts, and perhaps will have little or no influence in settling this important question in your minds. If an attack of the enemy had in the least been anticipated by the Union generals, why was it that we were allowed to lie there for two or three weeks and make no preparation for defense? Why no concentration of forces, no filling up the long gaps between the different commands, no breastworks, no fortifications, no protection of any kind, not even a precautionary order issued? If on Saturday night after midnight we could have had a hint that there was likely to be an engagment, we could in those woods have cut down trees and thrown up breastworks that the enemy never could have carried, and saved thousands of brave boys from a soldier's grave. It seems to me that our generals ought to have known enough of the movements of the enemy to have formed a good idea of their intention, if a battle was anticipated. I look upon such indifference as a little less than criminal negligence. With whom rests the responsibility of that day's disaster, I am not prepared to say; but I am sure

if I were in any way responsible I should prefer to say, "We were surprised." So far as rank and file and line and regimental officers are concerned, they were surprised, whatever the generals may have known.

I do not believe the responsibility rests upon any one general. To my mind, the great mistake was made by "stopping to swap horses in the middle of the stream," or, in other words, changing commanders on the eve of a battle. This is not the only instance during our late War where jealously and strife brought disaster to our army.

If you will read "Iowa in War Times," or any other true history, you will know the details of the troubles that existed among the different field commanders in the Army of the Tennessee and the war department, and will save me from further detail on this occasion.

A large majority of those brave leaders in that deadly conflict have passed on to the great beyond where criticism, often cruel and unjust, cannot affect them. I would throw a mantle of charity over their mistakes, and allow no one to excel me in honoring the memory of those to whom these United States, of which we are all so proud, owe their preservation.

IMPRESSIONS AND REALTIES OF WAR.

BY MAJOR GEORGE R. SKINNER.

COMPANIONS: It is said that some people are born great, that some achieve greatness by their own efforts, and that a third class have that greatness thrust upon them. In like manner, some persons are born orators, some attain an enviable position as orators by their own efforts, while a third and most to be pitied class have oratory thrust upon them. There is a certain religious sect that annually elect from among their numbers those who are to do the preaching for the current year, and whether they will or not, and whether they can or not, they must discharge the duties that pertain to that office. Some time ago I was asked by your always genial vice-commander to read a paper before you at this meeting. I assured him that it would be impossible, that I could not do it. Judge of my surprise and consternation a few days ago when I was told that I *must* do it. As a private at the extreme left of the company, and the rear rank at that, I dared not disobey the stern order of the vice-commander, and so I am here to-night. As an emollient to my sensibilities I was told that the commandery would not expect much, but that there was a certain amount of time that had to be occupied after lunch, and that there was no one else to do it, so that I would occupy the somewhat novel position of being the leader and entire force and support of a forlorn hope. In justice to your forbearance and in deference to your sympathies, as well as an apology that I owe myself, I will state that the major part of the paper, in fact nearly all of it, is not original so far as tonight's delivery is concerned, and that

the many cares of life, together with the demands of my profession, have prevented me from writing such a paper as I would have essayed, had the time and my strength permitted.

On the 4th of last September (the anniversary of my muster in the United States service), I had the pleasure and privilege of attending the triennial reunion of my old regiment (the Ninety-second Illinois), and of delivering the oration on that occasion. At that time and place the surroundings were somewhat different from those of this evening. While I accord to myself great honor in being permitted to call each of you companion, and of realizing that with you I was a part of the long line of loyal hearts that formed the ranks of the Union army, there I was with the members of my own immediate household, every one of whom had shared the same hardships that I had, had been exposed to the same dangers, had enjoyed the same close companionship of a soldier's life, and had shared with them the not to be forgotten delights of the pleasant side of the camp and bivouac; and if we had not drank from the same canteen, we had sipped mud from the same frog holes of the Sunny South. With such material for an audience, and amid the delights and happiness that such reunions can alone give, no harsh or severe criticism would be made of anything that might be done or said. Companions, let us for a moment tonight forget that our hair is whitened by the frosts of time, and that our bodies are no longer agile and lithe, and possessed of the buoyant and bounding energies of youth, and retrace the pathway to the time when the news flashed across the country that Sumter was being bombarded, and that the old flag that we revered as we did the family bible had been fired upon, and was to be trailed in humiliation at the behests of the traitorous slaveholder. Let us rapidly recall the exciting incidents that followed with such startling rapidity, during the first period of the war up to the time when each of us asked ourselves the question, what is life worth to me if the United

States of America are to be blotted from the face of the globe, and shall become a byeword for all time to come among the people of the earth? How great is the hypocrisy of singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," or, "Say, Does that Star Spangled Banner Yet Wave," if we, like cowards and poltroons, permitted the hotheaded sons of the South to despoil and destroy the heritage that has been left and bequeathed to us by the sainted heroes who established its foundation? Recall the time when, perhaps in some humble office, you held up your strong right hand, and for the first time made oath that you would "obey the president of the United States and all officers in authority over you, and that you would serve in the army of the government for three years, or during the war." How momentous the possibilities, aye probabilities, contained in that oath.

You will remember how proudly you felt when, the duty performed, the sacrifice offered, you realized that you had taken the first step to prove yourself an American citizen; that you could then stand erect and claim the dignity of being a man, and of exhibiting to the world the reasons for making such an assertion. There was but one object uppermost in our thoughts, and that was the perpetuation of the National government entire — without the loss of a single star — and if that government demanded and required our lives as a sacrifice in the wager of battle, we felt, with the long list of honored and loved companions and comrades who paid full measure of that sacrifice, that our lives were but a mere pittance compared to and with the value of the results that we hoped to be instrumental in bequeathing to the American people. With these feelings, and with these conditions, we entered the army. The military service was, in a great measure, at first distasteful to us. None of us had ever dreamed that we were to become soldiers, or that the severe possibilities of war were to become to us living realities, and that we were to be the units of the

grandest and most powerful army that had ever been organized in the world's history. We, each and every one, did the duty that came to us, and, after the long period of suspense, felt, when the result at Appomatox had been announced, that our hopes were realized and that the government had been saved, and we were content.

The world, however, does not stand still, and the onward march of time that has carried us through a quarter of a century since our muster out of the United States service and return to civil life and duties, renders it possible for us to inquire as to the probable results of our efforts, and also to ask whether such, when attained, will be of sufficient value to repay the costs — to compensate for the vast outlay of human sacrifice, and the expenditure of such large sums of material that go to make the sinews of war ; whether, in the main, there has been or will be enough of benefit and valuable results to our country and the human race to repay in a measure for the immense amount of trials, suffering, and martyrdom, the enormous outlay of treasure, the sacrifice of all that was near and dear to thousands of mothers, sisters, and wives, and the orphanage of hundreds of thousands of innocent children ; together with the immense sum of untold miseries and inhumanities that were caused by the waging of a war upon a gigantic scale, and that has never been paralleled by a civilized people. As a hint to the possibilities, and even probabilities, that would have occurred had the Rebellion been successful, it is stated that a certain county of Tennessee, through their properly elected officers, formally seceded from the State and proposed to set up a government of their own, and conduct their business without regard to the mandates of the State authorities that claimed their allegiance. Also, it is not a mere matter of speculation, but believed and known by most of the people that had an opportunity to know and judge of the inside workings and intentions of the leaders of the Rebellion, that in case of a

successful disruption of the government, or even a recognition of their assumed government, they would have sought and would have obtained the protectorate of, if not the actual enthronement of, some progeny of the monarchical powers of Europe. The foisting of Maximillian upon Mexico during our disturbance, and the attempt to raise a throne upon the continent of North America, is believed to have been a concerted plan and combined action of the entire crowned monopoly of Europe, to aid in a final and successful effort to crush out the one great example of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Even had the establishment of a monarchical government been averted, the condition of the petty States of Central America, in contrast with our own, affords but little consolation.

Inasmuch as the Rebellion did not succeed, and as Mexico, much to her credit, captured and shot the usurper that was foisted upon her shores, let us turn to the condition of affairs as they now exist, as a result of our efforts as an integral part of the immense hosts that battled for human rights and the universal freedom of mankind. A quarter of a century is but a short space of time when measured by the limits of an age or contrasted with the lapse of time that marks an epoch in the history of the world, and yet we can begin to see and measure the possible, and even probable, results that already are certain to accrue to humanity, benefiting not only our own people, but reaching far to the uttermost parts of the earth as a beacon light for all that wear the garb of manhood, pointing them by the unerring light of the constellation of stars that is grouped upon the banner that represents the light and hope of the world, to that broad and elevated plane of civilization and Christianity that has been created, fostered and raised upon the vast expanse of the North American continent. We can safely claim, and assert, that no nation and people that has ever lived upon the face of the earth has progressed so rapidly as we have in all

that goes to make a substantial, prosperous, happy, contented and typical Christian civilization. The wonderful growth of our large cities, the rapid development of the broad expanse of prairie and forests, the numberless adjuncts to our everyday life and comfort, together with the rapid increase of our population, all attest the tremendous impetus that has been given to our material growth and prosperity, as the result of achievements of the armies of the United States during the period 1861-5.

Yet all this counts but little in the grand results that we will find, if we look outside of our own beloved country to the shores and bounds of the other people of the world. There is not today a crowned head upon the *western hemisphere;* the forced abdication of Dom Pedro of Brazil removed the last vestige of the blasphemous wretches from the freeman growing soil of the new world. The signs of the times point to a day, at no distant period, when the Canadian brethern on our northern boundary will knock with no uncertain sound for admission to our household. If we look toward Europe, we behold France successfully maintaining a republican government, and holding a proud position among the republics of the earth, although surrounded by the combined despotism of the old world, and with monarchial governments upon every side. The news is also flashed across the ocean, that a popular and determined effort is to be made to curtail the power if not to entirely abolish the House of Lords of England, a preparatory step of the English people to establish an independent and free government. Our own intrepid, heroic, and courageous Kennan has attacked the prison doors of despotic Russia, and all the civilized people of the world will soon be united in the effort to emancipate, *in fact*, the serfs and semi-slave systems of that king cursed country.

Thus we find the liberty loving peoples of all climes taking fresh courage, and dedicating themselves with a new devotion to the cause of human liberty, and the effort to establish

governments based upon human rights and equality. It is believed by many people that at no distant day the entire race of kings and pretenders in the name of Deity will be swept from the face of the earth, and the human race from the east to the west, and from the north pole to the most southern limits of the globe, will be governed by institutions created by themselves; and, furthermore, it is believed that the entire race will be an English speaking people, and that the United States of America will be the central point, the nucleus, the guiding star, from which all these beneficent results will follow. If this is true, and I verily believe it to be, what a grand result, and what a privilege to have lived and to have been a soldier in the War for the perpetuation of the government of the United States of America.

Comrades, we may be excused if at this date and at our time of life we indulge in a slight amount of self adulation and glorification. The silver threads are now so numerous that none of us can have a great amount of ambition for the future, save in the lines and in the direction in which we are now moving and engaged. If we, therefore, take the opportunity occasionally to claim for our times and our efforts more credit and more glory than we are willing to accord to other times and people; if we, in fact, form ourselves into a sort of close communion association, and practice a small amount of mutual admiration, it is, in the main, a harmless recreation and amusement, and can give offense to no one that now comes, or that will come after us, and will in the future occupy our places. I believe that I can safely assert that to be a member of, or to be eligible to membership in, the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Loyal Legion, is a far greater distinction than to be a member of or to be eligible to membership in any other organizations that have ever, or that ever will, exist upon the face of the globe. I also believe that we have a right to claim that the position of a soldier in the army of the United States of America during the War of the Rebellion, 1861–5, was the proudest and

most glorious position that any man was ever permitted to occupy; and that no man was ever privileged to engage in a more righteous or holy calling than to stand in the line of the Union army, and offer his body as a sacrifice, if required, upon the altar of his country. If his position is right, if the claims that have been made are well founded, if the success of our cause or its failure was fraught with such tremendous possibilities, then we have the right to the assertion that the successful issue of the War marked a distinct epoch in the history of the world, the influences and results of which will be felt in the enfranchisement and ennobling of the human race as long as time shall last; and that in the future ages, when the glorious old flag shall wave over more than a thousand millions of freemen, it will then be regarded as the emblem of human rights and political liberty, beneath whose ample folds the law abiding, oppressed human being of whatever clime and nationality, whether he come from Asia or Europe, from Africa or Japan, can find protection and security, and an opportunity to enjoy his rights to manhood and equality before the law. If such shall be the results and effects of our efforts, have we not a right to be proud of our position, a right to point with emphasis to the fact that we were soldiers of the Union, and that we waged a war for the protection of human rights and manhood, and also aclaim to demand that we be placed in no equivocal position.

Comrades, there is existing a tendency in many places, and not alone in the South, but seems to crop out in other places over the country, to hold and teach the coming as well as the present generation that it matters not whether one wore the blue or gray, a monstrous doctrine. Do you believe it? Is there a man, woman or child in the entire country, who is not a lunatic, except controlled by prejudice, that believes it? It matters not what color he wore? It matters not who was victorious? It matters not whether the future that I have alluded to as the sure and certain results of our free government be

realized; or that in the event of success of the Rebellion all the aspirations of humanity for a better and higher form of civilization should be exterminated, and that the progress of the race should be again stopped and the forward march of civilization should be arrested, and again retrograded to a long period of darkness and oppression, and that the only prominent example of a successful free government should be swept from the face of the earth?

We have no fault to find with the valor, courage or fighting qualities of the Southerner; they are the same as the rest of us; no better, no worse; *we are all Americans;* but we do object to the word patriotism being employed in expressing the measure of their devotion to their unholy cause. We do object to the statement that God only knows who was right and who was wrong. I believe as you do that only one side could be right, and that side must be that that represented the abstract principal of eternal justice, of world wide human freedom, and of the equality of every human being before the laws of his country, that party that unbound the shackles of the oppressed, that abolished the traffic in human flesh and blood, that set free the slaves, and that unfurled our beautiful banner over an entire and undivided country, made and cemented by the blood and sacrifices of the people, by the devotion of its women, and the blood of its martyred patriots, in fact as in theory, a Nation of freemen.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,"
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side;
Some great cause God's new Messiah offering good or evil side,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon moments see,
That like peaks of some sunk continent jut through oblivion's sea.
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of these crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly,
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular amid the market's din,
List the ominous, stern whisper from the Delphic cave within:
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Then let us not in any way apologize for the position or the part we took in aiding to carry the War to a glorious termination, and never permit, without rebuke, anyone to claim in our presence that we were not ENTIRELY RIGHT, and that the soldiers of the slaveholders' Rebellion ENTIRELY WRONG. It is often said that the army of the Union, now represented by the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion, was demoralizing, and that it produced deleterious effects upon those who were unfortunate enough to be soldiers. It may be and probably is so in some armies, but it certainly was not the case in ours. We believe it was the duty of every able bodied man, either young or middle aged, to enlist in the service of his country when she called for, demanded, and required his services. If this is so, and that duty was, as I have claimed, to fight in and to wage a war to perpetuate the principles of eternal right, and if, as is admitted, the voice of duty is the voice of God, then it would be impossible for the general and final effect of responding to such a call to have been demoralizing or debasing. On the other hand, it is a fact that the old soldiers are today better citizens then those who staid at home while they went to the front. They today represent a strong and sturdier manhood, and are found in the front ranks in all movements for the advancement of humanity. Look at our rosters. Compare the numbers of our people with an equal number of stay-at-homes. Will we suffer from the comparison? Are we not, man for man, equal of them? Have we not made good citizens? Where will you find a body of men who have done better? Coming home as soldiers, having been taught the art of war in all its phases, having learned to love the

associations and comradship of the tented fields, having been so long under the arbitrary discipline of a soldier's calling, we were for a moment at a loss to know where to commence and take up the life of a civilian. The places that we vacated had been occupied by the stay-at-homes, who had in many instances grown wealthy and arrogant. Finding but few places or callings that offered a chance to obtain a foothold, we manfully entered the contest and took up the wager of life, and with results that we are not ashamed of. It is not necessary to particularize, but there is not the same number of people that shirked their duty to their country, and that occupied the same relative position in society and in life, that can in any manner compare in position and in material possessions. I believe, therefore, that the man who is rightfully entitled to wear the button of the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic is today a *better citizen*, a *better husband*, a *better father*, than he otherwise would have been.

As we rapidly follow the line of our march from the time of our enlistment to the present, we recognize the fact that the original Grand Army is not all here; that "present for duty or accounted for" is but a small portion of the original host; that while "on detached service," or "absent on furlough," or "on sick leave," or "in hospital" might be written in a few instances, yet "missing in battle" would have to be written against the names of many loved ones, and we realize the stern fact that they have received their final muster out; that their record is complete, and that they are of that constantly lengthening line that is forming on the other side, and that soon the old guard will present again an unbroken front. As the memories of all these comrades come before us we remember, with bowed heads, of the many loved and true hearts that we left by the wayside, on our toilsome marches; of the many who died from disease in camp or hospital, or of those that filled a soldier's grave on the field of battle. All along the line

of our marches we can see the resting places of the heroic dead —*noble dead.* They fell as they lived, heroes. Many a time have we heard the noble boys, when sending messages to the loved ones at home, and realizing the presence of death, give testimony to their unyielding devotion to their country, and the perfect resignation with which they gave up their young lives for their country's welfare. Many others came home disabled from wounds and disease, and have since laid down the burden of life to join the comrades on the other side. But whether on the march, in the camp, in the hospital, or on the field of battle, or amid the quiet scenes of home, they have paid the debt of nature, they are yet ours, and we love to think of them as with us still, and to recount their deeds and virtues. They were brave beyond comparison. They gave their lives freely for their country, and whether they sleep in the National Cemetery, with the old flag constantly encircling them with its protecting folds, or whether their resting place is among the great throng of the unknown dead, or amid the quiet of the peaceful cemetery where they were laid by loving hands of comrades at home, a grateful Nation cheerfully accords them the palm of triumph and victory. Their devotion to duty, and the unselfishness with which they gave of the years of their strong manhood and, when demanded, yielded, with cheerfulness, their lives, together with the full measure of unbounded patriotic love, is strongly and perfectly expressed by the recently deceased patriotic American poet, James Russell Lowell:

"Bow down, dear land, for thou hast found release;
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And though thy enemies have wrought thy peace,
Bow down in prayer and praise.
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,
O, beautiful my country; ours once more;
Smoothing thy brow of war disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And setting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of thy smile lay bare.
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare;
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare."

Comrades, the dial of time assures us that we are rapidly approaching the end of all that is human, and if we needed other evidence, the silver locks, the furrowed cheeks, the bent forms, and other impairments of age would tell us too surely that we were no longer possessed of youthful bodies; but did you never think that the mind does not grow old; that the body may become decrepit and refuse to obey the mandates of the soul, yet the soul is living in perennial youth, as the shadows of age lengthen. As the pursuits of time become of less value to us, let us, of whatever organization or command we may have belonged to, only that we worthily wore the blue, draw closer and more closely to each other, and although a comrade may have failings, remember his years of sufferings and hardships, and that the sacrifices that he made for our common country atones for all; that if he rendered valiant service for his country when it demanded his service, he has filled the full measure of man's estate, if he has done nothing else, more completely than an entire lifetime spent in any other direction or calling.

Companions, the surrender of the armed forces of the Rebellion changed but did not annul the obligations and fealty that we, as self consecrated citizens of the government, owed to the freshly baptized Republic. Containing within our organization the elements that pertain to the perpetuity of itself, and the only society resulting from the War that will in all probability outlive our immediate generation, it is our duty and privilege to

transmit unimpaired the true history of the government and of the war waged for its preservation, and to teach to our sons, and they to the generation that will follow after them, the fundamental truths that underlay our system of government. And like the vestal virgins of the temple of Diana, the fires of whose altars never faded or slumbered, so shall our sons and their son's sons keep constantly alive and glowing upon the altar of human liberty, the fires of patriotism and devotion to the onward progress of the cause of human liberty, and the enfranchisement, with the rights of *manhood*, of every human being.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CIVIL WAR,

AS DISTINGUISHED FROM ALL THE OTHER WARS OF HISTORY.

BY ADJUTANT CHARLES MACKENZIE.

Warfare seems to be a natural rather than an abnormal condition, both in nature and also in human life. So far as man can stretch his observation into space, he finds contending elements. The lightning and cyclone bear to a startled humanity the indisputable testimony of contending forces, forces of whose origin and full nature poor, weak humanity, is as ignorant as of the future of the human race beyond the grave. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but no matter in which direction, it finds a counter current; vegetation struggles against both cold and heat; the harmony of nature is the wonderful result of contending causes. Sometimes the will slumbers and the freed spirit bounds upward and wanders among the stars; it passes from glittering orb to glittering orb, and it finds everywhere, so far as it can explore, opposing conditions, yet all so guided and directed that their contention brings no confusion to the wonderful precision and matchless order of the stupendous whole, and in similitude with nature man has ever been in conflict with his fellow man. Ever have the contending forces of good and evil been dividing the children of men, and yet through all the conflicts of men there runs a seeming order and a certain method. Providence has moved through time slowly; a step has been taken, and ages have passed away before another has been made, and between the steps have intervened wars that have destroyed thousands and even millions of the human

race. Through all of these conflicts has moved a mysterious spirit leading humanity onward, upward through devious paths and often over fields of carnage and amid the smoke of battle.

Diverse impulses have marshaled men in contending armies, and they have fought along a line on which humanity must progress until they reach a height where man shall stand no longer a little lower, but on a plane with the angels. The first wars were simply to obtain and hold the surface of the earth; they were not in relation to the moral nature of man; they were not in connection with man's relation to his creator and to his fellow man. Dimly through the vista of history move the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medians, and the Egyptians, chasing each other over the surface of the earth. Across the picture sweeps the meteoric course of the Grecians, vanquishing the known world and giving the Grecian world dominion over the surface of the earth so far as known to semi-civilized man. The star of Greece is seen no more, as the Roman sun arose above the horizon and fills the world with the sound of the Roman bugles; but the Roman wars were simply for the conquest of the earth's surface. Again there comes a chilling blast from the north, and the barbarian wave sweeps the best part of the Roman empire from the face of the earth, and the wars having merely the conquest of the surface of the earth for their object are at an end. The new wars are those for the purpose of determining the relation of mankind to his creator; men were to fight desperate battles over their respective claims as to the Divinity and his powers and attributes. For eight centuries the Christian and the Moslem battled for the dominion of the world, and when the conflict had ended, Asia and Africa had fallen to Mohamet, and Europe and its colonies and dependencies had adhered to Christ. The hand of God, moving over the dial of time, had saved Europe from the moral and mental death that would have resulted from the universal triumph of the crescent over the cross.

Then came another scene of conflict; conflicting creeds of the Christian religion battle in Europe, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until it is agreed that there shall be no more warfare between the professed followers of Christ on earth.

The conflicts over man's relation to his Creator have been settled, and as the nineteenth century approached there was to be inaugurated a new era of warfare; men were to battle with one another as to the proper relation of man to man in the various forms of civil government. The principal scene of the conflict was to be transferred to another continent. The new world, opened up to humanity by the genius of Columbus, was to be the theater of events that were to settle the relation of men and women to one another in those relations that pertain to what is known as forms of government.

The proposition was made that the government should be merely a civil association, controlling merely those who gave their voluntary assent to the government established by the common consent of all its original citizens; it was declared that the right of man to rule his fellow man was not the result of chance or accident, nor was it to be obtained by the exercise of force; it could only be conferred by the consent of the governed.

With the dawn of the nineteenth century these propositions arose triumphant at the end of the revolutionary war. For nearly three-quarters of a century these propositions remained unchallenged, and when the attack came, it came not from a foreign foe, but from the house of those who should have been their friends.

The American Civil War was the first conflict in history over an abstract proposition of government. There had been war to establish the succession of dynasties; wars to establish the rights of rival claimants to thrones; our own American revolution was a war over the rights of man, to establish a new form of government, when the existing form had become subversive of the ends for which any government should ever be established.

The War of the American Rebellion was the first of its kind in history; it was to settle the question as to whether those who had become a party to the establishment of a popular government could withdraw at their pleasure, and take with them a portion of the territory over which the jurisdiction of the government extended. Majority rule in a government of, from, and by the people was on trial during the great American Civil War. Slavery was the incident that brought on the conflict. The same question had been presented before in reference to the duty on imports, but not to the extent of actual war. The right of the majority to rule is an essential element in popular government, and its defeat in the war of 1861 would have been a precedent for every minority to resist the will of every majority by actual warfare when the selfish interests of such minority dictated such resistance. The American Civil War was distinguished from every other civil war of history in this: usually, those who seek to destroy a popular form of government plot and plan in secret, and when their plans are fully laid they burst upon the authorities of the country in sudden and unexpected fury.

Not so the slaveholders' Rebellion; they spread the news of their preparations over land and sea; they proclaimed to the four corners of the earth their intention to destroy the institutions of their country, if they could not mold them to their fancy; these intentions were boldly proclaimed for many years before the actual conflict. Another peculiar feature connected with the commencement of the great Civil War lay in the fact that the government made no counter preparations. There were no indications but that the assailants of the American flag and American constitution would be permitted to work out their own sweet will in shipwrecking the hopes of humanity. Never before had any government been seen standing by and witnessing the preparations for its own funeral, without so much as a serious or emphatic dissent. For a time all things seemed to

indicate that the corpse would be entirely ready for the obsequies when the conspirators were ready for the ceremonies. There had been much question as to the rights of the general government, and its relation to the rights of the people of the various States; indeed, it may not be out of place to remark, in passing, that the same questions as to the powers and duties of the general government that were raised in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Adams are coming to the front in the year 1892 on the proposal to have the government take charge of certain lines of business now carried on by combinations. The remark of Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural, in speaking of the Dred Scott decision, that the supreme court of the United States had the power, under our political system, to change our form of government, finds an echo today in the claims of some who regard with some alarm the rivalry of today between the combinations of capital and the States of the Union. But there were other parties to the contract of government. The American form of government had been the subject of some discussion at home and abroad; many have been the complex theories as to the relations of the States and Nation at large; the allegiance due to each, and the rights of the State and the Nation under the Federal constitution. There was no doubt in the minds of the vast host of the citizens of the United States of 1861 to 1865 who came to the rescue of the flag, the constitution, the Union, and the hopes of humanity. If the citizens of the States not included in the insurrectionary district had acted from the standpoint of self interest, they would have allowed the erring sisters to depart in peace; they were not acting for themselves alone; from the past, many centuries looked down upon the first experiment of a representative form of government; into the future stretched a line of centuries in which man would watch and wait for the coming of a popular form of government, to enable them the better to accomplish their manifest destiny. A man whose action is

only dictated by considerations of self interest is fit only for the association of savages and wild animals. Those who came to the defense of the Union in the years 1861 to 1865, and who came voluntarily, can scarcely be called an army, in the ordinary acceptance of that term; they were a voluntary association; they had associated themselves in a state for mutual protection, advancement, and profit. The American government was in one sense their property; they changed the form of their association from a civil one to a military form, and went out to the defense of the property which they held both in their own right and as the trustees of all posterity. It was these circumstances that made the Union soldier no mere part of a military machine, such as followed Frederick the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte. Total defeat to these last named soldiers merely meant that they should doff their hat to a new sovereign. To the soldier of the American Union, hopeless defeat meant the loss of his right as an American citizen in the substantial rights and ideal glory that ushered in American citizenship. These rights and this glory he well understood that he would not find elsewhere in a journey around the globe. The wealth of the world could not purchase them outside the confines of the United States, where their destruction was aimed. It would be difficult to imagine how there could be a more indomitable and unconquerable host than a body of intelligent men defending such priceless treasures. Never before in the history of man had the scene of conflict extended over such a length of territory. Along a line of nearly two thousand miles waged the conflict for about four years, but on this line were about a million of men animated by a common purpose; they felt that they were all in touch, elbow to elbow, as it were, although hundreds of miles intervened; they felt that if the tide of battle turned against them for the time, other true hearts and brave were bearing on high the banner on other fields, and if they fell, there were others who would speedily

take their place in the ranks. Along the entire line was an invisible cord, binding all hearts in the immortal faith that the free institutions of the United States were not born to die, a faith and hope that had never illuminated the mind and warmed the heart of man until it transformed into an invincible host the untried soldiers that came as by magic in 1861 to fight the battle of God and humanity.

Another marked feature of the great American conflict was the persistence of those who fought for the flag. In other wars where there had been decisive campaigns that had resulted in the expenditure of a vast amount of blood and treasure, there had been negotiations for peace and compromise, but not so in the struggle for American National life. The War opened with disaster all along the line ; for years there was failure and defeat on every side. The enemies of the government looked on and prophesied success for disunion, but the soldier for the great cause of constitutional liberty never faltered ; he accepted good and evil fortune with equal equanimity; he was there to stay, and to stay until the last armed foe surrendered or expired. This fortitude was a feature never seen before in the history of warfare, and it told a story not written in history. There could not have been such devotion under such trying circumstances had not the soldiers of the Union felt that they were of those who are always successful because those who have truth and justice on their side are always in a majority at last. The soldier who fights simply because he is enlisted and paid for fighting has a courage and fortitude that does not survive disaster and defeat. The soldiers of the stars and stripes had a prophetic vision that soared over the dark scenes of Chancellorville, and Chickamauga, and Fredericksburg, and saw through the clouds of disaster the bright pictures of Vicksburg and Gettysburg lighting up the way, onward and upward to the refulgent glories of Appomattox. The soldiers of other times and countries hailed with delight any prospect of peace, but the

members of the great American military union wanted no peace that did not secure to them intact and uninjured the institutions, and Union, and flag that they had been called together to defend. Had they been willing to sacrifice any part of the institutions and the Union, and to surrender any part of the territory and flag, they would have done so before going to war.

Another distinctive feature of our American conflict was in the great, patriotic body of American citizens who stood behind the army. In other countries and wars, the only ones interested in the success of an army have been the representatives of the governments and those having relatives and friends in the army. In our great struggle, behind the boys in blue were millions of warm and loving hearts; the non-combatants of the North were members of the great civic society whose fate hung upon the issue of the battle waged by its defenders. The Spartan women sent their loved ones to battle, bidding them bring back shields or return upon them; the women of the United States gave their departing heroes no such message; they well knew that their soldiers went to battle inspired by a holy inspiration to which the heathen Spartan was a total stranger. The soldiers of Cæsar, and of France, and of Germany were, perchance, inspired, as they followed their flags, by the thought of country and of fatherland, but they had no thought of countrymen and friends to nerve them to the utmost in the midst of death and danger. Above the smoke of battle, in the clear empyrean, arose the vision of the American soldier's home, secure to him and his loved ones only in the continuance of the government of his country; louder than the roar of the cannon or the rattle of the musketry sounded in the ears of the boys in blue the voice of father, mother, wife, and friend, saying that if the country should cease to protect the home, life would not be worth the living, and that all things dear on earth were hanging in the balance, and that peace and happiness to American

homes could only come through the victory of the Union arms, at whatever cost and sacrifice.

One of the marvels of the Civil War was the absence of desertion. Under an imperial or monarchical form of government, where an army is under despotic control, and where desertion means death, and the soldier is but the part of a machine, there is a reason why there should be but few desertions. Here was a vast territory and every opportunity for a successful desertion, yet the number of desertions from the Union army during the Civil War, as officially reported, were less in number than ever was enrolled, that is, desertions in proportion to the number enrolled. Never before was there a war where there were so many pitched battles, with such severe losses, that did not produce decisive results. The bounty jumper, and the man who went to Canada to avoid the draft, were also novelties in the history of warfare. It is to the credit of the drafted man that he usually stood by his colors. The bounty jumper, the Canadian refugee, the deserter, and the coward were the exceptions, and where there were so many that did so well, the few that brought disgrace on the cause may well be forgotten. No matter how cowardly a man may have been naturally, he would have required an extra amount of courage to have returned to his home after deserting his comrades on the field of battle. Even in the Revolutionary War there was Benedict Arnold, but the War of the Rebellion shows no record of a single Union soldier who was willing to sell his country's cause for a pecuniary advantage to himself.

Never before was an army gathered of so many different races, and never did so many representatives of different nationalities unite in a common cause; the German, Irishman, Frenchman, Italian, Hungarian, and the representatives of every civilized and Christian Nation under the sun were there, and each did well his part.

This was a new feature, of warfare, and yet there was nothing singular about it; they all recognized that it was a contest to establish the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. These men could hope for no participation in the affairs of the government of their own country; they would be long under the sod before the flag of the free should wave over Germany, England, Ireland, and Italy, but they could see in this peerless Republic the present realization of their hopes for their native lands; they recognized the fact that if this government of the people, for the people, and by the people should perish from the face of the earth, that with it would perish the hopes of their native countrymen for centuries; and so they marched, and fought, and fell, and by their valor, they have erected a composite monument that is gilded with a glory that extends beyond the limits of our own country, and is worshiped by the good, the true, and the brave of every land and clime; and as freedom comes to each of the countries now oppressed, those of these Nations who participated in our struggle may well feel that their work in the army of the Union struck the first blow for the liberation of their oppressed countrymen.

At the beginning of this century a number of Nations aided to drive the audacious Corsican from the theater of his many triumphs; each Nation was there in its National capacity. In our great Civil War the men of the different Nations were there as men, to vindicate manhood; this shows the wonderfully attractive force of our form of government. The desire for a better, grander, truer, and freer manhood welded them all together into a compact host, where all thought of race and Nationality was lost in the desire to lift themselves and the rest of humanity higher in the scale of being.

The manner in which the American Civil War was carried on made it an anomaly; war had been made a science for ages; men were trained as soldiers; great captains were educated as commanders; immense armies were drilled, and they went out and

marched and fought under certain fixed rules. Each commander knew about where to find the opposing army. Napoleon Bonaparte, by his forced marches and displays of strategy introduced some new methods, but the American Civil War was not conducted by any of the rules of the military science. Strategy had but little to do with it. The great commanders, Scott, McClellan, Halleck, and others, who were going to run the War by the rules and regulation of military science, fell by the wayside early in the conflict. It became evident that hard knocks and plenty of them were the only agencies that would bring peace and victory. The enemy was opening on interior lines, and hence at an immense advantage. After two or three years of strategy, that only resulted in wasted heaps of slain, the advance began along the entire line and strategy gave away to plain common sense, and the enemy operating on an interior line were giving us time to move around their troops to meet an attack long foreseen. That dismal and very uncertain science known as "the art of warfare" received a very black eye in the events of the American Civil War. It was demonstrated that all that there was to war was to get as large an army as necessary and to keep reaching out for the enemy as fast as you could find him. All history knows no such successful campaigning as the movements of the Union armies all along the line during the summer of 1864. It took all summer, but it got there at last.

The attempts to write a history of the American Civil War must produce a great deal of unbelief in the minds of the present generation as to the history of wars generally. There are about four distinct accounts of the battle of Shiloh, each by those who participated in that great conflict. For more than a quarter of a century the sun and the rains have shone and descended on all of the battlefields of the War of the Great Rebellion; the most important of these fields are marked by imposing monuments to the dead of the contesting hosts. As

the years advance an enlightened patriotism and an increasing feeling of fraternity will more and more obliterate the details of the events that occurred on these fields.

The degraded Greek still worships the site of Marathon and Thermopylæ, because their glory is all that is left to him; the Frenchman worships the battlefields of his Nation as emblematic of the departed glory of France; the Englishman reveres Waterloo as the last battle won by England in any conflict with a civilized Nation. The American will worship at the shrine of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and other battlefields of the American Civil War, as emblematic of the devotion that a citizen can render to a government of his own creation, and in the conduct of which he has taken, and still is taking, a part, and we may well hope that there will be no Americans in the future who will care to recall these battlefields in the future, save as emblematic of the triumphs of an exalted patriotism and unequaled manhood over a mistaken judgment that manifested a courage and endurance worthy of a better cause.

In nothing has the Civil War been so remarkable as in the treatment of the dead. The battlefields of the world have been searched during the nineteenth century. In a few lonely instances outside of the United States there have been attempts made to give some recognition to the Nation's dead. England has a monument to Nelson and Wellington, and France to Napoleon, and Germany has marked the last resting place of the great Frederick, but the common soldier — he who sustained the burden of the conflict — has been remembered only in the United States of America.

The American people have sought to establish in practical form the thought that the association of the Union soldiers was not dissolved by death. And so, by monument and ceremony, they seek to keep alive the associated memories of the great host of National defenders after they have been lost to earth. Nowhere else, in no other country, have these general obligations

of praise, and prayer, and tribute been offered to all those who battled for the country. Equal in life and sharing equally the dangers of war, they are sent from generation to generation as equal in the regard of their common country. The general, the captain, the sergeant, the corporal, and the private descend, side by side, to a future of impartial recognition, without distinction of rank.

In its results the American Civil War finds no parallel in history, or, indeed, in fancy and poetry. It is now four centuries since the genius and endurance of Columbus gave to mankind a new theater for the work of seeking to advance toward the infinite in power, wisdom, virtue, and happiness. The advance of three and one-quarter centuries ago does not equal the wondrous steps of the Young Giant of the West when freed from the doubts and dangers of threatened dissolution. When white-winged peace had spread her wings over the troubled country, the voice of constitutional liberty sounded an advance across the continent; she gathered around her her handmaidens, invention, industry, and progress, and there has arisen on the face of the American continent a picture of marvelous prosperity that no two centuries of the world's progress can elsewhere show. Indeed, it may well be doubted if the history of the world, up to the year 1865, shows any such marvels of intellectual development as the history of the United States since that date.

How much of this could have been accomplished had the United States been divided up into rival and contending Republics, after the manner of the South American States? Such would have been the fate of the United States had the War of the Rebellion been made a success by those who inaugurated it. There have been, and are still, defects in our American system; slavery was one, and the trail of that serpent is not yet quite eradicated. It may be that American human cormorants are taking much more than their share of the blessings and benefits

of our heaven sent institutions. These are but spots on our great sun of American power and prosperity, and time will efface them all.

Standing in the midst of the results of the American conflict of thirty years ago, it is not out of place to suggest that the relations of man to man in civil government are not yet fully settled. Each year brings about one-half a million to our shores; our population has doubled since the first gun fired at Sumter called an army into existence. There are no other worlds to conquer or to discover. When the tide of human life reaches the golden shores of the Pacific it greets beyond the blue waters the oldest civilization of the ages.

Here on these shores must enlightened, intelligent, freed humanity stand or fall; here must the American citizen rise steadily, step by step, in the scale of manhood, eliminating that which tends to degrade humanity, or here must constitutional liberty some day expire on the very spot of its origin. It will not expire if the fire kindled in 1776, and rekindled in 1861, is kept brightly burning. There can be no danger of injury from the American or from the honest and intelligent incomers from foreign lands. There can be no danger if the whole story of American liberty, its costs, its course, its trials, and its triumphs, is kept steadily before the American people. The great heart of the American people, which beat so warmly for liberty and humanity during four years of war, still beats for the poor and oppressed of every Nation, but the American Civil War has engendered a peculiar feeling of intense Nationality that will guard, as with a flaming sword, the institutions of the country from any danger of injury by reason of continued incoming of those who may be well understood as knowing nothing at the outset of the trials and triumphs that have been passed to reach the American citizenship of today.

The American Civil War has no parallel in the past and can have none in the future. It settled the issue of the right of

man to tear asunder a popular government simply because he could not control it. Wars may come, but not for that cause. Other wars have settled the supremacy of men in kingdoms and empires, and also the supremacy of kingdoms and empires among other kingdoms and empires. The American Civil War determined that when God had inspired men to form a more perfect union for the benefit of humanity, such a union can only be dissolved by unanimous consent. The government of the United States derives its title not alone from the Constitution and the laws, and decisions of courts, but the Union has a potent power given to it by successful war and written in the best blood of thousands of its truest citizens. The wish and prayer and the hope of every believer in God and of every friend of humanity should be that there may never be another war necessary to establish the rights of man in government, but that other Nations may eventually reach the same place as the United States through peaceful revolutions, inspired by the grand and immortal results of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars of the Nation composed of the United States of America.

IOWA'S RECORD.

A SKETCH OF IOWA'S RECORD DURING THE WAR FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION — 1861–1865.

BY ADJUTANT H. H. ROOD.

The spirit which animated the volunteers of 1861 is without a parallel in human history. The story of human valor is written on all the pages of recorded time; the republics of Greece and Rome present an illustrious record of courage exhibited in the defense of national life or of conquest. The three hundred at Thermopylæ have been made immortal in song and story, but they were defending their land from a foreign foe, which came for conquest only; but there is no record in history of a people who were not attacked, at whose gates there was no enemy, whose fields and hearthstones were not menaced, against whom there was not pointed a single weapon with hostile intent, upon whose soil not a single soldier stood with a design of conquest, who were asked only to take no steps against the peaceable division of the country, some of whose wisest men counselled them to let the "erring sisters go in peace," there is no record of any people under similar conditions, who with almost one voice declared: "The land our fathers bought for us with their blood, the land our children should inherit from us, the flag created by the valor and sufferings of our ancestors, this inheritance of landed domain, this inheritance of honor and glory, shall never be divided, and no flag not the flag of our fathers shall ever float over it."

When Sumter was fired upon, in no portion of the North did the flame of patriotism kindle quicker, or burn with brighter

light than in Iowa. Admitted in 1846, the state had been but fifteen years in the Union.

No regiments from Iowa had participated in the wars of the country. The State could not point to the glories of Saratoga or Yorktown, of Lundy's Lane or New Orleans, of Buena Vista, or the City of Mexico, and urge her sons to emulate the example of their fathers on those historic fields.

True, the blood of sires who had served in these conflicts, coursed in the veins of many of her citizens, but there was no pride in the state's history to which an appeal could be made. A small battalion of Iowa troops served in Mexico attached to the Fifteenth Regulars. Three Iowa counties are named after the officers who served in that organization: Page, Mills and Guthrie. We had no military organization; the military companies of the State were independent bodies, and had never been organized into battalions or regiments. They were, however, intensely patriotic, and early in January, 1861, had begun to tender their services to the governor, and by the 14th of February, with only one exception, had declared their purpose to uphold the Union.

The influence of these companies upon the future military career of the state was of incalculable value. Captain Frank Heron, and the Governor's Greys, of Dubuque; Captain H. R. Cowles, and the Washington Light Guards, of Washington; Captain C. L. Matthies, and the Burlington Rifles, of Burlington; Captain W. S. Robertson, and the Union Guards, of Columbus City; Captain W. W. Belknap, and the Keokuk City Rifles, formed a nucleus for a military organization. The career of the men who officered and composed the rank and file of these companies is entwined in the entire history of the state's record, and contributes greatly to its splendid military history.

Governor Kirkwood tells an interesting story of these first days in the war; when he received the order for one regiment

from the state he asked several men what composed a regiment, how it was made up, and they could not tell him. He went to Davenport and sought information from that eminent jurist, Judge John F. Dillon, and that able lawyer spent some time in looking over the Code of Iowa to find how a regiment of infantry was organized.

Repeating this incident in a Decoration Day address, one of the audience, a prominent lawyer in the State of New York, made a note of it, and when he next met Judge Dillon, asked him about it. The judge confirmed it.

Let us pause here at the threshold of the struggle to consider who guided the affairs of the young and untried State. If there was a providence in the election of Abraham Lincoln as president, if there was a providence in the election of the series of great War Governors, who upheld his arm during the conflict, in no case was it more clearly manifest, than in the election of Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood.

Strong in body, courageous, patriotic, modest, and unsefish, he was a fit leader of the young commonwealth. In rugged honesty, broad statesmanship, unselfish discharge of duty, clear conception of causes and results, he stands by the side of the greatest of that group of War Governors, who will share with Lincoln the honor of having guided and controlled the North during the war.

On July 25, 1861, he appointed to the office of Adjutant General of the State, Nathaniel B. Baker; judicious and wise, as were so many of his appointments, none of them had as great an influence on the State's military record as this. General Baker was a man of experience; he had been speaker of the house and governor of the State of New Hampshire; thus equipped he entered upon his duties full of patriotic zeal. His name is honored by every Iowa soldier; he never turned one of them away without justice or bread, or both, and he kept a record of their services unexcelled by any state. We honor

the sturdy and honest man's memory, and charge our sons to keep it green to the latest generation.

May 28th, thirty-two years ago, the First Iowa Infantry received its tents and went into camp near Keokuk, and June 13th it went down the Mississippi, thence to join General Lyon at Wilson's Creek, Missouri. Under the command of that gallant man, whose early death in the first battle of the West was an irreparable loss, the first regiment of Iowa troops ever marshalled beneath the Union flag fought its first battle. "How about the First?" was the question. And when their splendid behavior on that field was known, when it was known that with almost his latest breath General Lyon praised their conduct, a thrill of pride ran through the State, and with tears for the dead and cheers for the living, the young State girded itself for future conflicts. Thus was set up a high standard for Iowa troops, a standard that was never lowered. It must be remembered that this engagement was fought after the time of the regiment had expired, adding to the honors they had won as soldiers the highest form of patriotism.

Events now move more rapidly. The gallant Seventh added to Iowa's fame at Belmont. It was among the first in the contest to enter, and among the last to leave, winning from General Grant the statement, "the regiment behaved with great gallantry, and suffered more severely than any other of the troops."

Then came the snow covered hills of Donelson, where the Second, Seventh, Twelfth, and Fourteenth took part, the Second leading the charge which resulted in the capture of the works on our left, and from which point of vantage General Grant was enabled to send that memorable dispatch which electrified the north: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender will be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." And General Halleck telegraphed Adjutant-General Baker, "The Second Iowa proved themselves the bravest of the brave."

The reputation of Iowa troops was now established, and from that day forth when in any conflict the lines grew thin, the enemy pressed on with such vigor as to threaten to break them, when Iowa troops came to their aid a cheer of welcome greeted them, for they knew it meant victory. At Shiloh, that field of doubt, of forests and thickets, of heroic bravery, of supreme test of soldierly qualities, eleven Iowa regiments (about one-sixth of the Union force engaged the first day) struggled among the awful uncertainties of that battle to victory; three of the eleven were captured, and their aggregate losses on that field exceed the losses of any other eleven regiments in that contest, and about one-quarter of the total, and when night fell there stood, unshaken, undemoralized, in that last line of heroes who barred with their muskets the way to the Tennessee river, nearly every man that was not killed, wounded, or captured, of the sons of Iowa.

In the National Cemetery at Pittsburg Landing there is a spot fitly named "Iowa Circle," where the Iowa boys rest in honor. In the siege of Corinth the Iowa soldiers numbered fourteen regiments of infantry, and that splendid cavalry regiment, the Second, destined to share thereafter on all fields the highest honors bestowed on valor.

At Iuka nine regiments (the Fifth and Sixteenth bearing the weight of battle); the Fifth winning a place of unfading honor for its support of the Eleventh Ohio Battery.

In the struggle to retain Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862, fourteen regiments of infantry and the Second Cavalry were engaged.

At Arkansas Post five regiments. In the great contest for the control of the Mississippi at Vicksburg, that point so important to the West and to the whole country, Iowa was grandly represented; twenty-eight regiments of infantry and three regiments of cavalry (the omnipresent Second having been with Grierson on his meteoric ride through the entire length of

Mississippi). From Port Gibson on, at every point, Iowa valor was conspicuous. Her sons scaled the hills of Port Gibson, rushed with irresistible force into Jackson, charged the batteries at Champion's Hill, burst the barriers at Black River, and carried their banners to the top of the works in the assault of May 22nd, and held Johnson at bay on the Big Black until the city surrendered. No higher honors were won in this campaign than those which crowned Iowa troops and gilded the flags of her steadfast regiments.

From Vicksburg a part of them went into Louisiana, and six regiments accompanied the ill-starred Red River expedition, their stubborn fighting doing much to save it from utter rout. Iowa will long mourn the loss of her gallant dead who fell in useless slaughter on that shameful campaign. Ten of her regiments went to the relief of their comrades at Chattanooga, over-matched in generalship at Chickamauga, but not in courage, and at Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain added to their fame.

Again it seemed necessary to bring to the great struggle much that was best both East and West, and on the Atlanta campaign we find seventeen infantry regiments, one battery, and one cavalry regiment from Iowa. From May 1st to September 1st, it was one continuous battle, now upon the hills, now in the mountain passes, now upon the banks of the swift rivers. How those names are burned into our minds, Ringgold, Snake Creek Gap, Altoona Pass, Dallas, Kenesaw, Nickajack, Atlanta, and at last "when Atlanta was ours and fairly won," what a shadow of their former selves were these veteran regiments.

From Resaca to Jonesboro, not a battle or a charge where their colors were not "full high advanced," not a critical point where some Iowa regiment did not "stand in the imminent deadly breach." When Hood, the audacious, turned his columns north to break Sherman's line of communication, he

attacked as a point of first importance, Altoona Pass, where our rations were stored, and a point of such natural strength, that once in the enemy's possession, it might compel the entire army to retreat. The little garrison was composed of veterans seasoned by many campaigns, and among them was the Thirty-ninth of Iowa, which had two hundred and eighty men in battle and lost forty-three killed, and a total loss of killed, wounded and missing of one hundred and seventy. With such men behind the breastworks, with what confidence could Sherman signal from Kenesaw's historic heights, "Hold the fort for I am coming."

The Atlanta campaign had proven that General Sherman was not only fitted for the highest independent command, but was one of the great tactical generals of the war. His troops had the highest confidence in him, and this was especially so with the soldiers from Iowa. They trusted, honored and loved Uncle Billy.

Meanwhile in the farther West, in Mississippi and Arkansas, the Iowa soldier was marching up and down the mountains, through the swamps and forests, at Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, Little Rock and Springfield. Three regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and two batteries were attached to these forces, and the Ninth and Nineteenth Infantry and First and Third Cavalry head the lists of losses in these conflicts.

We come now toward the beginning of the end. Three regiments, the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, and the Twenty-eighth, are sent to the Army of the Potomac, and join Sheridan in the grand campaign up the valley of the Shenandoah, and as a part of the Nineteenth Corps added to their well-earned fame, as under that resistless commander they swept up the valley and add Winchester and Cedar Creek to their list of battles.

Meantime the march to the sea is begun and the Iowa regiments are further separated. Some are left under the command of the "Rock of Chickamauga," to hold Hood upon the

the Tennessee, and a larger number join Sherman in his march to the sea. Fifteen regiments turn their faces toward the Atlantic. Three infantry, three cavalry and one battery go to Thomas to aid in winning Franklin and Nashville. It is said in jest and almost in truth, that the Second battery captured a division at Nashville.

The march to the sea was the greatest tactical event of the war, and the most romantic. It told the deceived Confederate the truth, as it had already been declared by General Grant, that the South, in the autumn of 1864, was a shell. The fifteen Iowa regiments constituted about one-tenth of that splendid army, which made a thoroughfare to Savannah.

> "Sixty miles in latitude,
> Three hundred to the main."

Their banners were the first to enter Savannah, and the first to float over the home of treason and rebellion, Columbia, the capitol of South Carolina. By night and by day, through seemingly endless swamps, dense forests of pine, swollen rivers, with the ever ready pontoon, and rough but quickly made corduroy road, they pushed on, resistless as a summer cyclone. At Savannah they were joined by the Seventeenth Infantry, making sixteen regiments, which, when the long march was over, camped at last in sight of the dome of the capitol at Washington. They had marched five thousand miles, first and last, to save.

With what emotions must these men from the West have looked upon the Nation's Capitol. Their feet had pressed the soil of every Southern State save one; their banners had been unfurled in all the chief cities of the South; they had passed over the battlefields where the gallant Army of the Potomac had struggled for the Union; they knew, as few others knew, the magnitude of the Nation they had helped to save; and now, for the first time, they looked upon the dome of the Capitol

they had helped to make the Capitol of a "Union one and indivisible."

While they were trudging along toward Washington, about Mobile Bay another collection of Iowa troops were preparing for the final overthrow of the Rebellion in the central South. Among the troops gathered here for the final assault on Mobile there were twelve regiments of Iowa infantry, and they each added to their well-won laurels on other fields.

While they were crowding to the assault of the Spanish fort and Blakely, Wilson's cavalry corps, containing four regiments from Iowa (Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Eighth), were driving all before them at Selma and Montgomery, laying waste the granary of the central South, and capturing nearly every man who resisted them.

While moving on with relentless force, the news came to them of the surrender of Lee, and that the War was ended, and well it might be, for that part of the south. Well indeed, has the greatest poet of "The Lost Cause," sung:

"Furl that banner for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, — it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently — it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there — furled forever,
For its peoples' hopes are dead."

For the old South that was true, but for the new South, regenerated, disenthralled, it is only a beautiful sentiment. Its hills and mountains, its vales and water-courses, never bore such fruits of human industry in the former days, and never would have borne them under slavery, as they do now.

Let us group a few facts of Iowa's war service.

Reduced to a three years basis, the State furnished 68,118 troops. Of these there were killed or mortally wounded, 3,540; died of other diseases, 9,461 ; total deaths, 13,001.

The per cent of the killed was 5.2, and this percentage was exceeded by the troops of nine States. The per cent of deaths from all causes was 19, exceeded by only three States, leaving out the colored troops.

The long distances marched by Iowa soldiers, their distance at all times from the source of supply, the deadly swamp and malaria, account in part for this. Five hundred and fifteen died in prison.

Of the State's military population in 1860, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, 54.7 per cent served in its regiments.

When we consider that of the remaining 45 per cent a large number were unfit for service from physical disability, it will better show the patriotism of the young State.

Iowa troops were organized into forty infantry regiments, to serve for three years. Six infantry regiments to serve one hundred days. Nine cavalry regiments to serve three years. Four batteries to serve three years. Two of the one hundred day regiments did not complete their organization, so that there were in fact but four one hundred day regiments.

Some of the losses in killed, or died of wounds sustained in particular engagements, were : Thirty-second Iowa, Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, eighty six ; Twenth-fourth Iowa, Champion's Hills, Mississippi, seventy-four ; Seventh Iowa, Belmont, seventy-four ; Ninth Iowa, Pea Ridge, seventy-four ; Nineteenth Iowa, Prairie Grove, seventy-two ; Twenty-second Iowa, assault on Vicksburg, seventy ; Eighth Iowa, Shiloh, sixty-eight ; Sixth Iowa, Shiloh, sixty-three ; Fifth Iowa, Iuka, sixty-two ; Tenth Iowa, Champion's Hills, sixty-one ; Second Iowa, Donelson, fifty-four ; Eleventh Iowa, Shiloh, fifty-two ; Thirteenth Iowa, Atlanta, July 22d, fifty-two.

In the list of three hundred fighting regiments, in Colonel Fox's remarkable book, including all whose loss in killed and wounded, in proportion to enrollment is 10 per cent or over, we find the Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Ninth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Twenty-second, and Twenty-fourth, and it is due to comrades of other States to say it is exceeded in a number of regiments in both Eastern and Western States.

We stand now twenty-eight years from the close of the great Union conflict. Our population has doubled, our wealth increased in a far greater degree than our population. This prosperity has been greatest in the South. Its rich resources have been developed. Its production of iron alone is greater than the entire output of the nation in 1860. Its schools and colleges, and everything which makes growth and progress has been remarkable, and these great results are ours, the undivided, the united Nation's.

Sons and daughters of Iowa, you have a rich inheritance. Fair fields, emerald groves, schools and colleges, towns and cities; but great as is your inheritence in material things, you have one other that is priceless, the record of the sons of Iowa in the battles for the Union.

The State has been generous. The Orphans' Home at Davenport and the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown are monuments of that generosity. One thing only is lacking. At Des Moines should rise a Memorial Hall, within which could be gathered the history and memorials of the Iowa soldier. When this is done the State will continue to honor, as it does today, its fallen sons, and say with a gifted daughter of Iowa:

"Calm are the sleepers,
Taking their rest;
Sad are the weepers,
Joyless their breasts.
Softly they slumber,
Our soldiers today,
While hearts without number
Cry, only this way
Can our battles be won."

NOTE.—Statistics as to losses are from Colonel Fox's work, "Regimental Losses," etc.

"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

BY COLONEL GEORGE W. CROSLEY.

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS: The main motive that actuates me in the preparation of this paper is to pay a just tribute to the memory of my dead comrades. I am, therefore, solicitous that it shall contain nothing that will not meet with the cordial approval and indorsement of all the survivors of the bloody conflict it is intended to commemorate. But a few years more, and none will remain to give personal testimony as to the facts connected with military events in which they took part, or to which they were witnesses. These fragments of history may, and let us cherish the hope, will be preserved long after we are gone, by all who shall sacredly cherish the memory of our country's defenders. No poem, recounting the deeds of brave and heroic men, doing battle for their country, and nobly sustaining the honor of its flag, has been so universally read and admired as that of the immortal Tennyson, describing the charge of the "Light Brigade" at Balaclava. With the slight draft upon the imagination necessary to suggest the requisite changes to fit a different arm of the service, the character and nationality of the troops engaged, and the scene of the conflict, that poem might be read as truly descriptive of the charge of the First Brigade of the Fourth Division of the Sixteenth Army Corps at Jackson, Mississippi, on Sunday, July 12, 1863.

The regiments composing the brigade were the Third Iowa, Forty-first and Fifty-third Illinois, and the Thirty-third Wisconsin Infantry. The Thirty-third Wisconsin had been detached from the brigade on some special duty, and therefore did not

participate in the assault. Its place was taken by the Twenty-eighth Illinois Infantry.

These four small regiments had all been constantly engaged in active service for over two years. They had taken part in many severe engagements, and their ranks had become so greatly decimated that the entire brigade numbered less than a full regiment of effective fighting men, on the morning of that fatal 12th of July. It was indeed a "Light Brigade" in point of numbers, at least.

We had all participated in the siege of Vicksburg from its commencement until the morning of that glorious Fourth of July, when the Rebel stronghold surrendered.

On the morning of the 5th, turning from the scene of our triumph, we had promptly moved to the support of General Sherman, who was advancing to attack the Rebel forces under the command of General Joseph E. Johnson. That general, declining an engagement in the open field, slowly retired before us until he reached his strongly intrenched position at Jackson.

On the evening of the 11th, the Fourth Division was closing in on the right of Sherman's army to complete the investment of the city. The First Brigade, with the gallant Colonel I. C. Pugh, of the Forty-first Illinois, in command, was advanced with orders to keep aligned with General A. P. Hovey on our left. We pushed the enemy's skirmishers well back toward their intrenchments, and were still advancing when night closed in and it became too dark for us to reach the position we had been ordered to occupy. We were ordered to halt and go into bivouac for the night. We did not expect that we would be ordered to carry the enemy's works by assault the next day; on the contrary, everything seemed to indicate that General Sherman had determined to reduce Jackson by the same methods that General Grant had employed at Vicksburg — a series of regular seige operations. We knew, of course, that more or less severe skirmishing would take place before we

reached the position assigned to us the next day. After that, however, we did not anticipate such stubborn and prolonged resistance as we had met with at Vicksburg.

As we slept upon our arms that summer night, we did not dream that before the sun of another day had reached meridian more than half our number would be lying upon the hillside before us, dead or wounded. All was quiet along the picket line in our front. The night was clear; there was no moon, but the stars shone brightly. We lay beneath the open sky and slept, as we had so often slept before, in the immediate presence of the enemy, our slumber as profound and undisturbed as though we had been resting beneath the roofs of the dear homes in the far away North. The slumbers of the unhappy citizens were no doubt broken and unquiet, for, unlike the soldiers who defended them, and their assailants, they were unused to "the dreadful trade of war," and could not compose their minds to peaceful slumber amid the dangers that surrounded and threatened their homes.

"'Twas midnight ere our gun's grim laugh o'er their wild work did cease,
And at the smouldering fires of war, we lit the pipe of peace."
At four, a burst of bells went up thro' nights cathedral dark,
It seemed so like our Sabbath chimes, we could but lie and hark:
So like the bells that call to prayer in the dear land far away;
Their music floated on the air and charmed us to betray.
Our camp lay in the quiet vale, all silent as a cloud,
Its very heart of life stood still — and the white mist brought its shroud;
For death was walking in the dark, and smiled *his* smile to see
How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous jubilee.

As day dawned, we were rudely awakened and reminded of the close proximity of the enemy, by the brisk firing which at once began along the picket line, only a short distance in front of us. But we had become so well used to that familiar sound that it did not greatly disturb us. Our first thought was to satisfy the imperative needs of the "inner man." We partook

of the usual hardtack and coffee, were strengthened and refreshed, and ready for the work before us. Several hours passed, however, before the order to advance was given, and it was nearly nine o'clock when we reached the railroad, formed line of battle, and deployed our skirmishers. Surely time enough had elapsed for General Ord to have fully perfected all the details for the advance which, as was afterward explained to us, was simply for the purpose of taking a position indicated as necessary to complete the prolongation of the line of investment to the right, in the direction of Pearl River. We were expected to force the enemy's heavy line of pickets back upon their main line, or to their outer defenses, if such were encountered, then halt and construct rifle pits to protect our own line. We had successfully executed many such movements before Corinth and Vicksburg. If the nature of the ground over which we had to pass, and the position of the enemy's advance line, had been ascertained by the usual methods and explicit orders given to General Lauman, who had so often demonstrated his ability as a brigade and division commander, we are justified in believing that the useless slaughter that ensued might have been avoided. Colonel Aaron Brown, who commanded the Third Iowa, fell, severely wounded, early in the engagement, and the command devolved upon the writer. A copy of my brief report was forwarded to the adjutant general of Iowa, in compliance with his request, and I find it on page 427 of his report of the operations of Iowa troops, made to Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood in 1864. I have not been able to obtain the report of Colonel Pugh, who commanded the brigade, or those of the Twenty-eighth, Forty-first and Fifty-third Illinois Regiments. It is now nearly thirty years since that bloody conflict — short in duration, but most terrible in results — took place. I may, therefore, be pardoned for presenting here my own report rather than to rely upon my memory after the lapse of nearly one-third of a century.

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD IOWA INFANTRY,

"NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., July 26, 1863.

"COLONEL N. B. BAKER, *Adjutant-General of Iowa.*

Colonel,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the conduct and loss of the Third Iowa Infantry in the assault upon the enemy's works at Jackson, Miss., July 12, 1863. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the Third Iowa, Forty-first and Fifty-third Illinois Infantry, and the Fifth Ohio Battery of six guns, crossed the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad at a point about two miles south of Jackson and one mile from the enemy's works. After crossing, line of battle was formed, skirmishers thrown out, and the line ordered forward. After advancing about one-fourth of a mile the line was halted, the battery placed in position one hundred yards in our rear, opened fire with shell and continued to fire rapidly for about twenty minutes. The enemy replied promptly with two guns, getting our range the first shot. As soon as the battery ceased firing the line again moved forward. We advanced half a mile through timber and dense undergrowth, our skirmishers meeting with no opposition. When we came to the edge of an open field, the line was again halted. Here we were joined by the Twenty-eighth Illinois Infantry, which took position on our right. General Lauman now came up and ordered the line forward, the skirmishers keeping well advanced. When about half way across the field our skirmishers engaged the enemy's pickets. Soon after their picket reserves were encountered and driven in, and a moment later we came within sight of their works, about three hundred yards distant. The enemy now opened fire with twelve pieces of artillery, all bearing directly upon our line; and also gave us a heavy fire of musketry. The men answered this greeting with a shout, and rushed forward to the assault. We were met by a perfect storm of grape, canister, and musketry. The timber and brush had been cleared away in front of the enemy's works, and

an abatis formed which broke our line and threw the men into groups, thus giving the enemy's artillery an opportunity to work with most deadly effect. Our line rapidly melted away under this terrible fire, and after getting up to within seventy-five yards of the works, we found ourselves too weak to carry them by assault, and after remaining under this severe fire for twenty minutes we were compelled to fall back. We brought off our colors safely and reformed at the place where we had last halted previous to advancing to the assault. We were then ordered back to the point where we had first crossed the railroad. The regiment went into action with two hundred and twenty-three enlisted men, fifteen line and three field and staff officers, making an aggregate of two hundred and forty-one rank and file engaged. Out of this number we lost one hundred and fourteen killed, wounded, and missing. Part of our wounded and all our dead were left on the field. An attempt was made to bring off our killed and wounded, under a flag of truce, but it was unsuccessful. After the evacuation of Jackson, a few days subsequent to the fight, we recovered part of our wounded, who had been left in the hospital; but those who were able to be moved had been taken away as prisoners of war. Most of those reported as missing are known to be wounded. Of the conduct of both officers and men during this, the severest conflict in which the regiment has been engaged, I cannot speak too highly; all did their duty nobly, and it is impossible to make special mention of any one without doing injustice to others. The inclosed list of killed and wounded will show how the regiment fought, better than I have been able to describe it.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"G. W. Crosley,

"*Major Commanding Third Iowa Infantry.*"

It is a fact too well known to require comment here, that the volunteer soldier of America possesses that average high degree

of intelligence which enables him to form an approximately correct judgment of the situation confronting or surrounding him in battle almost, if not quite, as quickly as the officers under whose immediate command he is fighting. But he has learned in the hard but necessary school of military dicipline that he cannot act upon his own judgment, that he must obey orders, and let the responsibility rest upon the officer who commands him.

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die.

That some one had blundered in giving the order for that hopeless charge, we knew right well. The moment the enemy's works came into view, and our skeleton brigade was ordered to assault them, we realized that it was a forlorn hope. Looking to the left, we saw that the troops there had come to a halt; glancing to the rear, we could see no troops moving to our support. In our front frowned the formidable works of the enemy. It was clear to the comprehension of the dullest soldier in the ranks that our small force, unsupported, could not reach, much less capture, those works. I here quote briefly from the account of Lieutenant S. D. Thompson, in his book entitled "Recollections with the Third Iowa Regiment," and, but for the necessary limit of time, would be glad to give his graphic description of the charge in full.

"Colonel Pugh now reported his position to General Lauman, who still ordered him to advance. It must have been a harrowing moment to him. There stood the remnant of his gallant brigade, now only eight hundred strong, which he was ordered to destroy. His order was imperative, and he was too true a soldier to question, much less to disobey it. Colonel Pugh gave the command to *charge*. The enemy opened with fourteen pieces, and two brigades of infantry rose from their concealment and poured a converging fire upon that devoted

band. The men raised the shout and sprang forward through that thick storm of death. A few moments and all was over. The line crumbled into broken bands, which arrived within pistol shot of the embrasures, and halted and staggered, and were swept away."

Companions, I think it is not claiming too much for the men of that old brigade to say that they were as well disciplined, as intelligent, and brave a body of soldiers as ever followed our flag or fought beneath its folds. The men of the Third Iowa promptly rallied to their colors, after emerging from that hell of battle, and as they again came into line, there was a look of determination mingled with sadness upon their faces that I shall never forget. I hazard nothing in saying that at that moment had the order been given to charge again, it would have been as promptly obeyed as the first order had been. To die upon that hillside, thickly strewn with our dead, and where many of our wounded and helpless comrades lay, was not a thought to inspire terror. It was rather a privilege to be sought.

At Shiloh, where this same brigade had twice rolled back the mighty tide that surged and beat against it, and when the smoke of battle had lifted, beheld the ground strewn thickly with the enemy's dead and wounded, we had been lost in admiration for the valor of our foe. But there we had not fought behind breastworks. We stood in line of battle in the open field and received the fire of the enemy, and suffered heavy loss from his repeated attacks. There the battle raged for the greater part of two days, while here we had in a few minutes lost more than half our number in killed and wounded, and had been able to inflict but comparatively slight loss upon the enemy in his secure and almost impregnable position.

We knew well that a second attempt meant a second failure, with equal or greater loss, yet no feeling of dismay would have come to us had the order been repeated. It is simply impossible

for those who have not had a similar experience to comprehend the feeling of absolute contempt for death which had taken possession of us. But to many, if not to all of you, companions, the same feeling has doubtless come at some fateful moment in your soldier career, and you look back upon it with a feeling of satisfaction that you rarely, if ever, feel in contemplating any other incident in your past life. To have had such a feeling, if only for a few brief moments, enables one to know what total self abnegation means. The impartial witnesses to that fatal charge vastly outnumbered those who participated in it. I wish to add the testimony of a few of these witnesses.

But a few months before his death I had the pleasure of meeting General A. P. Hovey — then governor of Indiana — at his home in Indianapolis. In the presence of a number of gentlemen he said to me — and I have carefully treasured his words:

"Colonel Crosley, I was a personal witness of the charge of the First Brigade of General Lauman's division at Jackson, and it was one of the most desperate charges ever made by soldiers upon any battlefield. I was astonished when I saw the brigade break from its alignment with my division and advance to the assault, and I instantly knew that some one had made a terrible mistake. No troops ever behaved more gallantly, and our army had no braver officer than General Lauman. I can give no opinion as to the personal responsibility of General Ord or General Lauman for that useless slaughter of brave men. No official investigation was ever had. General Lauman, who was peremptorily relieved of his command, constantly insisted upon the fullest investigation, but died at his home in Iowa without his request having been granted. We who witnessed the charge *knew* you could not succeed. Had I received an order to detach the brigade of my division next to you in line to your support, the result would have been the same, they would have

shared your fate. But the fact was, no troops were within supporting distance of your brigade when it made the charge."

General W. Q. Gresham was also a personal witness to the assault. He was one of the first officers I met (outside of my command) when the assault was over, and I shall never forget his sympathetic greeting. In a conversation I had with him some years ago, when he was a guest of Crocker's Iowa Brigade at its Cedar Rapids reunion, he spoke feelingly of our terrible loss, and regretfully of the consequences to General Lauman, for whom he entertained a high personal regard. Recently — since I had decided to prepare a paper upon this subject — I wrote to General Gresham, asking him to do me the favor of giving me his personal recollections of the charge, with permission to incorporate his reply in this paper. I regret that he was unable to fully comply with my request, but his brief reply completely corroborates the personal statement of General Hovey, and I am glad to be able to present it here:

"CHAMBERS OF THE CIRCUIT JUDGE OF THE U. S.

"CHICAGO, Feb. 20, 1893.

"MY DEAR COLONEL, — For some days I have been overwhelmed with correspondence, and court business, and have just read your friendly letter of the 15th inst. I can only take time to thank you for it. If I can get an hour's time, it will afford me pleasure to give you my recollections of that disastrous charge by your brigade at Jackson, Miss., July 12, 1863. The assault was as heroic as it was disastrous, and it may be that the responsibility for the terrible loss of so many gallant men will always remain a matter of uncertainty.

"Very truly yours,

"W. Q. GRESHAM.

"To Col. G. W. Crosley, Webster City, Iowa."

General W. T. Sherman says in his personal memoirs, page 359:

"General Ord accused the commander (General Lauman) of having disregarded his orders, and attributed to him

personally the disaster and heavy loss of men. He requested his relief, which I granted, and General Lauman went to the rear and never regained his division. He died after the War, in Iowa, much respected, as before that time he had been universally esteemed a most gallant and excellent officer."

General Sherman further says in his memoirs, page 361: "In the attack on Jackson, Mississippi, during the 11th to 16th of July, General Ord reported the loss in the Thirteenth Army Corps seven hundred and sixty-two, of which five hundred and thirty-three were confined to Lauman's division. General Parkes reported in the Ninth Corps, thirty-seven killed, two hundred and fifty-eight wounded and thirty-three missing; total, three hundred and twenty-eight. In the Fifteenth Corps the loss was less, so that in the aggregate, the loss as reported by me at the time was less than a thousand men, while we took that number alone of prisoners."

The loss in Lauman's division was almost exclusively confined to the First Brigade, which sustained a loss of over five hundred in killed and wounded in the charge on the morning of the 12th. Thus it will be seen that the loss in that charge was more than one-half that of the Ninth, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Army Corps in all the operations against Johnson's army from the 5th to the 17th of July, when Jackson was evacuated.

In closing, I feel in honor bound to say a few words in justice to the memory of my old commander. General Jacob G. Lauman entered the service as colonel of the Seventh Iowa Infantry. He commanded his regiment in the battle of Belmont, where he was severely wounded, and won special mention from General Grant for his gallant conduct. At Fort Donelson he commanded a brigade in Smith's division, consisting of the Second, Seventh, Twelfth Iowa and Twenty-fifth Indiana Regiments. His brigade stormed the enemy's works on our left, and compelled the surrender of the fort. At Shiloh, he commanded the Third Brigade of the Fourth Division, which

did splendid service in that great battle and was again specially mentioned for gallant conduct. His personal courage was of the first order, and his humanity and kindness to the men under his command was conspicuous upon all occasions. After his promotion to the command of the Fourth Division of the Sixteenth Corps, the Third was the only Iowa regiment in his division. We, in common with the other regiments under his command, considered ourselves exceedingly fortunate in having him for our leader. It was naturally most gratifying to us, because he was from our own State, and we were proud of the brilliant reputation he had made. From the date of his promotion to the rank of brigadier-general, the soldiers he commanded had never known defeat, until the morning of that fatal day at Jackson. His friends will always believe that he obeyed General Ord's orders, and was unjustly relieved of his command.

And now, companions, had I the power of the trained elocutionist, to enable me to recite the soul stirring poem describing the charge of that other light brigade, I might feel that I had succeeded in entertaining you for a few moments at least in closing. As I am not an elocutionist, I can only imitate the action of my old brigade and make the attempt, knowing that I shall at least have the support of your forbearance and sympathy:

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade,
Charge for the guns," he said
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade:"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd;

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from their sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd,
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made,
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

A HISTORIC WAR SONG.

HOW AND WHERE I WROTE "SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA."

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

(Read at a banquet of the Loyal Legion, in Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 21, 1893.)

It is curious to reflect how many of our popular songs and poems have, at some time or other, been claimed by persons not their authors.

Careless journalism — the desire to print anything that may excite talk — helps on to this amusing and multitudinous paternity of American verse. Half the songs in the country have, in some journal or another, been attributed to persons who did not write them. This has been the fate, too, of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

Only the other day a leading eastern magazine made the positive statement that the author of this war song was L. Melott. Of course, I was a little bit astonished, for I had always supposed myself the writer of the verses referred to. Perhaps, too, I was a little pleased that somebody had thought them good enough to steal. Literary thieves are, as a rule, you know, quite particular.

Right at that moment I received an invitation from the committee of the Loyal Legion to occupy a few minutes of your time this evening. At first I did not know what to say, and then I thought of Melott, the "author" of my song. Instantly I declared, "I will tell my war comrades the story of this song — how and where it was written, and all about it."

It was not composed at any such banquet as this, let me tell you, as an introduction. There were no frock coats and gold

badges there. I was going on an empty stomach in those days in Dixie — those miserable prison days.

Perhaps the authorship of a song does not interest very many. There are more important things in the world than that. And yet, who has not dwelt with some pleasure, even a melancholy pleasure at times, on the story of "Home, Sweet Home," "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise," or "The Star Spangled Banner"? All these songs, like scores of others that have stirred our hearts to a new joy, or exalted us to higher patriotism, have a story of their own.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by a prisoner of war, and so, as I have intimated, was "Sherman's March to the Sea." Will it seem immodest if I tell you how it happened — I, who know about it? I see one, two, or three faces here tonight who were there at the time, and, if corroboration were necessary, Judge Conrad or Captain Russell should be my witnesses. Pardon a little bit of personal history in connection with it all. I was a volunteer soldier in the Fifth Iowa Infantry. What Iowa man is not proud of the deeds of the Fifth Regiment, that body of men that marched out a thousand strong and left five hundred men dead or disabled on Southern battle fields? That was the kind of regiments this loyal State sent out to put down treason. It was treason then; they call it by softer names in these newer times.

Well, after many battles and hard marches, eighty of our command were overpowered and captured in the fearful charge at the "Tunnel," in the battle of Missionary Ridge. I happened to be one of the unlucky number.

As a comment on what took place in Southern prisons in those days, let me tell you that out of that eighty healthy young men only sixteen ever came home alive. Of nine men of my own company only one, beside myself, lived to tell the tale, and he is long since dead. Dead, all dead! That is what it cost to be loyal in the war times.

We were marched down the railroad that night after the battle nearly half way to Atlanta, and soon were hurried into Libby Prison at Richmond. Then came seven months of horrors only to be succeeded by seven months of greater horrors still. We were carted about everywhere, and anywhere that might seem farther away from our friends, the advancing armies of the North. We went to Macon, to Savannah, to Charleston, to be placed under the fire from our own gun boats — nothing seemed too cruel; nothing seemed too malicious in the eyes of our captors. Then we were hurried to a spot near Columbia, the heart of South Carolina.

All the time we were dimly hearing how Sherman's army had fought its hundred days between Chattanooga and Atlanta. We knew he had cut loose from his base of supplies, and with sixty thousand veterans was heading for a new base on the Atlantic ocean.

Something in the air was telling us of important events. The Rebels — we called them Rebels then — were exceedingly glum.

In all the long, long weeks when we lay there at Columbia pining and starving and dying from a treatment that savages would have been ashamed of, we were hoodwinked and misled as to what Sherman's army was really doing. We were rarely allowed a newspaper. The Rebels were even deluding themselves, and feigned to believe that the great army of the west was walking into a death trap from which no man would ever escape. After a few weeks they moved us from their pen in the woods into the town of Columbia itself. We were placed in the yard of the asylum with a high brick wall around us, and with armed guards on top of the wall. There are those here tonight who can recall the horrors of that winter. They will recall them to their graves.

I have said news getting was difficult. It was more; it was dangerous. A few of us who lived together in a little wedge tent — determined to know the facts. There was a loyal negro

(they were all loyal for that matter), who was allowed to bring us loaves of bread, if we happened to have the money to pay for them. Few of us ever did have it. Into one of these loaves our negro friend often placed the morning newspaper — rolled up into a lump not bigger than a pigeon's egg. So we got the news.

"They would hang me in a minute," said the old colored man, "were they to find this out"—and I think he was correct.

These newspapers denied everything — but between the lines we could discern the truth. We found out that the great commander had gone clear through Rebeldom, and had taken Savannah. That was the blow that broke the Rebellion's back sure enough.

We were often bootless and sockless, and blanketless, we prisoners in Columbia. We looked little like the Federal officers we were. We were eight hundred then, and we suffered from hunger, and from cold. I had almost no garments at all. I found I could sleep best during the day when the sun shone, as it occasionally did, and then the only way to keep warm at night was to walk about the prison pen.

One night while pacing up and down, and cogitating on the wonderful success of Sherman's campaign, I wondered what they would call it. It was not a battle only I reflected, but a march as well — and a march to the sea. Instantly the thought struck me of a song.

With these words for a title, walking about in the darkness, I composed a little of the plan, and when daylight came and my comrades had left the little tent, I crept in, covered myself up in the straw and finished the song. I read it first to Major Marshall of my regiment, and he asked to show it to another friend. This friend proved to be a Lieutenant Rockwell, member of the prison glee club which was led by Major Isett. There were good voices in that club, I want to tell you! All swelldom of Columbia, men and women, used to come and

climb upon the guard's platform "to hear the yankees sing." The club sang upon the steps of an old frame building inside the prison yard, and we prisoners in our rags stood in front by hundreds, an appreciative audience. No objections were made to any kind of songs, however loyal, if only the club interspersed them with the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie."

One afternoon a new song (about Sherman) was announced from the platform.

Lieutenant Rockwell, without my knowledge, had written music for my verses. Everybody listened, everybody cheered! It was repeated, and repeated, and they cheered again, and again. I hear that cheering still, and the embarrassed author, standing in his rags under a little persimmon tree, was seized and dragged to the front. He had become a hero in an hour! It doesn't take much to make heroes among prisoners, perhaps — but from that hour every prisoner in Columbia was my friend. The song was sung daily. Who will say it did not cheer us? It had given a name to a great campaign. Prisoners who could write well made money by copying it handsomely for others.

Shorty, Lieutenant Tower, a prisoner with a wooden leg — and that hollow — was sent through the lines North. In that leg he carried my song to Sherman's army, and in a week it was as popular there as it had been in the prison pen. It was sung everywhere; first to this music, and then to that; and none of the music was very good.

I had tried escaping from my bondage several times, only to be recaptured and brought back. Once, when out for several days, I donned a Rebel uniform and entered the Rebel army, being present with it at the terrible battle of Atlanta; and I was near to the spot where General McPherson was killed. In the midst of the fight I was discovered and very nearly paid the penalty of my daring with my life. Only an accident saved me from being shot or hung. What that accident was, was

described in detail some years since in the Atlantic Monthly. On the 17th of February, 1865, I tried it again and got away. When I came North I found all the soldiers singing "Sherman's March to the Sea," and with it Mr. Work's "Marching Through Georgia."

A music journal said that nearly a million copies of my song had been sold by 1866. It has to an extent been selling ever since.

I gave the song for publication to H. M. Higgins, of Chicago. "If it turns out well," he said, "you will hear from me." I had not much money in those days, and with the plaudits of the song ringing in my ears, I went home wondering what I should do with all my expected wealth when I should hear from Mr. Higgins. I heard at last — and he sent me just five dollars!

His plea was that all the other publishers had stolen the song and set it to all sorts of music, and that he had made no money from it. I think he may have told the truth. Thirteen different music publishers printed the song in some shape or another. None of the various settings seemed popular. The words go as well to the air of "The Red, White and Blue" as to anything else.

The song appeared in many books of the War and in most public journals. Rossiter Johnson included it in his collection of "Single Famous Poems," and General Sherman put it in his "Memoirs."

It is a popular delusion that the march to the sea commenced only with the fall of Atlanta. In all his battles of the hundred days — Ringgold, Resaca, Kenesaw, Atlanta, and the rest — Sherman ever had his eye on the Georgia coast. The General told me that himself in after days, and declared that my geography of the march was right. The march to the sea commenced at the battle of Chattanooga.

When the great General took Columbia he found me, an escaped prisoner, secreted in a negro's hut. That night I

witnessed the burning of Columbia. In his "Memoirs" the General tells how a prison comrade of mine gave him a copy of the song as he rode into Columbia at the head of his victorious army. He liked the verses, sent for me, and gave me a provisional position on his staff. In a few days he sent me with important secret dispatches to President Lincoln at Washington, and put among the papers a recommendation that I be appointed to the Regular Army. Ill health, in consequence of my sufferings in prison, prevented my acceptance; but later, showing his gratitude,—a quality that belonged to his nature,—he urged my appointment to the Consular service.

You know the rest. If I have pride in the past success of the song, it is not for the song itself so much as for the fact that it was my fortune to give a name to the most picturesque campaign of the great War.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
  That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
  And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
  That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
  For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
  Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
  That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
    More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
  When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
  We marched on our dangerous way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca,—
  God bless those who fell on that day,—

Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
  Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards
  And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
  Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
  The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
  Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
  As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O, proud was our army that morning
  That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary,
  This day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
  That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
  When Sherman marched down to the sea.

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